

Volpone or the fox. *I Vander Gucht Sculp.*

13. A a

THE

THREE CELEBRATED

PLAYS

Of that EXCELLENT POET

BEN JOHNSON.

VIZ.

The FOX, a Comedy.
The ALCHYMIST, a Comedy.
The SILENT WOMAN, a Comedy.

To which is added,

A compleat Catalogue of all the Plays that were ever printed in the *Engliſh* Language, to the Year 1732.

LONDON,
Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's* Head, over-againſt *Clement's-Inn Gate*.
1732.
Where may be had Variety of PLAYS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

VOLPONE:

OR, THE

FOX.

A

COMEDY,

First Acted in the Year 1605. By the King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ. Horat.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Walthoe, G. Conyers, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, D. Midwinter* and *A. Ward, A. Bettesworth* and *C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J. Tonson, W. Innys, J. Osborn and T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton,* and *B. Motte:* And sold by *W. Feales,* at *Rowe's Head,* over-against *Clement's-Inn Gate.* 1732.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Volpone, *a Magnifico*
Mosca, *his Parasite.*
Voltore, *an Advocate.*
Coraccio, *an old Gentleman.*
Corvino, *a Merchant.*
Avocatori, *four Magistrates.*
Notario, *the Register.*
Nano, *a Dwarf.*
Castrone, *an Eunuch.*
Politick Would-be, *a Knight.*
Peregrine, *a Gent. Traveller.*
Bonario, *a young Gentleman.*

GREGE.

Fine Madam Would-be, *the Knight's Wife.*
Celia, *the Merchant's Wife.*
Commandadori, *Officers.*
Mercatori, *three Merchants.*
Androgyno, *a Hermaphrodite.*
Servitore, *a Servant.*

WOMEN.

The SCENE, *VENICE.*

The Principal COMOEDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
HEN. CONDEL.
WIL. SLY.
JOH. HEMINGS.
JOH. LOWIN.
ALEX. COOKE.

VOLPONE



VOLPONE:

OR, THE

FOX.

The ARGUMENT.

Volpone, *Childleſs, Rich, feigns Sick, Deſpairs,*
Offers *his State to Hopes of ſeveral Heirs,*
Lies *languiſhing: His Paraſite receives*
Presents *of all, aſſures, deludes; then weaves*
Other *croſs Plots, which op' themſelves, are told.*
New *Tricks for ſafety are ſought; they thrive: When*
Each *tempts the other again, and all are ſold.* (bold,

PROLOGUE

NOW, *Luck yet ſend us, and a little Wit*
Will ſerve, to make our Play hit;
(*According to the Palates of the Seaſon*)
Here is Rhyme, not empty of Reaſon.
This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,
Whoſe true Scope, if you wou'd know it,
In all his Poems *ſtill hath been this Meaſure,*
To mix Profit with your Pleaſure;
And not as ſome (*whoſe Throats their Envy failing*)
Cry hoarſly, All he writes is Railing:

And, when his Plays *come forth, think they can't flout them,*
With saying, He was a Year about them.
To these there needs no Lie, but this his Creature,
Which was two Months since no Feature;
And, though he dares give them five Lives to mend it,
'Tis known, Five Weeks fully penn'd it;
From his own Hand, without a Co-adjutor,
Novice, Journey-men, or Tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you, as a Token
Of his Plays worth, No Eggs are broken,
Nor quaking Custards with fierce Teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your Rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a Gull, old Ends reciting,
To stop Gaps in his loose Writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd Action,
As might make Beth'lem *a Faction:*
Nor made he his Play for Jests stol'n from each Table,
But makes Jests to fit his Fable;
And so presents quick Comedy *Refined,*
As best Criticks have designed:
The Laws of Time, Place, Persons he observeth,
From no needful Rule he swerveth.
All Gall and Coppress from his Ink he draineth,
Only a little Salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll Rub your Cheeks, till (Rid with Laughter)
They shall look fresh a Week after.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Volpone, Mosca.

Vol. GOOD Morning to the Day; and next, my Gold:
Open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint.
Hail the World's Soul, and mine! More glad than is
The teeming Earth to see the long'd-for Sun
Peep through the Horns of the Cœlestial *Ram*,
Am I, to view thy Splendor, dark'ning his;
That lying here, amongst my other Hoards,
Shew'st like a Flame by Night, or like the Day
Struck out of *Chaos* when all Darkness fled

Unto

Unto the Center. O thou Son of *Sol*,
(But brighter than thy Father) let me kiſs,
With Adoration, thee, and every Relick
Of ſacred Treaſure in this bleſſed Room.
Well did wiſe Poets by thy glorious Name
Title that Age which they would have the beſt;
Thou being the beſt of Things, and far tranſcending
All Style of Joy, in Children, Parents, Friends,
Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
Thy Looks when they to *Venus* did aſcribe,
They ſhould have given her twenty Thouſand *Cupids*;
Such are thy Beauties and our Loves! Dear Saint,
Riches, the dumb God, that giv'ſt all Men Tongues,
That can'ſt do naught, and yet mak'ſt Men do all Things;
The Price of Souls; even Hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth Heav'n. Thou art Virtue, Fame,
Honour, and all things elſe. Who can get thee,
He ſhall be Noble, Valiant, Honeſt, Wiſe——
Moſ. And what he will, Sir. Riches are in Fortune
A greater Good, than Wiſdom is in Nature.
Vol. True, my beloved *Moſca*. Yet I glory
More in the cunning Purchaſe of my Wealth,
Than in the glad Poſſeſſion, ſince I gain
No common way; I uſe no Trade, no Venture;
I wound on Earth with Plow-ſhares, I fat no Beaſts
To feed the Shambles: have no Mills for Iron,
Oil, Corn, or Men, to grind 'em into Powder:
I blow no ſubtil Glaſs, expoſe no Ships
To Threatnings of the furrow-faced Sea;
I turn no Monies in the Publick Bank,
Nor Uſure Private. *Moſ.* No, Sir, nor devour
Soft Prodigals. You ſhall ha' ſome will ſwallow
A melting Heir as glibly as your *Dutch*
Will Pills of Butter, and ne'er purge for't;
Tear forth the Fathers of poor Families
Out of their Beds, and Coffin them alive
In ſome kind claſping Priſon, where their Bones
May be forth-coming, when the Fleſh is rotten:
But your ſweet Nature doth abhor theſe Courſes;
You loath the Widows or the Orphans Tears

Should waſh your Pavements, or their piteous Cries
Ring in your Roofs, and beat the Air for Vengeance.
Vol. Right, *Moſca*, I do loath it. *Moſ.* And beſides, Sir,
You are not like a Threſher that doth ſtand
With a huge Flail, watching a Heap of Corn,
And, hungry, dares not taſte the ſmalleſt Grain,
But feeds on Mallows, and ſuch bitter Herbs;
Nor like the Merchant, who hath fill'd his Vaults
With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* Wines,
Yet drinks the Lees of *Lombards* Vinegar:
You will not lie in Straw, whilſt Moths and Worms
Feed on your ſumptuous Hangings and ſoft Beds,
You know the Uſe of Riches, and dare give now
From that bright Heap, to me, your poor Obſerver,
Or to your Dwarf, or your Hermaphrodite,
Your Eunuch, or what other Houſhold Trifle
Your Pleaſure allows Maint'nance —— *Vol.* Hold thee, *Moſca*,
Take of my Hand; thou ſtrik'ſt on Truth in all
And they are envious term thee Paraſite.
Call forth my Dwarf, my Eunuch, and my Fool,
And let 'em make me ſport. What ſhould I do,
But cocker up my *Genius*, and live free
To all Delights my Fortune calls me to?
I have no Wife, no Parent, Child, Ally,
To give my Subſtance to; but whom I make
Muſt be my Heir; and this makes Men obſerve me:
This draws new Clients daily to my Houſe,
Women and Men, of every Sex and Age,
That bring me Preſents, ſent me Plate, Coin, Jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy Minute) it ſhall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilſt ſome, covetous
Above the reſt, ſee to engroſs me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in Gifts, as they would ſeem in Love:
All which I ſuffer, playing with their Hopes,
And am content to coin 'em into Profit,
And look upon their Kindneſs, and take more,
And look on that; ſtill bearing them in hand,

Letting the Cherry knock againſt their Lips,
And draw it by their Mouths, and back again. How now!

SCENE II.

Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone, Volpone, Moſca.

NOW room for freſh Gameſters, who do will you to know,
They do bring you neither Play, nor Univerſity ſhow;
And therefore do entreat you, that whatſoever they rehearſe,
May not fare a whit the worſe, for the falſe Pace of the Verſe.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more e're we paſs,
For know, here is inclos'd the Soul of Pythagoras,
That Juggler Divine, as hereafter ſhall follow;
Which Soul (faſt and looſe, Sir) came firſt from Apollo,
And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius *his Son,*
Where it had the Gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick Tranſmigration,
To goldy-lock'd Euphorbus, *who was kill'd in good faſhion,*
At the Siege of old Troy, *by the Cuckold of* Sparta.
Hermotimus *was next (I find it in my* Charta)
To whom it did paſs, where no ſooner it was miſſing,
But with one Pyrrhus *of* Delos *it learn'd to go a Fiſhing;*
And thence did it enter the Sophiſt of Greece.
From Pythagore, *ſhe went into a beautiful Piece,*
Hight Aſpaſia, *the* Meretrix; *and the next Toſs of her*
Was again of a Whore, ſhe became a Philoſopher,
Crates *the* Cynick, *(as it ſelf doth relate it)*
Since Kings, Knights, and Beggars, Knaves, Lords, and Fools gat it,
Beſides Ox and Aſs, Camel, Mule, Goat, and Brock,
In all which it hath ſpoke, as in the Cobler's Cock.
But I come not here to diſcourſe of that Matter,
Or his One, Two, *or* Three, *or his great Oath,*
By Quater.

His Muſicks, *his* Trigon, *his Golden Thigh,*
Or his telling how Elements ſhift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou haſt ſuffer'd Tranſlation,
And ſhifted thy Coat in theſe Days of Reformation?
And. *Like one of the Reformed, a Fool, as you ſee,*
Counting all old Doctrine Hereſie.
Nan. *But not on thine own forbid Meats haſt thou ventur'd?*
And. *On Fiſh, when firſt a* Carthuſian *I enter'd.*
Nan. *Why, then thy dogmatical Silence hath left thee?*
And. *Of that an obſtreperous Lawyer bereft me.*
Nan. *O wonderful Change! When Sir Lawyer forſook thee,*
For Pythagore's *ſake, what Body then took thee?*
And. *A good dull Moyl.* Nan. *And how! by that means*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of Beans?
And. *Yes.* Nan. *But from the Moyl into whom didſt thou paſs?*
And. *Into a very ſtrange Beaſt, by ſome Writers call'd an Aſs;*
By others, a preciſe, pure, illuminate Brother,
Of thoſe devour Fleſh, and ſometimes one another;
And will drop you forth a Libel, or a ſanctify'd Lye;
Betwixt every Spoonful of a Nativity-Pie.
Nan. *Now quit thee, for Heaven, of that profane Nation,*
And gently report thy next Tranſmigration.
And. *To the ſame that I am.* Nan. *A Creature of Delight?*
And (what is more than a Fool) an Hermaphrodite?
Now prithee, ſweet Soul, in all thy Variation,
Which Body would'ſt thou chooſe, to keep up thy Station?
And. *Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.*
Nan. *Cauſe here the Delight of each Sex thou canſt vary?*
And. *Alas, thoſe Pleaſures be ſtale and forſaken;*
No, 'tis your Fool wherewith I am ſo taken,
The only one Creature that I can call bleſſed;
For all other Forms I have prov'd moſt diſtreſſed.

Nan.

Nan. *Spoke true, as thou wert in* Pythagoras *ſtill.*
This learned Opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow Eunuch (it behoves us) with all our Wit and Art,
To dignify that whereof our ſelves are ſo great and ſpecial a Part.
Vol. Now, very, very pretty: *Moſca*, this
Was thy Invention? *Moſ.* If it pleaſe my Patron,
Not elſe. *Vol.* It doth, good *Moſca*. *Moſ.* Then it was, Sir.

SONG.

Fools, they are the only Nation
Worth Mens Envy or Admiration;
Free from Care, or Sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they ſpeak or do is Sterling.
Your Fool he is your Great Man's Darling,
And your Ladies Sport and Pleaſure;
Tongue and Bable are his Treaſure.
E'n his Face begetteth Laughter,
And he ſpeaks Truth free from Slaughter;
He's the Grace of every Feaſt;
And ſometimes the chiefeſt Gueſt;
Hath his Trencher and his Stool,
When Wit waits upon the Fool.
Oh, who would not be
He, he, he?

One knocks without.

Vol. Who's that? Away, look, *Moſca.*
Moſ. Fool, be gone, 'tis Signior *Voltore* the Advocate;
I know him by his Knock. *Vol.* Fetch me my Gown,
My Furs, and Night-caps; ſay, my Couch's changing:
And let him entertain himſelf a while
Without i' th' Gallery. Now, now my Clients
Begin their Viſitation! Vulture, Kite,
Raven, Gorcrow, all my Birds of Prey,
That think me turning Carcaſs, now they come:
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the News?
Moſ. A piece of Plate, Sir.
Vol. Of what bigneſs? *Moſ.* Huge,

Maſſie, and Antique, with your Name inſcrib'd,
And Arms engraven. *Vol.* Good! and not a Fox
Stretch'd on the Earth, with fine deluſive Sleights,
Mocking a gaping Crow? ha? *Moſca? Moſ.* Sharp, Sir.
Vol. Give me my Furs. Why doſt thou laugh ſo, Man?
Moſ. I cannot chooſe, Sir, when I apprehend
What Thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks:
That this might be the laſt Gift he ſhould give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to day,
And gave him all, what he ſhould be to morrow;
What large Return would come of all his Venters;
How he ſhould worſhip'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride with his Furs, and Foot-clothes; waited on
By Herds of Fools, and Clients; have clear way
Made for his Moile, as letter'd as himſelf;
Be call'd the great and learned Advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impoſſible.
Vol. Yes, to be learned, *Moſca. Moſ.* O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an Aſs with reverend Purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious Ears,
And he ſhall paſs for a Cathedral Doctor.
Vol. My Caps, my Caps, good *Moſca*; fetch him in.
Moſ. Stay, Sir, your Ointment for your Eyes.
Vol. That's true;
Diſpatch, diſpatch; I long to have Poſſeſſion
Of my new Preſent. *Moſ.* That, and Thouſands more,
I hope to ſee you Lord of. *Vol.* Thanks, kind *Moſca*.
Moſ. And that, when I am loſt in blended Duſt,
And hundred ſuch as I am, in Succeſſion——
Vol. Nay, that were too much. *Moſca.*
Voſ. You ſhall live,
Still, to delude theſe *Harpies*. *Vol.* Loving *Moſca*,
'Tis well, my Pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my fain'd Cough, my Phthiſick, and my Gout,
My Apoplexy, Palſie, and Catarhs,
Help with your forced Functions, this my Poſture,
Wherein, this three Year, I have milk'd their Hopes.
He comes, I fear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Moſca, Voltore, Volpone.

Moſ. You ſtill are, what you were, Sir. Only you
(Of all the reſt) are he, commands his Love:
And you do wiſely, to preſerve it thus,
With early Viſitation, and kind Notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come moſt grateful. Patron, Sir,
Here's Signior *Voltore* is come——*Volp.* What ſay you?
Moſ. Sir, Signior *Voltore* is come, this Morning
To viſit you. *Volp.* I thank him. *Moſ.* And hath brought
A piece of antique Plate, bought of St. *Mark*,
With which he here preſents you. *Volp.* He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often. *Moſ.* Yes.
Volt. What ſays he?
Moſ. He thanks you, and deſires you ſee him often.
Volp. Moſca. Moſ. My Patron?
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his Hand. *Moſ.* The Plat is here, Sir.
Volt. How fare you, Sir?
Volp. I thank you, Signior *Voltore*,
Where is the Plate? mine Eyes are bad. *Volt.* I'm ſorry,
To ſee you ſtill thus weak. *Moſ.* That he is not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, Sir, would to Heaven,
I could as well give Health to you, as that Plate.
Volp. You give, Sir, what you can. I thank you. Your Love
Hath taſte in this, and ſhall not be un-anſwer'd.
I pray you ſee me often. *Volt.* Yes, I ſhall, Sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Moſ. Do you obſerve that, Sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me ſtill: It will concern you.
Moſ. You are a happy Man, Sir, know your good.
Volp. I cannot now laſt long ———

(*Moſ.*

(*Moſ.* You are his Heir, Sir.
Volt. Am I?) *Volp.* I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.
I am ſailing to my Port, (uh, uh, uh, uh?)
And I am glad, I am ſo near my Haven.
Moſ. Alas, kind Gentlemen, well, we muſt all go—
Volt. But *Moſca.*—*Moſ.* Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me.
Am I inſcrib'd his Heir for certain? *Moſ.* Are you?
I do beſeech you, Sir, you will vouchſafe
To write me i'your Family. All my Hopes,
Depend upon your Worſhip. I am loſt,
Except the riſing Sun do ſhine on me.
Volt. It ſhall both ſhine, and warm thee, *Moſca.*
Moſ. Sir,
I am a Man, that hath not done your love
All the worſt Offices: here I wear your Keys,
See all your Coffers, and your Caskets lockt,
Keep the poor Inventory of your Jewels,
Your Plate and Monies; I'm your Steward, Sir,
Husband your Goods here. *Volt.* But am I ſole Heir?
Moſ. Without a Partner, Sir, confirm'd this Morning;
The Wax is warm yet, and the Ink ſcarce dry
Upon the Parchment. *Volt.* Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, ſweet *Moſca?*
Moſ. Your deſert, Sir;
I know no ſecond Cauſe. *Volt.* Thy Modeſty.
Is loth to know it; well, we ſhall requite it.
Moſ. He ever lik'd your Courſe, Sir; that firſt took him
I oft have heard him ſay, how he admir'd,
Men of your large Profeſſion, that could ſpeak
To every Cauſe, and things meer Contraries,
Till they were hoarſe again, yet all be Law;
That, with moſt quick Agility, could turn,
And re-turn; make Knots, and undo them;
Give forked Counſel: take provoking Gold
On either Hand, and put it up: theſe Men,
He knew, would thrive, with their Humility.

And

And (for his part) he thought, he ſhould be bleſt
To have his Heir of ſuch a ſuffering Spirit,
So wiſe, ſo grave, of ſo perplex'd a Tongue,
And loud withal, that could not wag, nor ſcarce
Lie ſtill, without a Fee; when every Word
Your Worſhip but lets fall, is a *Cecchine!*
[*Another knocks.*
Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you ſeen, Sir.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haſte;
I'll faſhion an Excuſe. And, gentle Sir,
When you do come to Swim; in golden Lard,
Up to the Arms in Honey, that your Chin
Is born up ſtiff, with fatneſs of the Flood,
Think on your Vaſſal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worſt of Clients. *Volt. Moſca.*—
Moſ. When will you have your Inventory brought, Sir?
Or ſee a Copy of the Will? (anon)
I'll bring 'em to you, Sir. Away, be gone.
Put Buſineſs i' your Face. *Volp.* Excellent *Moſca!*
Come hither, let me kiſs thee. *Moſ.* Keep you ſtill, Sir.
Here is *Corbaccio. Volp.* Set the Plate away,
The Vulture's gone, and the old Raven's come.

SCENE IV.

Moſca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

Moſ. Betake you to your Silence, and your Sleep:
Stand there and multiply. Now, ſhall we ſee
A Wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can fain to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his Grave. Signior *Corbaccio!*
Yo'ure very welcome, Sir.
Corb. How do's your Patron?
Moſ. Troth, as he did, Sir; no amends.
Corb. What? Mends he?
Moſ. No, Sir: He is rather worſe.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Moſ.

Mos. Upon his Couch, Sir, newly fall'n to sleep.
Corb. Do's he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, Sir, all this Night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! He shall take
Some Counsel of Physicians: I have brought him
An *Opiate* here, from mine own Doctor——
Mos. He will not hear of Drugs.
Corb. Why? I my self
Stood by, while 'twas made, saw all th' Ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My Life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. I, his last Sleep, if he wou'd take it. *Mos.* Sir,
He has no Faith in Physick. *Corb.* 'Say you, 'say you?
Mos. He has no Faith in Physick: He do's think
Most of your Doctors are the greater Danger,
And worse Disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your Physician
Should never be his Heir. *Corb.* Not I his Heir?
Mos. Not your Physician, Sir. *Corb.* O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it. *Mos.* No, Sir, nor their Fees
He cannot brook: He says they flay a Man,
Before they kill him. *Corb.* Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then, they do it by Experiment;
For which the Law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great Reward: and he is loth
To hire his Death, so. *Corb.* It is true, they kill,
With as much Licence, as a Judge. *Mos.* Nay more;
For he but kills, Sir, where the Law condemns,
And these can kill him too. *Corb.* I, or me;
Or any Man. How does his Apoplex?
Is that strong on him still? *Mos.* Most violent.
His Speech is broken, and his Eyes are set,
His Face drawn longer, than 'twas wont——
Corb. How? how?
Stronger, than he was wont? *Mos.* No, Sir: His Face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont. *Corb.* O, good.
Mos. His Mouth
Is ever gaping, and his Eye-lids hang. *Corb.* Good.
Mos. A freezing numness stiffens all his Joints,

And

And makes the Colour of his Fleſh like Lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Moſ. His Pulſe beats ſlow, and dull.
Corb. Good Symptoms ſtill.
Moſ. And from his Brain——
(*Corb.* I conceive you, good.)
Moſ. Flows a cold Sweat, with a continual Rhume,
Forth the reſolved Corners of his Eyes.
Corb. Is't poſſible? Yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the ſwimming of his Head?
Moſ. O, Sir, 'tis paſt the *Scotomy*; he now,
Hath loſt his Feeling, and hath left to ſnort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breaths.
Corb. Excellent, Excellent, ſure I ſhall out-laſt him;
This makes me Young again, a ſcore of Years.
Moſ. I was a coming for you, Sir.
Corb. Has he made his Will?
What has he giv'n me? *Moſ.* No, Sir. *Corb.* Nothing? ha?
Moſ. He has not made his Will, Sir. *Corb.* Oh, oh, oh.
What then did *Voltore*, the Lawyer, here?
Moſ. He ſmelt a Carcaſs, Sir, when he but heard
My Maſter was about his Teſtament;
As I did urge him to it, for your good——
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought ſo.
Moſ. Yes, and preſented him this piece of Plate.
Corb. To be his Heir?
Moſ. I do not know, Sir. *Corb.* True,
I know it too. *Moſ.* By your own Scale, Sir.
Corb. Well,
I ſhall prevent him, yet. See *Moſca*, look,
Here, I have brought a Bag of bright *Cecchines*,
Will quite weigh down his Plate.
Moſ. Yea, marry, Sir.
This is true Phyſick, this your ſacred Medicine;
No talk of *Opiates*, to this great *Elixir*.
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
It ſhall be miniſter'd to him, in his Bowle?
Corb. I, do, do, do. *Moſ.* Moſt bleſſed Cordial.

This

This will recover him. *Corb.* Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not beſt, Sir.
Corb. What? *Mos.* To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, Sir, this
Will work ſome ſtrange Effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venture:
Give me't again. *Mos.* At no hand; pardon me;
You ſhall not do your ſelf that wrong, Sir. I
Will ſo adviſe you, you ſhall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, Sir, 'tis your right, your own; no Man
Can claim a part: 'Tis yours, without a Rival,
Decreed by Deſtiny. *Corb.* How! how, good *Moſca*?
Mos. I'll tell you, Sir. This Fit he ſhall recover;
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on firſt advantage
Of his gain'd Senſe, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his Teſtament:
And ſhew him this. *Corb.* Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet.
If you will hear, Sir. *Corb.* Yes, with all my Heart.
Mos. Now, would I counſel you, make home with ſpeed;
There, frame a Will; whereto you ſhall inſcribe
My Maſter your ſole Heir. *Corb.* And diſinherit
My Son? *Mos.* O, Sir, the better: For that Colour
Shall make it much more taking. *Corb.* O, but Colour?
Mos. This Will, Sir, you ſhall ſend it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your Cares, your Watchings, and your many Prayers,
Your more than many Gifts, your this Days preſent
And laſt, produce your Will; where (without Thought,
Or leaſt Regard, unto your proper Iſſue,
A Son ſo brave, and highly meriting)
The Stream of your diverted Love hath thrown you
Upon my Maſter, and made him your Heir:
He cannot be ſo ſtupid, or ſtone-dead,
But out of Conſcience, and meer Gratitude——

Corb.

Corb. He muſt pronounce me his?
Moſ. 'Tis true. *Corb.* This Plot
Did I think on before. *Moſ.* I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it? *Moſ.* Yes, Sir.
Corb. Mine own Project.
Moſ. Which when he hath done, Sir——
Corb. Publiſhed me his Heir?
Moſ. And you ſo certain, to ſurvive him——
Corb. I.
Moſ. Being ſo luſty a Man——*Corb.* 'Tis true
Moſ. Yes, Sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he ſhould be
The very Organ to expreſs my Thoughts!
Moſ. You have not only done your ſelf a good——
Corb. But multiply'd it on my Son. *Moſ.* 'Tis right, Sir.
Corb. Still, my Invention. *Moſ.* 'Las; Sir, Heaven knows,
It hath been all my Study, all my Care,
(I e'en grow grey withal) how to work Things——
Corb. I do conceive, ſweet *Moſca*. *Moſ.* You are he,
For whom I labour, here. *Corb.* I, do, do, do:
I'll ſtraight about it. *Moſ.* Rook go with you, Raven.
Corb. I know thee honeſt.
Moſ. You do lie, Sir——*Corb.* And——
Moſ. Your Knowledge is no better than your Ears, Sir.
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a Father to thee.
Moſ. Nor I to gull my Brother of his Bleſſing.
Corb. I may ha' my Youth reſtor'd to me, why not?
Moſ. Your Worſhip is a precious Aſs——
Corb. What ſay'ſt thou?
Moſ. I do deſire your Worſhip to make haſte, Sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. *Volp.* O, I ſhall burſt:
Let out my Sides, let out my Sides——*Moſ.* Contain
Your flux of Laughter, Sir: you know, this hope
Is ſuch a Bait, it covers any Hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good Raſcal, let me kiſs thee:
I never knew thee, in ſo rare a Humour.

Moſ.

Moſ. Alas, Sir, I but do, as I am taught;
Follow your grave Inſtructions; give 'em Words;
Pour Oil into their Ears: and ſend them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare Puniſhment
Is Avarice to it ſelf? *Moſ.* I, with our help, Sir.
Volp. So many Cares, ſo many Maladies,
So many Fears attending an Old Age,
Yea, Death ſo often call'd on, as no Wiſh
Can be more frequent with 'em, their Limbs faint,
Their Senſes dull, their Seeing, Hearing, Going,
All dead before them; yea, their very Teeth,
Their Inſtruments of Eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd Life! Nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wiſhes to live longer!
Feels not his Gout, nor Palſie, fains himſelf
Younger, by Scores of Years, flatters his Age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With Charms like *Æſon*, have his Youth reſtor'd:
And with theſe Thoughts ſo battens, as if Fate
Would be as eaſily cheated on, as he,
And all turns Air! Who's that there, now? a third?
[*Another knocks.*]
Moſ. Cloſe, to your Couch again: I hear his Voice.
It is *Corvino*, our ſpruce Merchant. *Volp.* Dead.
Moſ. Another bout, Sir, with your Eyes. Who's there!

SCENE V.

Moſca, Corvino, Volpone.

Moſ. Signior *Corvino!* Come moſt wiſh'd for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? What? Wherein?
Moſ. The tardy Hour is come, Sir.
Corv. He is not dead? *Moſ.* Not dead, Sir, but as good;
He knows no Man. *Corv.* How ſhall I do then?
Moſ. Why, Sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a Pearl.
Moſ. Perhaps he has

So

So much Remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
He ſtill calls on you; nothing but your Name
Is in his Mouth: Is your Pearl Orient, Sir?
Corv. *Venice* was never Owner of the like.
Volp. Signior *Corvino.* *Moſ.* Hark.
Volp. Signior *Corvino.*
Moſ. He calls you, ſtep and give it him. He's here, Sir,
And he has brought you a rich Pearl.
Corv. How do you, Sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelf *Caract.* *Moſ.* Sir,
He cannot underſtand, his Hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to ſee you——*Corv.* Say,
I have a Diamond for him, too. *Moſ.* Beſt ſhew't, Sir;
Put it into his Hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: He has his feeling, yet.
See how he graſps it! *Corv.* 'Las, good Gentleman!
How pitiful the Sight is! *Moſ.* Tut, forget, Sir.
The weeping of an Heir ſhould ſtill be Laughter,
Under a Viſor. *Corv.* Why? Am I his Heir?
Moſ. Sir, I am ſworn, I may not ſhow the Will,
'Till he be dead: But, here has been *Corbaccio,*
Here has been *Voltore,* here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were ſo many,
All gaping here for Legacies; but I
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior *Corvino,* Signior *Corvino*) took
Paper, and Pen, and Ink, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his Heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be Executor? *Corvino.* And
To any Queſtion he was ſilent too,
I ſtill interpreted, the Nods he made
(Through Weakneſs) for conſent: and ſent home th' others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and Curſe.
Corv. O, my dear *Moſca.* Do's he not perceive us?
[*They embrace.*
Moſ. No more than a blind Harper. He knows no Man
No Face of Friend, nor Name of any Servant,
Who't was that fed him laſt, or gave him Drink?
Not thoſe, he hath begotten, or brought up

Can

Can he remember. *Corv.* Has he Children?
Mos. Baſtards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on Beggars,
Gypſies, and *Jews*, and *Blake-a-moors*, when he was drunk,
Knew you not that, Sir? 'Tis the common Fable.
The Dwarf, the Fool, the Eunuch are all his;
H'is the true Father of his Family,
In all, ſave me: But he has given 'em nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well. Art ſure he does not hear us?
Mos. Sure, Sir? Why, look you, credit your own Senſe.
The Pox approach, and add to your Diſeaſes,
If it would ſend you hence the ſooner, Sir,
For your Incontinence, it hath deſerv'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the Plague to boot.
(You may come near, Sir) would you would once cloſe
Thoſe filthy Eyes of yours, that flow with Slime,
Like two Frog-pits; and thoſe ſame hanging Cheeks,
Cover'd with Hide, inſtead of Skin: Nay, help, Sir,
That look like frozen Diſh-clouts ſet on end.
Corv. Or, like an old ſmok'd Wall, on which the Rain
Ran down in Streaks. *Mos.* Excellent, Sir, ſpeak out;
You may be louder yet: A Culvering,
Diſcharged in his Ear, would hardly bore it.
Corv. His Noſe is like a common Sewer, ſtill running.
Mos. 'Tis good! And, what his Mouth?
Corv. A very Draught.
Mos. O, ſtop it up——*Corv.* By no means.
Mos. 'Pray you let me.
Faith I could ſtifle him rarely, with a Pillow,
As well as any Woman that ſhould keep him.
Corv. Do as you will, but I'll be gone. *Mos.* Be ſo;
It is your Preſence makes him laſt ſo long.
Corv. I pray you uſe no Violence. *Mos.* No, Sir? Why?
Why you ſhould be thus ſcrupulous? 'Pray you, Sir,
Corv. Nay, at your Diſcretion. *Mos.* Well, good Sir, be gone.

Corv.

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my Pearl.
Moſ. Puh, nor your Diamond. What a needleſs Care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here? whom you have made your Creature?
That owe my Being to you? *Corv.* Grateful *Moſca*!
Thou art my Friend, my Fellow, my Companion,
My Partner, and ſhalt ſhare in all my Fortunes.
Moſ. Excepting one. *Corv.* What's that?
Moſ. Your gallant Wife, Sir.
Now he is gone: We had no other means,
To ſhoot him hence, but this. *Volp.* My divine *Moſca*!
Thou haſt to day out-gone thy ſelf. Who's there?
[*Another knocks.*
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me Muſick, Dances, Banquets, all Delights;
The *Turk* is not more ſenſual in his Pleaſures,
Than will *Volpone*. Let me ſee, a Pearl?
A Diamond? Plate? *Cecchines?* Good Morning's Purchaſe;
Why, this is better than rob Churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a Month) a Man.
Who is't. *Moſ.* The beauteous Lady *Would-be*, Sir,
Wife to the *Engliſh* Knight, Sir *Politick Would-be*,
(This is the Stile, Sir, is directed me)
Hath ſent to know, how you have ſlept to night,
And if you would be viſited. *Volp.* Not, now.
Some three hours hence.——
Moſ. I told the Squire ſo much.
Volp. When I am high with Mirth, and Wine: then, then:
'Fore Heaven, I wonder at the deſperate Valour
Of the bold *Engliſh*, that they dare let looſe
Their Wives to all Encounters! *Moſ.* Sir, this Knight
Had not his Name for nothing, he is politick,
And knows, how e're his Wife affect ſtrange Airs,
She hath not yet the Face to be diſhoneſt:
But had ſhe Signior *Corvino*'s Wife's Face——
Volp. Has ſhe ſo rare a Face? *Moſ.* O, Sir, the Wonder,
The blazing Star of *Italy!* A Wench

O'

O' the firſt Year! A Beauty ripe as Harveſt!
Whoſe Skin is whiter than a Swan all over!
Than Silver, Snow, or Lillies! A ſoft Lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kiſſing!
And Fleſh that melteth in the Touch to Blood!
Bright as your Gold, and lovely as your Gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Moſ. Alas, Sir—My ſelf but yeſterday diſcover'd it.
Volp. How might I ſee her? *Moſ.* O, not poſſible;
She's kept as warily as is your Gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes Air,
But at a Window. All her Looks are ſweet,
As the firſt Grapes or Cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are. *Volp.* I muſt ſee her——
Moſ. Sir,
There is a Guard of ten Spies thick upon her,
All his whole Houſhold; each of which is ſet
Upon his Fellow, and have all their Charge!
When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
Volp. I will go ſee her, though but at her Window.
Moſ. In ſome Diſguiſe then. *Volp.* That is true: I muſt
Maintain mine own Shape ſtill the ſame: We'll think.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

Pol. SIR, to a wiſe Man all the World's his Soil:
It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That muſt bound me, if my Fates call me forth.
Yet I proteſt, it is no ſalt Deſire
Of ſeeing Countries, ſhifting a Religion,
Nor any Diſaffection to the State
Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
My deareſt Plots) hath brought me out; much leſs
That idle, antick, ſtale, grey-headed Project
Of knowing Mens Minds and Manners, with *Ulyſſes*:
But a peculiar Humour of my Wife's,
Laid for this height of *Venice*, to obſerve,
To quote, to learn the Language, and ſo forth——
I hope you travel, Sir, with Licence—How long, Sir,
Since

Since you left *England*? *Per.* Seven Weeks. *Pol.* So lately!
You ha' not been with my Lord Ambaſſador?
Per. Not yet, Sir.
Pol. Pray you, what News, Sir, vents our Climate?
I heard laſt Night a moſt ſtrange thing reported
By ſome of my Lord's Followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be ſeconded. *Per.* What was't, Sir?
Pol. Marry, Sir, of a Raven that ſhould build
In a Ship-Royal of the King's. *Per.* This Fellow
Does he gull me, trow? Or is gull'd? Your Name, Sir?
Pol. My Name is *Politick Would-be.*
Per. O' that ſpeaks him. A Knight, Sir?
Pol. A poor Knight, Sir. *Per.* Your Lady
Lies here in *Venice*, for Intelligence
Of Tires, and Faſhions, and Behaviour,
Among the Courtezans? The *Fine Lady Would-be.*
Pol. Yes, Sir, the Spider and the Bee, oft-times,
Suck from one Flower. *Per.* Good Sir *Politick*,
I cry you Mercy: I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, Sir, of your Raven. *Pol.* On your Knowledge?
Per. Yes, and your Lions whelping in the Tower
Pol. Another Whelp!
Per. Another, Sir. *Pol.* Now, Heaven!
What Prodigies be theſe? The Fires at *Berwick!*
And the new Star! Theſe things concurring, ſtrange!
And full of *Omen!* Saw you theſe Meteors?
Per. I did, Sir.
Pol. Fearful! Pray you, Sir, confirm me,
Were there three Porpoiſes ſeen above the Bridge,
As they give out? *Per.* Nay, Sir, be not ſo;
I'll tell you a greater Prodigy than theſe———
Pol. What ſhould theſe things portend!
Per. The very day
(Let me be ſure) that I put forth from *London*,
There was a Whale diſcover'd in the River,
As high as *Woolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many Months) for the Subverſion

Of the *Stode*-Fleet. *Pol.* Is't poſſible? Believe it,
'Twas either ſent from *Spain*, or the *Archduke*'s!
Spinola's Whale, upon my Life, my Credit!
Will they not leave theſe Projects? Worthy Sir,
Some other News. *Per.* Faith, *Stone* the Fool is dead,
And they do lack a Tavern-Fool extremely.
Pol. Is *Maſs' Stone* dead?
Per. He's dead, Sir; Why? I hope
You thought him not immortal? O, this Knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious Thing
To fit our *Engliſh* Stage: He that ſhould write
But ſuch a Fellow, ſhould be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciouſly. *Pol. Stone* dead!
Per. Dead. Lord! How deeply, Sir, you apprehend it?
He was no Kinſman to you? *Pol.* That I know of.
Well! that ſame Fellow was an unknown Fool.
Per. And yet you knew him, it ſeems? *Pol.* I did ſo, Sir.
I knew him one of the moſt dangerous Heads
Living within the State, and ſo I held him.
Per. Indeed, Sir? *Pol.* While he liv'd, in Action,
He has receiv'd weekly Intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the *Low Countries*,
(For all Parts of the World) in Cabbages;
And thoſe diſpens'd again to Ambaſſadors,
In Oranges, Musk-Melons, Apricots,
Limons, Pomecitrons, and ſuch like; ſometimes
In *Colcheſter* Oyſters, and your *Selſey* Cockles.
Per. You make me wonder!
Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I have obſerv'd him, at your publick Ordinary,
Take his Advertiſement from a Traveller
(A conceal'd Stateſman) in a Trencher of Meat;
And inſtantly, before the Meal was done,
Convey an Anſwer in a Tooth-pick. *Per.* Strange!
How could this be, Sir? *Pol.* Why, the Meat was cut
So like his Character, and ſo laid, as he
Muſt eaſily read the Cypher. *Per.* I have heard,
He could not read, Sir. *Pol.* So 'twas given out
(In polity) by thoſe that did employ him:

But he could read, and had your Languages,
And to't, as ſound a Noddle—*Per.* I have heard, Sir,
That your *Babiouns* were Spies, and that they were
A kind of ſubtle Nation, near to *China*.
Pol. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had
Their hand in a *French* Plot or two; but they
Were ſo extremely given to Women, as
They made Diſcovery of all: Yet I
Had my Advices here (on *Wedneſday* laſt)
From one of their own Coat, they were return'd,
Made their Relations (as the Faſhion is)
And now ſtand fair for freſh Employment. *Per.* 'Heart!
This Sir *Pol.* will be ignorant of nothing.
It ſeems, Sir, you know all? *Pol.* Not all, Sir: But
I have ſome general Notions: I do love
To note, and to obſerve; though I live out
Free from the active Torrent, yet I'ld mark
The Currents and the Paſſages of Things
For mine own private Uſe; and know the Ebbs
And Flows of State. *Per.* Believe it, Sir, I hold
My ſelf in no ſmall Tie unto my Fortunes,
For caſting me thus luckily upon you,
Whoſe Knowledge (if your Bounty equal it)
May do me great Aſſiſtance, in Inſtruction
For my Behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet ſo rude and raw—*Pol.* Why, came you forth
Empty of Rules, for Travail? *Per.* Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar *Grammar*,
Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.
Pol. Why, this it is, that ſpoils all our brave Bloods
Truſting our hopeful Gentry unto Pedants,
Fellows of out-ſide, and mere bark. You ſeem
To be a Gentleman, of ingenious Race———
I not profeſs it, but my Fate hath been
To be, where I have been conſulted with,
In this high kind, touching ſome great Mens Sons,
Perſons of Blood and Honour———*Per.* Who be
theſe, Sir?

SCENE. II.

Moſca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

Per. Under that Window, there't muſt be. The ſame.
Pol. Fellows, to mount a Bank! Did your Inſtructor
In the dear Tongues, never diſcourſe to you
Of the *Italian* Mountebanks? *Per.* Yes, Sir. *Pol.* Why,
Here ſhall you ſee one. *Per.* They are Quack-ſalvers,
Fellows, that live by venting Oils and Drugs?
Pol. Was that the Character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember. *Pol.* Pity his Ignorance.
They are the only knowing Men of *Europe!*
Great general Scholars, excellent Phyſicians,
Moſt admir'd Stateſmen, profeſt Favourites,
And Cabinet Counſellors to the greateſt Princes!
The only languag'd Men of all the World!
Per. And, I have heard, they are moſt lewd Impoſtors;
Made all of Terms and Shreds; no leſs belyers
Of great Mens Favours, than their own vile Med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monſtrous Oaths:
Selling that Drug, for Two-pence, e're they part,
Which they have valued at twelve Crowns before.
Pol. Sir, Calumnies are anſwer'd beſt with Silence:
Your ſelf ſhall judge. Who is it mounts, my Friends?
Moſ. *Scoto* of *Mantua*, Sir. *Pol.* Is't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promiſe, Sir, you ſhall behold
Another Man that has been phant'ſied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he ſhould mount his Bank,
Here in this Nook, that has been wont t'appear
In Face of the *Piazza!* Here, he comes.
Volp. Mount, *Zany*. *Gre.* Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.
Pol. See how the People follow him! he's a Man
May write 10000 Crowns in Bank here. Note,
Mark but his Geſture: I do uſe to obſerve
The ſtate he keeps, in getting up! *Per.* 'Tis worth it, Sir.
Volp. *Moſt noble Gent. and my worthy Patrons, it may ſeem ſtrange, that I, your* Scoto Mantuano, *who was ever wont to fix my Bank in Face of the publick* Piazza,

Piazza, *near the Shelter of the* Portico, *to the* Procuratia, *ſhould now (after eight Months Abſence, from this illuſtrious City of* Venice*) humbly retire my ſelf, into an obſcure Nook of the* Piazza.

Pol. Did not I, now, object the ſame? *Per.* Peace, Sir.

Volp. *Let me tell you: I am not (as your* Lombard *Proverb ſaith) cold on my Feet; or content to part with my Commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accuſtomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious Reports of that impudent Detractor, and ſhame to our Profeſſion, (*Aleſſandro Buttone, *I mean) who gave out in publick, I was condemn'd a'* Sforzato *to the Galleys, for poyſoning the Cardinal* Bembo's——*Cook, hath at all attached, much leſs dejected me. No, no, worthy Gent. (to tell you true) I cannot endure to ſee the Rabble of theſe ground* Ciarlitani, *that ſpread their Cloaks on the Pavement, as if they meant to do Feats of Activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy Tales out of* Boccacio, *like* Tale Tabarine, *the Fabuliſt: Some of them diſcourſing their Travels, and of their tedious Captivity in the* Turks *Galleys, when indeed (were the Truth known) they were the Chriſtians Galleys, where very temp'rately they eat Bread, and drunk Water, as a wholeſom Penance (enjoin'd them by their Confeſſors) for baſe Pilferies.*

Pol. Note but his bearing, and Contempt of theſe.

Volp. *Theſe Turdy-facy-naſty-paty-louſie-fartical Rogues with one poor Groatſworth of unprepar'd* Antimony, *finely wrapt up in ſeveral* Scartoccios, *are able, very well, to kill their twenty a Week, and play; yet, theſe meager ſtarv'd Spirits, who have half ſtopt the Organs of their Minds with earthly Oppilations, want not their Favourers among your ſhrivel'd, Sallad-eating* Artizans; *who are overjoy'd, that they may have their Half-pe'rth of Phyſick, tho' it purge 'em into another World, 't makes no matter.*

Pol. Excellent! Ha' you heard better Language, Sir?

Volp. *Well, let 'em go. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, know, that for this time, our Bank, being thus remov'd from the Clamours of the* Canaglia, *ſhall*

be the Scene *of Pleaſure and Delight: For, I have nothing to Sell, little or nothing to Sell.*

Pol. I told you, Sir, his end. *Per.* You did ſo, Sir.

Volp. *I proteſt, I and my ſix Servants are not able to make of this precious Liquor, ſo faſt, as it is fetch'd away from my Lodging by Gentlemen of your City; Strangers of the* Terraferma; *worſhipful Merchants; I, and Senators too; who, ever ſince my Arrival, have detained me to their uſes, by their ſplendidous Liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich Man to have his* Magazines *ſtuft with* Moſcadelly, *or of the pureſt Grape, when his Phyſicians preſcribe him (on pain of Death) to drink nothing but Water, cocted with* Aniſeeds? *O, Health! Health! The Bleſſing of the Rich! The Riches of the Poor! Who can buy thee at too dear a Rate, ſince there is no enjoying this World without thee? Be not then ſo ſparing of your Purſes, honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural Courſe of Life*——

Per. You ſee his end? *Pol.* I, is't not good?

Volp. *For, when a humid Flux, or Catarrh, by the Mutability of Air, falls from your Head into an Arm or Shoulder, or any other Part; take you a Duckat, or your* Cecchine *of Gold, and apply to the Place affected; ſee what good Effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this bleſſed* Unguento, *this rare Extraction, that hath only Power to diſperſe all malignant Humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moiſt, or windy Cauſes*——

Per. I would he had put in dry too. *Pol.* 'Pray you, obſerve.

Volp. *To fortify the moſt indigeſt and crude Stomach, I were it of one that (through extream Weakneſs) vomited Blood, applying only a warm Napkin to the place, after the Unction and Fricace; for the* Vertigine, *in the Head, putting but a Drop into your Noſtrils, likewiſe behind the Ears; a moſt Sovereign and approved Remedy: The* Mal-caduco, *Cramps, Convulſions, Paralyſies, Epilepſies,* Tremor-cordia, *retired Nerves, ill Vapours of the Spleen, ſtopping of the Liver, the Stone, the Strangury,* Hemia ventoſa, Iliaca paſſio; *ſtops a* Diſenteria *immo-*

immediately; easeth the Torſion of the ſmall Guts; and cures Melancholia Hypocondriaca, *being taken and applyed, according to my Printed Receipt. For, this is the Phyſician, this the Medicine; this Counſels, this Cures; this gives the Direction, this works the Effect: and (in ſum) both together may be term'd an abſtract of the Theorick and Practick in the* Æſculapian *Art. 'Twill coſt you Eight Crowns. And,* Zan Fritada, *pr'ythee ſing a Verſe extempore in Honour of it.*

Pointing to his Bill and his Glaſs.

Pol. How do you like him, Sir? *Per.* Moſt ſtrangely, I!

Pol. Is not his Language rare? *Per.* But *Alchimy*, I never heard the like: Or *Broughton's* Books.

SONG.

Had old Hippocrates, *or* Galen,
(*That to their Books put Medicines all in*)
But known this Secret, they had never
(*Of which they will be guilty ever*)
Been murderers of ſo much Paper,
Or waſted many a hurtleſs taper:
No Indian *Drug had e're been famed,*
Tabacco, Saſſafras *not named;*
Ne yet, of Guacum *one ſmall Stick, Sir,*
Nor Raymund Lullies *great* Elixir.
Ne, had been known, the Daniſh Gonſwart,
Or Paracelſus, *with his long Sword.*

Per. All this, yet, will not do; Eight Crowns is high.

Volp. *No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to diſcourſe to you the miraculous Effects of this my* Oyl, *ſurnamed* Oglio del Scoto; *with the countleſs Catalogue of thoſe I have cured of th' aforeſaid, and many more Diſeaſes; the Pattents and Priviledges of all the Princes and Commonwealths of Chriſtendom; or but the diſpoſitions of thoſe that appear'd on my part, before the* Signiory *of the* Sanita, *and moſt learned Colledge of Phyſicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken*

of the admirable Virtues of my Medicaments, an
mine own Excellency, in matter of rare and unknow
Secrets, not only to diſperſe them publickly in this fa-
mous City, but in all the Territories, that happily jo
under the Government of the moſt pious and magnificen
States of Italy. But may ſome other gallant Fellow ſay,
O, there be divers that makes profeſſion to have as good,
and as experimented Receipts as yours: Indeed, very
many have aſſay'd, like Apes in imitation of that
which is really and eſſentially in me, to make of thi
Oyl; beſtow'd great coſt in Furnaces, Stills, Alembecks,
continual Fires, and preparation of the Ingredients, (a
indeed there goes to it Six hundred ſeveral Simples, be-
ſides ſome quantity of humane Fat, for the conglutina-
tion, which we buy of the Anatomiſts) but, when theſe
Practitioners come to the laſt decoction, blow, blow,
puff, puff, and all flies in Fumo: ha, ha, ha. Poor
Wretches! I rather pity their Folly and Indiſcretion,
than their loſs of Time and Money; for thoſe may be
recovered by Induſtry: But to be a Fool born, is a
Diſeaſe incurable. For my ſelf, I always from my
Youth have endeavour'd to get the rareſt Secrets, and
book them, either in Exchange or for Money: I ſpared
not coſt nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be
Learned. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I
will undertake (by vertue of Chymical Art) out of the
honourable Hat that covers your Head, to extract the
Four Elements; that is to ſay, the Fire, Air, Water,
and Earth, and return you your Felt without burn or
ſtain. For, whilſt others have been at the Balloo, I
have been at my Book: and am now at the craggy Paths
of Study, and come to the flowry Plains of Honour and
Reputation.

Pol. I do aſſure you, Sir, that is his aim.

Volp. *But, to our price.* *Per.* And that withal,
Sir *Pol.*

Volp. *You all know (honourable Gentlemen) I never*
valu'd this Ampulla, *or* Villa, *at leſs than Eight*
Crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd
of it for ſix; Six Crowns is the price; and leſs in cour-
teſie

teſie I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howſoever, both it and I am at your Service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I ſhould demand of you a thouſand Crowns, ſo the Cardinals Montalto, Ferueſe, *the Great Duke of* Tuſcany, *my Goſſip, with divers other Princes have given me; but I deſpiſe Money: only to ſhow my Affection to you, Honourable Gentlemen, and your illuſtrious State here, I have neglected the Meſſages of theſe Princes, mine own Offices, fram'd my Journey hither, only to preſent you with the Fruits of my Travels: Tune your Voices once more to the touch of your Inſtruments, and give the honourable Aſſembly ſome delightful Recreation.*

Per. What monſtrous and moſt painful Circumſtance
Is here, to get ſome three or four *Gazets?*
Some Three-pence i' th' whole, for that 'twill come to.

SONG.

You that would laſt long, liſt to my Song,
Make no more coyl, but buy of this Oyl.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of Teeth; and ſtrong of Tongue?
Tart of Palat? quick of Ear?
Sharp of Sight? of Noſtril clear?
Moiſt of Hand? and light of Foot?
(*Or I will come nearer to't*)
Would you live free from all Diſeaſes?
Do the act your Miſtris pleaſes;
Yea fright all Aches from your Bones?
Here's a Med'cine for the Nones.

Volp. *Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a Preſent of the ſmall quantity my Coffer contains: to the Rich in Courteſie, and to the Poor, for God's ſake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you Six Crowns; and Six Crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you ſhall not give me Six Crowns, nor Five, nor Four, nor Three, nor Two, nor One; nor half a Duckat; no nor a* Mucinigo: *Six —— pence it will coſt you, or Six hundred*

Pound — expect no lower price, for by the Banner of my Front, I will not hate a Bagatine, *that I will have only a Pledge of your Loves, to carry ſomething from amongſt you, to ſhew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toſs your Handkerchiefs, chearfully, chearfully; and be advertiſed, that the firſt heroick Spirit, that deigns to grace me, with a Handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of ſomething, beſide, ſhall pleaſe it better, than if I had preſented it with a double Piſtolet.*

Per. Will you be that heroick Spark, Sir *Pol?*
O, ſee! The Window has prevented you.

[Celia *at the Window throws down her Handkerchief.*

Volp. *Lady, I kiſs your Bounty; and for this timely Grace you have done your poor* Scoto *of* Mantua, *I will return you over and above my* Oyl, *a Secret of that high and ineſtimable Nature, ſhall make you for ever enamour'd on that Minute, wherein your Eye firſt deſcended on ſo mean (yet not altogether to be deſpis'd) an Object. Here is a Poulder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I ſhould ſpeak to the Worth, Nine thouſand Volumes were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a Word; ſo ſhort is this Pilgrimage of Man (which ſome call Life) to the expreſſing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole World is but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private Purſe to the purchaſe of it. I will only tell you; It is the Poulder that made* Venus *a Goddeſs (given her by* Apollo) *that kept her perpetually Young, clear'd her Wrinkles, firm'd her Gums, fill'd her Skin, colour'd her Hair; from her deriv'd to* Helen, *and at the ſack of* Troy *(unfortunately) loſt: till now, in this our Age, it was as happily recovered, by a ſtudious Antiquary out of ſome Ruins of* Aſia, *who ſent a Moiety of it to the Court of* France *(but much ſophiſticated) wherewith the Ladies there, now, colour their Hair. The reſt (at this preſent) remains with me; extracted to a quinteſſence: ſo that, where-ever it but touches, in Youth it perpetually preſerves, in Age reſtores the Complexion; ſeats your Teeth,*

did

did they dance like virginal Jacks, firm as a Wall; makes them white as Ivory, that were black as ——

SCENE III.

Corvino, Politick, Peregrine.

Cor. Spight o' the Devil, and my Shame! come down here;
Come down: No Houſe but mine to make your *Scene?*
Signior *Flaminio*, will you down, Sir? Down?
What is my Wife your *Franciſcina?* Sir?
No Windows on the whole *Piazza*, here,
To make your Properties, but mine? but mine?
Heart! E're to morrow I ſhall be new chriſten'd,
And call'd the *Pantalone Di Beſognioſi*,
About the Town. *Per.* What ſhould this mean, Sir *Pol?*
Pol. Some trick of State, believe it, I will home.
Per. It may be ſome Deſign on you. *Pol.* I know not.
I'll ſtand upon my Guard. *Per.* 'Tis your beſt, Sir.
Pol. This three Weeks, all my Advices, all my Letters,
They have been intercepted. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?
Beſt have a care. *Pol.* Nay, ſo I will. *Per.* This Knight,
I may not loſe him, for my mirth, till night.

SCENE IV.

Volpone, Moſca.

Volp. O, I am wounded. *Moſ.* Where, Sir? *Volp.* Not without;
Thoſe blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry *Cupid*, bolting from her Eyes,
Hath ſhot himſelf into me like a Flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a Furnace, ſome ambitious Fire,
Whoſe vent is ſtopt. The fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, *Moſca*;
My Liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of ſome ſoft Air, from her refreſhing breath,
Am but a heap of Cinders. *Moſ.* 'Las, good Sir,
Would you had never ſeen her. *Volp.* Nay, would thou
Hadſt never told me of her. *Moſ.* Sir, 'tis true;
I do confeſs I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: But I'm bound in Conſcience,
No leſs than Duty, to affect my beſt
To your releaſe of Torment, and I will, Sir.
Volp. Dear *Moſca*, ſhall I hope? *Moſ.* Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to deſpair of ought,
Within a human Compaſs. *Volp.* O, there ſpoke
My better Angel. *Moſca*, take my Keys,
Gold, Plate, and Jewels, all's at thy Devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, Coin me too:
So thou, in this, but Crown my Longings, *Moſca?*
Moſ. Uſe but your Patience. *Volp.* So I have.
Moſ. I doubt not
To bring ſucceſs to your deſires. *Volp.* Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late Diſguiſe.
Moſ. If you can horn him, Sir, you need not.
Volp. True:
Beſides, I never meant him for my Heir.
Is not the colour o' my Beard and Eye-brows
To make me known? *Moſ.* No jot. *Volp.* I did it well.
Moſ. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the Happineſs; and yet I would
Eſcape your *Epilogue*. *Volp.* But were they gull'd
With a belief that I was *Scoto?* *Moſ.* Sir,
Scoto himſelf could hardly have diſtinguiſh'd!
I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll part:
And as I proſper, ſo applaud my Art.

SCENE V.

Corvino, Celia, Servitore.

Corv. Death of mine Honour, with the Cities Fool?
A Juggling, Tooth-drawing, prating Mountebank?

And

And at a publick Window? where, whilſt he,
With his ſtrain'd Action, and his dole of Faces,
To his Drug-lecture draws your itching Ears,
A Crew of old, un-married, noted Lechers,
Stood leering up like *Satyrs*: and you ſmile
Moſt graciouſly, and fan your Favours forth,
To give your hot Spectators ſatisfaction!
What, was your Mountebank their Call? their Whiſtle?
Or were you enamour'd on his Copper Rings?
His Saffron Jewel, with the Toad-ſtone in't?
Or his imbroidered Sute, with the Cope-ſtitch,
Made of a Herſe-Cloth? or his old Tilt-feather?
Or his ſtarch'd Beard? well! you ſhall have him, yes:
He ſhall come home, and Miniſter unto you
The Fricace for the Moother. Or, let me ſee,
I think you'had rather mount? would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truly you may:
And ſo, you may be ſeen, down to th' Foot.
Get you a Cittern, Lady *Vanity*,
And be a dealer with the Virtuous Man;
Make one: I'll but proteſt my ſelf a Cuckold,
And ſave your Dowry. I am a *Dutchman*, I!
For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
You would be damn'd, e're you did this, you Whore:
Thou'ldſt tremble, to imagine, that the Murder
Of Father, Mother, Brother, all thy Race,
Should follow, as the Subject of my Juſtice!
Cel. Good Sir have Patience! *Corv.* What couldſt thou propoſe
Leſs to thy ſelf, than in this heat of Wrath,
And ſtung with my diſhonour, I ſhould ſtrike
This Steel into thee, with as many Stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with Goatiſh Eyes?
Cel. Alas, Sir, be appeas'd! I could not think
My being at the Window, ſhould more, now,
Move your impatience, than at other times.
Corv. No? not to ſeek and entertain a Parley,
With a known Knave? before a Multitude?
You were an Actor with your Handkerchief!
Which, he, moſt ſweetly, kiſt in the Receipt,

And

And might (no doubt) return it with a Letter,
And point the Place, where you might meet: your Siſters,
Your Mothers, or your Aunts might ſerve the turn.
Cel. Why dear Sir, when do I make theſe Excuſes!
Or ever ſtir abroad, but to the Church?
And that ſo ſeldom —— *Corv.* Well, it ſhall be leſs;
And thy reſtraint before was Liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
Firſt, I will have this bawdy Light dam'd up;
And till't be done, ſome two or three Yards off,
I'll chalk a Line, o'er which, if thou but chance
To ſet thy deſp'rate Foot; more Hell, more Horror,
More wild remorſeleſs Rage ſhall ſeize on thee,
Than on a Conjuror, that had heedleſs left
His Circles ſafety e're his Devil was laid.
Then here's a Lock, which I will hang upon thee;
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy Lodging ſhall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy Proſpect all be backwards; and no pleaſure,
That thou ſhalt know but backwards: Nay, ſince you force.
My honeſt Nature, know, it is your own
Being too oepn, makes me uſe you thus.
Since you will not contain your ſubtil Noſtrils
In a ſweet Room, but they muſt ſnuff the Air
Of rank and ſweaty Paſſengers —— One knocks.
[*Knock wit hin.*
Away, and be not ſeen, pain of thy Life;
Nor look toward the Window: If thou doſt ——
(Nay ſtay, hear this) let me not proſper, Whore,
But I will make thee an Anatomy,
Diſſect thee mine own ſelf, and read a Lecture
Upon thee to the City, and in Publick.
Away. Who's there? *Ser.* 'Tis Signior *Moſca*, Sir.

SCENE VI.

Corvino, Moſca.

Corv. Let him come in, his Maſter's Dead: There's yet

Some

ome good to help the bad. My *Moſca*, welcome,
I gueſs your News. *Moſ.* I fear you cannot, Sir.
Corv. Is't not his Death? *Moſ.* Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his Recovery? *Moſ.* Yes, Sir. *Corv.*
I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my Croſſes meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how? *Moſ.* Why, Sir, with
Scoto's Oyl!
Corbaccio, and *Voltore* brought of it,
Whilſt I was buſie in an inner Room ——
Corv. Death! that damn'd Mountebank! but, for
the Law
Now, I could kill the Raſcal: 't cannot be,
His Oyl ſhould have that Virtue. Ha' not I
Known him a common Rogue, come fidling in
To the *Oſteria*, with a tumbling Whore,
And, when he has done all his forc'd Tricks, been glad
Of a poor Spoonful of dead Wine, with Flies in't?
It cannot be. All his Ingredients
Are a Sheep's Gall, a roſted Bitches Marrow,
Some few ſod Earwigs, pounded Caterpillers,
A little Capon's Greaſe, and Faſting Spittle:
I know 'em to a Dram. *Moſ.* I know not, Sir,
But ſome on't, there, they pour'd into his Ears,
Some in his Noſtrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace. *Corv.* Pox o' that fricace.
Moſ. And ſince, to ſeem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his Health, there, they have had
(At extream Fees) the Colledge of Phyſicians
Conſulting on him, how they might reſtore him;
Where one would have a Cataplaſm of Spices,
Another a flayd Ape clap'd to his Breaſt,
A third would ha' it a Dog, a fourth an Oyl
With wild Cats Skins: At laſt, they all reſolv'd
That, to preſerve him, was no other means,
But ſome Young Woman muſt ſtraight be ſought out,
Luſty, and full of Juice, to ſleep by him;
And to this Service (moſt unhappily,
And moſt unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,

For your Advice, ſince it concerns you moſt,
Becauſe, I would not do that thing might croſs
Your Ends, on whom I have my whole Dependance,
Sir:
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My ſlackneſs to my Patron, work me out
Of his Opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatſoever, are all fruſtrate.
I do but tell you, Sir. Beſides they are all
Now ſtriving, who ſhall firſt preſent him. Therefore—
I could intreat you, briefly to conclude ſomewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can. *Corv.* Death to my hopes!
This is my villanous Fortune! Beſt to hire
Some common Courtezan? *Moſ.* I, I thought on that,
Sir.
But they are all ſo ſubtil, full of Art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as —— I cannot tell —— we may perchance!
Light on a Quean, may cheat us all. *Corv.* 'Tis true.
Moſ. No, no: it muſt be one that has no tricks, Sir,
Some ſimple thing, a Creature made unto it;
Some Wench you may Command. Ha' you no Kinſ-
woman?
Gods ſo — Think, think, think, think, think, think,
think, Sir.
One o' the Doctors offer'd there his Daughter.
Corv. How! *Moſ.* Yes, Signior *Lupo*, the Phyſician.
Corv. His Daughter? *Moſ.* And a Virgin, Sir. Why?
Alas,
He knows the ſtate of's Body, what it is;
That nought can warm his Blood, Sir, but a Fever;
Nor any incantation raiſe his Spirit:
A long forgetfulneſs hath ſeiz'd that part.
Beſides, Sir, who ſhall know it? ſome one or two—
Corv. I pray thee give me leave. If any Man
But I had had this luck —— The thing in't ſelf,
I know, is nothing —— Wherefore ſhould not I
As well command my Blood and my Affections,
As this dull Doctor? In the point of Honour,
The Caſes are all one of Wife and Daughter.

Moſ.

Mos. I hear him coming. *Corv.* She ſhall do't: 'Tis done.
Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unleſs 't be for his Counſel (which is nothing)
Offer his Daughter, what ſhould I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him, Wretch!
Covetous Wretch! *Moſca*, I have determin'd.
Mos. How, Sir? *Corv.* We'll make all ſure. The Party, you wot of,
Shall be mine own Wife, *Moſca*. *Mos.* Sir, the Thing
(But that I would not ſeem to counſel you)
I ſhould have motion'd to you at the firſt:
And make your count, you have cut all their Throats.
Why? 'Tis directly taking a Poſſeſſion!
And, in his next Fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the Pillow from his Head,
And he is thratled: 't had been done before,
But for your ſcrupulous Doubts. *Corv.* I, a plague on't,
My Conſcience fools my Wit. Well, I'll be brief,
And ſo be thou, leſt they ſhould be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what Zeal,
And Willingneſs I do it for; ſwear it was
On the firſt Hearing (as thou may'ſt do, truly)
Mine own free Motion. *Mos.* Sir, I warrant you,
I'll ſo poſſeſs him with it, that the reſt
Of his ſtarv'd Clients ſhall be baniſh'd all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, Sir,
Until I ſend, for I have ſomething elſe
To ripen for your good (you muſt not know't).
Corv. But do not you forget to ſend now. *Mos.* Fear not.

SCENE VII.

Corvino, Celia.

Cor. Where are you, Wife? My *Celia*? Wife? What blubbering?

Come,

Come, dry thoſe Tears. I think thou thoughteſt me
in earneſt?
Ha? By this Light I talk'd ſo but to try thee.
Methinks, the Lightneſs of the Occaſion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not Jealous.
Cel. No? *Corv.* Faith, I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable Humour.
Do not I know if Women have a Will,
They'll do 'gainſt all the Watches o' the World?
And that the fierceſt Spies are tam'd with Gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou ſhalt ſee't:
And ſee, I'll give thee cauſe too, to believe it.
Come, kiſs me. Go, and make thee ready ſtraight,
In all thy beſt Attire, thy choiceſt Jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy beſt Looks:
We are invited to a ſolemn Feaſt,
At old *Volpone*'s, where it ſhall appear
How far I'm free, from Jealouſie to fear.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Moſca.

Moſ. I Fear, I ſhall begin to grow in Love
With my dear ſelf, and my moſt proſp'rous
Parts,
They do ſo ſpring and burgeon; I can feel
A Whimſie i' my Blood: (I know not how)
Succeſs hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my Skin, now like a ſubtil Snake,
I am ſo limber. O! Your Paraſite
Is a moſt precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongſt Clods and Clot-pouls, here on Earth;
I muſe, the Myſtery was not made a Science,
It is ſo liberally profeſt! almoſt
All the wiſe World is little elſe, in Nature,
But Paraſites, or Sub-paraſites. And, yet,
I mean not thoſe that have your bare Town-art,

To know, who's fit to feed 'em; have no Houſe,
No Family, no Care, and therefore mould
Tales for Mens Ears, to beat that Senſe; or get
Kitchin-invention, and ſome ſtale Receipts
To pleaſe the Belly, and the Groin; nor thoſe,
With their Court-dog Tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their Revenue out of Legs and Faces,
Eccho my Lord, and lick away a Moth:
But your fine elegant Raſcal, that can riſe,
And ſtoop (almoſt together) like an Arrow,
Shoot through the Air as nimbly as a Star?
Turn ſhort, as doth a Swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Preſent to any Humour, all Occaſion;
And change a Viſor, ſwifter than a Thought!
This is the Creature had the Art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practiſe it
Out of moſt excellent Nature: and ſuch Sparks
Are the true Paraſites, others but their *Zani*'s

SCENE II.

Moſca, Bonario.

Moſ. Who's this? *Bonario?* old *Corbaccio*'s Son?
The Perſon I was bound to ſeek. Fair Sir,
You are happily met. *Bon.* That cannot be by thee.
Moſ. Why, Sir? *Bon.* Nay, prithee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loth to interchange Diſcourſe,
With ſuch a Mate as thou art. *Moſ.* Courteous Sir,
Scorn not my Poverty. *Bon.* Not I, by Heaven:
But thou ſhalt give me leave to hate thy baſeneſs.
Moſ. Baſeneſs? *Bon.* I anſwer, me, is not thy Sloth
Sufficient Argument? thy Flattery?
Thy means of feeding? *Moſ.* Heaven, be good to me.
Theſe Imputations are too common, Sir,
And eaſily ſtruck on Virtue, when ſhe's poor;
You are unequal to me, and how e're
Your Sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,

That

That e're you know me, thus, proceed in Cenſure:
St. *Mark* bear witneſs 'gainſt you, 'tis inhuman.
Bon. What! does he weep? the Sign is ſoft, and good!
I do repent me, that I was ſo harſh.
Moſ. 'Tis true, that, ſway'd by ſtrong Neceſſity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful Bread
With too much obſequy; 'tis true, beſide,
That I am fain to ſpin mine own poor Raiment,
Out of my meer Obſervance, being not born
To a free Fortune: but that I have done
Baſe Offices, in rendring Friends aſunder,
Dividing Families, betraying Counſels,
Whiſpering falſe Lies, or mining Men with Praiſes,
Train'd their Credulity with Perjuries,
Corrupted Chaſtity, or am in Love
With mine own tender Eaſe, but would not rather
Prove the moſt rugged, and laborious Courſe,
That might redeem my preſent Eſtimation;
Let me here Periſh, in all hope of Goodneſs.
Bon. This cannot be a perſonated Paſſion!
I was to blame, ſo to miſtake thy Nature;
Prithee forgive me: and ſpeak out thy Buſineſs.
Moſ. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may ſeem,
At firſt to make a main Offence in Manners,
And in my Gratitude, unto my Maſter;
Yet, for the pure Love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the Wrong, I muſt reveal it.
This very hour your Father is in purpoſe
To diſinherit you — *Bon.* How! *Moſ.* And thruſt you forth,
As a meer Stranger to his Blood; 'tis true, Sir:
The Work no way ingageth me, but, as
I claim an Intereſt in the general State
Of Goodneſs and true Virtue, which I hear
T'abound in you: and, for which meer Reſpect,
Without a ſecond Aim, Sir, I have done it.
Bon. This Tale hath loſt thee much of the late Truſt,
Thou hadſt with me; it is impoſſible:

I know not how to lend it any Thought,
My Father ſhould be ſo unnatural.
Moſ. It is a Confidence, that well becomes
Your Piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own ſimple Innocence: which makes
Your Wrong more monſtrous and abhor'd. But, Sir,
I now will tell you more. This very Minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you,
(I dare not ſay where you ſhall ſee, but) where
Your Ear ſhall be a Witneſs of the Deed;
Hear your ſelf written Baſtard: and profeſt
The common Iſſue of the Earth. *Bon.* I'm maz'd!
Moſ. Sir, if I do it not, draw your juſt Sword,
And ſcore your Vengeance, on my Front and Face;
Mark me your Villain: You have too much Wrong,
And I do ſuffer for you, Sir. My Heart
Weeps Blood in Anguiſh—— *Bon.* Lead. I follow thee.

SCENE III.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone.

Vol. Moſca ſtays long methinks. Bring forth your Sports.
And help to make the wretched Time more ſweet.
Nan. *Dwarf, Fool, and Eunuch, well met here we be.*
A Queſtion it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known Delicates of a rich Man,
In pleaſing him, claim the Precedency can?
Caſ. *I claim for my ſelf.* And. *And, ſo doth the Fool.*
Nan. *'Tis fooliſh indeed: let me ſet you both to School.*
Firſt, for your Dwarf, he's little and witty,
And every thing, as it is little, is pretty;
Elſe why do Men ſay to a Creature of my Shape,
So ſoon as they ſee him, it's a pretty little Ape?
And why a pretty Ape? but for pleaſing Imitation
Of greater Mens Actions, in a ridiculous Faſhion.
Beſide this feat Body of mine doth not crave
Half the Meat, Drink, and Cloth, one of your Bulks will have.

Admit

Admit your Fools Face be the Mother of Laughter,
Yet, for his Brain, it muſt always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful Caſe,
His Body is beholding to ſuch a bad Face.

Volp. Who's there? my Couch, away, look, *Nano*, ſee: [*One knocks.*
Give me my Caps, firſt—go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*,
Send it by *Moſca*, and with fair return.

Nan. It is the beauteous Madam —— *Volp. Would-be* ——is it?

Nan. The ſame. *Volp.* Now' torment on me; Squire her in:
For ſhe will enter, or dwell here for ever.
Nay, quickly, that my Fit were paſt. I fear
A ſecond Hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my Appetite to the other:
Would ſhe were taking now her tedious leave,
Lord how it threats me what I am to ſuffer.

SCENE IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women. 2.

Lady. I thank you, good Sir. 'Pray you ſignifie
Unto your Patron, I am here. This Band
Shews not my Neck enough (I trouble you, Sir,
Let me requeſt you, bid one of my Women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I am dreſt
Moſt favourably to day; it is no matter,
'Tis well enough. Look, ſee, theſe petulant things!
How they have done this! *Volp.* I do feel the Fever
Entring in at mine Ears; O, for a Charm,
To fright it hence. *Lad.* Come nearer: is this Curl
In his right Place? or this? why is this higher
Than all the reſt? You ha' not waſh'd your Eyes, yet?
Or do they not ſtand even i' your Head?
Where's your fellow? call her. *Nan.* Now, St. *Mark*
Deliver us; Anon, ſhe'll beat her Women,
Becauſe her Noſe is red. *Lad.* I pray you, view
This Tire, forſooth: Are all things apt or no?

Wom. One Hair a little here, ſticks out, forſooth.

Lad.

Lad. Dos't ſo forſooth? And where was your dear ſight
When it did ſo forſooth? What now? Bird-ey'd?
And you too? 'Pray you both approach, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muſe, yo'are not aſham'd!
I, that have preach'd theſe things, ſo oft, unto you,
Read you the Principles, argu'd all the Grounds,
Diſputed every fitneſs, every grace,
Call'd you to counſel of ſo frequent dreſſings——
(*Nan.* More carefully, than of your Fame or Honour)
Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample Dowry
The knowledge of theſe things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you Noble Husbands
At your Return: and you thus to neglect it?
Beſides, you ſeeing what a curious Nation
Th' *Italians* are, what will they ſay of me?
The *Engliſh* Lady cannot dreſs her ſelf;
Here's a fine Imputation to our Countrey!
Well, go your ways, and ſtay i' the next Room.
This *fucus* was too courſe too, it's no matter.
Good Sir, you'll give 'em Entertainment?
Volp. The Storm comes toward me. *Lad.* How does my *Volp?*
Volp. Troubled with Noiſe, I cannot ſleep; I dreamt
That a ſtrange *Fury* entred, now, my Houſe,
And, with the dreadful Tempeſt of her Breath,
Did cleave my Roof aſunder. *Lad.* Believe me, and I
Had the moſt fearful Dream, could I remember it——
Volp. Out on my Fate; I ha' given her the Occaſion
How to torment me: ſhe will tell me hers.
Lad. Methought, the golden Mediocrity
Polite; and Delicate —— *Volp.* O, if you do love me,
No more: I ſweat: and ſuffer, at the mention
Of any Dream: feel how I tremble yet.
Lad. Alas, good Soul! The Paſſion of the Heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with Syrup of Apples,
Tincture of Gold, and Coral, Citron-Pills,
Your Ellicampane Root, Myrobalanes——

Volp.

Volp. Ay me, I have tane a Graſs-hopper by the Wing.

Lad. Burnt Silk, and Amber, you have Muſcadel
Good i'th' Houſe —— *Volp.* You will not drink, and part?

Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt, we ſhall not get
Some *Engliſh* Saffron (half a Dram would ſerve)
Your ſixteen Cloves, a little Musk, dri'd Mints,
Bugloſs, and Barley-meal—— *Volp.* She's in again;
Before I fain'd Diſeaſes, now I have one.

Lad. And theſe apply'd, with a right Scarlet Cloth—

Volp. Another Flood of Words! a very Torrent!

Lad. Shall I, Sir, make you a Poultiſe? *Volp.* No, no, no,
I'm very well: You need preſcribe no more.

Lad. I have a little ſtudied Phyſick; but now,
I'm all for Muſick, ſave i' the Forenoons,
An hour or two for Painting. I would have
A Lady, indeed, t' have all, Letters, and Arts,
Be able to Diſcourſe, to Write, to Paint,
But principal (as *Plato* holds) your Muſick
(And ſo does wiſe *Pythagoras*, I take it)
Is your true Rapture; when there is conſent
In Face, in Voice, and Cloths: And is indeed,
Our Sexes chiefeſt Ornament. *Volp.* The Poet,
As old in time as *Plato*, and as knowing,
Says, That our higheſt Female Grace is Silence.

Lad. Which o' your Poets? *Petrarch?* or *Taſſio*? or *Dante?*
Guerrini? Ariоſto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. Is every thing a Cauſe to my Deſtruction?

Lad. I think, I ha' two or three of 'em about me!

Volp. The Sun, the Sea, will ſooner both ſtand ſtill,
Than her eternal Tongue! nothing can 'ſcape it.

Lad. Here's *Paſtor Fido*—— *Volp.* Profeſs obſtinate, Silence;
That's now my ſafeſt. *Lad.* All our *Engliſh* Writers,
I mean ſuch as are happy in th' *Italian*,

Will

Will deign to ſteal out of this Author, mainly;
Almoſt as much, as from *Montagnie:*
He has ſo modern and facile a Vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the Court-ear;
Your *Petrarch* is more paſſionate, yet he,
In days of ſonnetting, truſting 'em with much:
Dante is hard, and few can underſtand him.
But, for a deſperate Wit, there's *Aretine!*
Only, his Pictures are a little obſcene ——
You mark me not? *Volp.* Alas, my Mind's perturb'd.
Lad. Why, in ſuch Caſes, we muſt cure our ſelves,
Make uſe of our Philoſophy —— *Volp.* O'y me.
Lad. And, as we find our Paſſions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with Reaſon; or divert 'em,
By giving ſcope unto ſome other Humour
Of leſſer Danger: as, in Politick Bodies,
There's nothing, more, doth overwhelm the Judgment,
And clouds the Underſtanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and (as 'twere) ſubſiding
Upon one Object. For the incorporating
Of theſe ſame outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves ſome certain *faces*,
That ſtop the Organs, and, as *Plato* ſays,
Aſſaſſinates our Knowledge. *Volp.* Now, the Spirit
Of Patience help me. *Lad.* Come, in Faith, I muſt
Viſit you more a-days: and make you well:
Laugh and be luſty. *Volp.* My good Angels ſave me.
Lad. There was but one ſole Man in all th'World,
With whom I e're could ſympathize; and he
Would lye you often, three, four Hours together,
To hear me ſpeak: and be (ſometime) ſo rap't
As he would anſwer me quite from the Purpoſe,
Like you, and you are like him, juſt. I'll diſcourſe
(And't be but only, Sir, to bring you aſleep)
How we did ſpend our Time, and Loves together,
For ſome ſix Years. *Volp.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Lad. For we were *coætanei*, and brought up ——
Volp. Some Power, ſome Fate, ſome Fortune reſcue me.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Moſca, Lady, Volpone.

Moſca. God ſave you, Madam. *Lad.* Good Sir. *Volp.* *Moſca?* Welcome,
Welcome to my Redemption. *Moſ.* Why, Sir? *Volp.* Oh,
Rid me of this my Torture, quickly, there;
My Madam, with the everlaſting Voice:
The Bells in time of Peſtilence, ne'er made
Like Noiſe, or were in that perpetual Motion!
The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my Houſe,
But now, ſteam'd like a Bath, with her thick Breath,
A Lawyer could not have been heard; nor ſcarce
Another Womon, ſuch a hail of Words
She has let fall. For Hell's ſake, rid her hence.
Moſ. Has ſhe preſented? *Volp.* O, I do not care,
I'll take her abſence, upon any Price,
With any loſs. *Moſ.* Madam--*Lad.* I ha'brought your Patron
A Toy, a Cap here, of mine own Work — *Moſ.* 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I ſaw your Knight,
Where you'ld little think it — *Lad.* Where — *Moſ.* Marry,
Where yet, if you make haſte, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the Water in a *Gondole*,
With the moſt cunning Courtizan of *Venice*.
Lad. Is't true? *Moſ.* Purſue 'em, and believe your Eyes:
Leave me, to make your Gift. I knew, 'twould take.
For lightly, they that uſe themſelves moſt Licence,
Are ſtill moſt jealous. *Volp.* *Moſca*, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what ſay'ſt thou? *Lad.* But do you hear, Sir? ——
Volp. Again, I fear a *Paroxiſm*. *Lad.* Which way
Row'd they together? *Moſ.* Toward the *Rialto*.
Lad. I pray you lend me your Dwarf. *Moſ.* I pray you take him.
Your hopes, Sir, are like happy Bloſſoms, fair,
And promiſe timely Fruit, if you will ſtay
But the maturing; keep you at your Couch,
Corbaccio will arrive ſtraight, with the Will:
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. *Volp.* My Blood,
My

My Spirits are return'd; I am alive:
And like your wanton Gameſter, at *Primero*,
Whoſe thought had whisper'd to him, not go leſs.
Methinks I lye, and draw —— for an Encounter.

SCENE VI.

Moſca, Bonario.

Moſca. Sir, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But pray you
Have Patience, Sir; the ſame's your Father, knocks:
[*One knocks.*
I am compell'd to leave you. *Bon.* Do ſo. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a Truth.

SCENE VII.

Moſca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

Moſca. Death on me! You are come too ſoon, what meant you?
Did not I ſay, I would ſend? *Corv.* Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Moſ. Prevent? did e're Man haſte ſo, for his Horns?
A Courtier would not ply it ſo, for a Place.
Well, now there's no helping it, ſtay here;
I'll preſently return. *Corv.* Where are you, *Celia*?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me. *Corv.* Now I will;
Hark hither. *Moſ.* Sir, your Father hath ſent Word,
[*To Bonario.*
It will be half an Hour e're he come;
And therefore, if you pleaſe to walk the while
Into that Gallery —— at the upper end,
There are ſome Books, to entertain the Time:
And I'll take care, no Man ſhall come unto you, Sir.
Bon. Yes I will ſtay there, I do doubt this Fellow.
Moſ. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his Father, I can keep him off.
Corv. Nay, now, there is no ſtarting back; and therefore,
Reſolve upon it: I have ſo decreed. ——
It muſt be done. Nor, would mov't afore,
Becauſe I would avoid all Shifts and Tricks,
That might deny me. *Cel.* Sir, let me beſeech you,
Affect

Affect not theſe ſtrange Trials; if you doubt
My Chaſtity, why lock me up, for ever:
Make me the Heir of Darkneſs. Let me live,
Where I may pleaſe your Fears, if not your Truſt.
Corv. Believe it, I have no ſuch Humour, I.
All that I ſpeak, I mean; yet I am not mad:
Not Horn-mad, ſee you? Go too, ſhew your ſelf
Obedient, and a Wife. *Cel.* O Heaven! *Corv.* I ſay it,
Do ſo. *Cel.* Was this the Train? *Corv.* I have told you Reaſons;
What the Phyſicians have ſet down; how much,
It may concern me; what my Engagements are;
My means; and the neceſſity of thoſe means,
For my Recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, reſpect my venture.
Cel. Before your Honour? *Corv.* Honour? Tut. a Breath;
There's no ſuch thing in Nature: a meer Term
Invented to awe Fools. What is my Gold
The worſe for touching? Cloths for being look'd on;
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit Wretch,
That has no Senſe, no Sinew; takes his Meat
With others Fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do ſcald his Gums; a Voice, a Shadow;
And, what can this Man hurt you? *Cel.* Lord! what Spirit
Is this hath entred him? *Corv.* And for your Fame,
That's ſuch a Jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the *Piazza*! who ſhall know it;
But he that cannot ſpeak it, and this Fellow,
Whoſe Lips are i' my Pocket? Save your ſelf,
If you proclaim't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it. *Cel.* Are Heaven, and Saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or ſtupid? *Corv.* How? *Cel.* Good Sir,
Be jealous ſtill, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every Sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a Sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To ſome young *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuſcan* Blood,
That had read *Aretine*, conn'd all his Prints,

Knew

Knew every quirk within Luſts labyrinth,
And were profeſt Critick in Lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a Sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious Work, meer Charity for Phyſick,
And honeſt Polity, to aſſure mine own.
Cel. O Heaven! canſt thou ſuffer ſuch a Change?
Volp. Thou art mine Honour, *Moſca*, and my Pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight,! Go bring 'em.
Moſ. Pleaſe you draw near, Sir. *Corv.* Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? by that Light ——
Moſ. Sir, Signior *Corvino*, here, is come to ſee you.
Volp. Oh. *Moſ.* And hearing of the Conſultation had,
So lately, for your Health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to proſtitute —— *Corv.* Thanks ſweet *Moſca*.
Moſ. (As the true fervent Inſtance of his Love)
His own moſt fair and proper Wife; the Beauty,
Only of Price in *Venice* ——— *Corv.* 'Tis well urg'd.
Moſ. To be your Comfortreſs, and to preſerve you.
Volp. Alas, I am paſt already? Pray you, thank him
For his good Care and Promptneſs; but for that,
'Tis a vain Labour e'en to fight 'gainſt Heaven;
Applying Fire to a Stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a deaf Leaf grow again. I take
His wiſhes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: Marry, my State is hopeleſs!
Will him to pray for me; and t'uſe his Fortune,
With reverence when he comes to't. *Moſ.* Do you hear, Sir?
Go to him with your Wife. *Corv.* Heart of my Father!
Wilt thou perſiſt thus? Come, I pray thee come.
Thou ſeeſt 'tis nothing, *Celia*. By this Hand,
I ſhall grow violent. Come, do't, I ſay.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down Poyſon,
Eat burning Coals, do any Thing— *Corv.* Be damn'd,
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home by the Hair;
Cry thee a Strumpet through the Streets; rip up
Thy Mouth unto thy Ears; and ſlit thy Noſe,
Like a raw Rotchet— Do not tempt me, come.
Yield, I am loth— (Death) I will buy ſome Slave

Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my Window, hang you forth: deviſing
Some monſtrous Crime, which I, in Capital Letters,
Will eat into thy Fleſh with *Aquafortis*,
And burning Cor'ſives, on this ſtubborn Breaſt.
Now, by the Blood thou haſt incens'd, I'll do't.

Cel. Sir, what you pleaſe, you may, I am your Martyr.

Corv. Be not thus obſtinate, I ha' not deſerv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Pr'y thee, Sweet;
(Good faith) thou ſhalt have Jewels, Gowns, Attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiſs him.
Or touch him, but. For my ſake. At my ſute.
This once. No? not? I ſhall remember this.
Will you diſgrace me thus? Do' you thirſt my undoing?

Moſ. Nay, gentle Lady, be advis'd. *Corv.* No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is ſkirvy.
'Tis very ſkirvy: And you are—— *Moſ.* Nay, good Sir,

Corv. An errant Locuſt, by Heaven, a Locuſt, Whore,
Crocodile, that haſt thy Tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow. *Moſ.* Nay, 'pray you, Sir,
She will conſider. *Cel.* Would my Life would ſerve
To ſatisfie. *Corv.*--(S'death) if ſhe would but ſpeak to him,
And ſave my Reputation, 'twere ſomewhat;
But, ſpightfully to affect my utter ruin.

Moſ. I, now you ha' put your Fortune in her Hands.
Why i' faith, it is her Modeſty, I muſt quit her;
If you were abſent, ſhe would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What Woman can before her Husband? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here. *Corv.* Sweet *Celia*,
Thou mayeſt redeem all, yet; I'll ſay no more:
If not, eſteem your ſelf as loſt. Nay, ſtay there.

Cel. O God, and his good Angels! whether, whether.
Is Shame fled humane Breaſts? that with ſuch eaſe,
Men dare put off your Honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a Cauſe of Life,
Now plac'd beneath the baſeſt Circumſtance?
And Modeſty an exile made, for Money?

Volp. I, in *Corvino*, and ſuch Ear-fed Minds,
[*He leaps off from his Couch.*
That never taſted the true Heav'n of Love.
Aſſure thee, *Celia*, he that would ſell thee,
Only for hope of Gain, and that uncertain,
He would have ſold his Part of Paradiſe
For ready Money, had he met a Cope-man.
Why art thou maz'd to ſee me thus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy Beauties Miracle;
'Tis thy great Work: that hath, not now alone,
But ſundry times, rais'd me, in ſeveral Shapes,
And, but this Morning like a Mountebank,
To ſee thee at thy Window. I, before
I would have left my Practice, for thy Love,
In varying Figures, I would have contented
With the blue *Proteus*, or the horned *Flood*.
Now art thou welcome. *Cel.* Sir! *Volp.* Nay, fly me not.
Nor, let thy falſe Imagination
That I was Bed-rid, make thee think, I am ſo:
Thou ſhalt not find it. I am, now, as freſh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that ſo celebrated *Scene*,
At Recitation of our *Comedy*,
For Entertainment of the great *Valoys*)
I acted young *Antinous*; and attracted
The Eyes and Ears of all the Ladies, preſent,
T'admire each graceful Geſture, Note, and Footing.

SONG.

Come, my Celia, *let us prove,*
While we can, the ſports of Love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length our good will ſever;
Spend not then his Gifts in vain.
Suns, that ſet, may riſe again:
But if once we loſe this Light,
'Tis with us perpetual Night.

Why ſhould we deſer our Joys?
Fame and Rumour are but Toys.
Cannot we delude the Eyes
Of a few poor Houſhold Spies?
Or his eaſier Ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?
'Tis no Sin Loves Fruits to ſteal;
But the ſweet Thefts to reveal;
To be taken, to be ſeen,
Theſe have Crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some *Siren* blaſt me, or dire Lightning ſtrike
This my offending Face. *Volp.* Why droops my *Celia?*
Thou haſt in place of a baſe Husband, found
A worthy Lover: Uſe thy Fortune well,
With Secrecy and Pleaſure. See, behold,
What thou art Queen of; not in Expectation,
As I feed others: but Poſſeſs'd and Crown'd.
See, here, a Rope of Pearl; and each, more Orient
Than that the brave *Ægyptian* Queen carous'd:
Diſſolve and drink 'em. See, a Carbuncle,
May put out both the Eyes of our St. *Mark*;
A Diamond would have brought *Laullia Paulina*,
When ſhe came in like Star-light hid with Jewels,
That were the Spoils of Provinces; take theſe,
And wear, and loſe 'em: Yet remains an Ear-ring
To purchaſe them again, and this whole ſtate.
A Gem but worth a private Patrimony,
Is nothing: We will eat ſuch at a Meal.
The Heads of Parrots, Tongues of Nightingales,
The Brains of Peacocks, and of Eſtriches
Shall be our Food: And, could we get the Phœnix
(Though Nature loſt her kind) ſhe were our Diſh.
Cel. Good Sir, theſe things might move a mind affected
With ſuch Delights; but I, whoſe Innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once loſt, I have nought to loſe beyond it,
Cannot be taken with theſe ſenſual Baits:
If you have Conſcience —— *Volp.* 'Tis the Beggers
Vertue,

If

If thou haſt Wiſdom, hear me, *Celia.*
Thy Bathes ſhall be the Juice of July-flowers,
Spirits of Roſes, and of Violets,
The Milk of Unicorns, and Panthers Breath
Gather'd in Bags, and mix'd with *Cretan* Wines.
Our Drink ſhall be prepared Gold and Amber;
Which we will take, until my Roof whirl round
With the *Vertigo:* and my Dwarf ſhall dance,
My Eunuch ſing, my Fool make up the Antick,
Whilſt we, in changed Shapes, act *Ovid*'s Tales,
Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Jove*,
Then I like *Mars*, and thou like *Erycine:*
So, of the reſt, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the Fables of the Gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern Forms.
Attired like ſome ſprightly Dame of *France*,
Brave *Tuſcan* Lady, or proud *Spaniſh* Beauty;
Sometimes, unto the *Perſian Sophi*'s Wife;
Or the Grand Signior's Miſtreſs; and, for change,
To one of our moſt artful Courtizans,
Or ſome quick *Negro*, or cold *Ruſſian*;
And I will meet thee in as many Shapes:
Where we may ſo transfuſe our wandring Souls:
Out at our Lips, and ſcore up Sums of Pleaſures,

That the Curious ſhall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious when they find
What their Number is, be pin'd.

Cel. If you have Ears that will be pierc'd; or Eyes,
That can be open'd; a Heart may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet ſounds Man about you:
If you have touch of holy Saints, or Heaven,
Do me the Grace to let me 'ſcape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a Creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whoſe Shame I would forget it were;
If you will deign me neither of theſe Graces,
Yet feed your Wrath, Sir, rather than your Luſt;

(It is a Vice comes nearer manlineſs)
And puniſh that unhappy Crime of Nature,
Which you miſcall my Beauty: flay my Face,
Or poyſon it with Ointments, for ſeducing
Your Blood to this Rebellion. Rub theſe Hands,
With what may cauſe an eating Leproſie,
E'en to my Bones and Marrow: any thing,
That may diſfavour me, ſave in my Honour.
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thouſand hourly Vows, Sir, for your Health,
Report, and think you Vertuous —— *Volp.* Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and ſo report me?
That I had *Neſtor's Hernia*, thou would'ſt think.
I do degenerate, and abuſe my Nation,
To play with Opportunity thus long:
I ſhould have done the Act, and then have parley'd,
Yeild, or I'll force thee. *Cel.* O! Juſt God. *Volp.* In vain——

Bon. Forbear, foul Raviſher, libidinous Swine,
Free the forc'd Lady, or thou dy'ſt, Impoſtor.
[*He leaps out from where* Moſca *had placed him.*
But that I am loth to ſnatch the Puniſhment
Out of the Hand of Juſtice, thou ſhouldſt, yet,
Be made the timely Sacrifice of Vengeance,
Before this Altar, and this Droſs, thy Idol.
Lady, let's quit the Place, it is the Den
Of Villany; fear naught, you have a Guard:
And he, e're long, ſhall meet his juſt Reward.

Volp. Fall on me, Roof, and bury me in Ruin;
Become my Grave, that wert my Shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unſpirited, undone,
Betray'd to Beggery, to Infamy ———

SCENE VIII.

Moſca, Volpone.

Moſ. Where ſhall I run, moſt wretched Shame of Men,
To beat out my unlucky Brains. *Volp.* Here, here.
What!

What! Doſt thou bleed? *Moſ.* O that his well-driv'n Sword
Had been ſo covetous to have cleft me down
Unto the Navel, e're I liv'd to ſee
My Life, my Hopes, my Spirits, my Patron, all
Thus deſperately engaged, by my Error.
Volp. Wo on thy Fortune. *Moſ.* And my Follies, Sir.
Volp. Th' haſt made me miſerable. *Moſ.* And my ſelf, Sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearkned ſo?
Volp. What ſhall we do? *Moſ.* I know not; if my Heart
Could expiate the Miſchance, I'ld pluck it out,
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my Throat?
And I'll requite you, Sir. Lets die like *Romans*,
Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*.
Volp. Hark, who's there? [*They knock without.*
I hear ſome Footing; Officers, the *Saffi*,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the Brand
Hiſſing already at my Forehead; now,
Mine Ears are boring. *Moſ.* To your Couch, Sir, you
Make that Place good however. Guilty Men
Suſpect what they deſerve ſtill. Signior *Corbaccio!*

SCENE IX.

Corbaccio, Moſca, Voltore, Volpone.

Corb. Why, how now, *Moſca?*
Moſc. O, undone, amaz'd, Sir,
Your Son (I know not by what Accident)
Acquainted with your Purpoſe to my Patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your Heir,
Entred our Houſe with Violence, his Sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you Wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.
Corb. Me? *Moſ.* Yes, and my Patron.
Corb. This Act ſhall diſinherit him indeed:

Here is the Will. *Moſ.* 'Tis well, Sir. *Corb.* Right and well.
Be you as careful now for me. *Moſ.* My Life, Sir,
Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.
Corb. How does he? will he die ſhortly, think'ſt thou?
Moſ. I fear, he'll out-laſt *May*.
Corb. To day? *Moſ.* No, laſt out *May*, Sir.
Corb. Could'ſt thou not gi' him a Dram?
Moſ. O, by no means, Sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you. *Volt.* This is a Knave, I ſee.
Moſ. How, Signior *Voltore!* Did he hear me?
Volt. Paraſite.
Moſ. Who's that? O, Sir, moſt timely welcome—
Volt. Scarce, to the diſcovery of your Tricks, I fear.
You are his only? and mine alſo? are you not?
Moſ. Who? I, Sir! *Volt.* You, Sir. What device is this
About a Will? *Moſ.* A Plot for you, Sir. *Volt.* Come,
Put not your Foiſts upon me, I ſhall ſcent 'em.
Moſ. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear, *Corbaccio*
Hath made your Patron there his Heir. *Moſ.* 'Tis true,
By my Device, drawn to it by my Plot.
With hope—— *Volt.* Your Patron ſhould reciprocate?
And you have promis'd? *Moſ.* For your good, I did, Sir.
Nay more, I told his Son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his Father paſs the Deed;
Being perſwaded to it by this Thought, Sir,
That the unnaturalneſs, firſt, of the Act,
And then his Father's oft diſclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t'help on) would ſure enrage him
To do ſome Violence upon his Parent,
On which the Law ſhould take ſufficient hold,
And you be ſtated in a double Hope:
Truth be my Comfort, and my Conſcience,
My only Aim was to dig you a Fortune
Out of theſe two old rotten Sepulchres——

Volt.

Volt. (I cry thee Mercy, *Moſca.*)
Moſ. Worth your Patience,
And your great Merit, Sir. And ſee the Change!
Volt. Why, what Succeſs?
Moſ. Moſt hapleſs! You muſt help, Sir.
Whilſt we expected the old Raven, in comes
Corvino's Wife, ſent hither by her Husband——
Volt. What, with a Preſent? *Moſ.* No, Sir, on Viſitation:
(I'll tell you how anon) and ſtaying long,
The Youth he grows impatient, ruſhes forth,
Seizeth the Lady, wounds me, makes her ſwear
(Or he would murder her, that was his Vow)
T' affirm my Patron to have done her Rape,
Which how unlike it is, you ſee; and hence
With that Pretext he's gone t' accuſe his Father,
Defame my Patron, defeat you——
Volt. Where's her Husband?
Let him be ſent for ſtraight. *Monſ.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the *Scrutineo*. *Moſ.* Sir, I will.
Volt. This muſt be ſtopt. *Moſ.* O you do nobly, Sir.
Alas, 'twas labour'd all, Sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of Counſel in the Plot:
But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The Projects of a hundred Learned Clerks. Sir.
Corb. What's that?
Volt. Will't pleaſe you, Sir, to go along?
Moſ. Patron, go in, and pray for our Succeſs.
Volp. Need makes Devotion: Heaven your Labour bleſs.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

Pol. I Told you, Sir, it was a Plot; you ſee
What Obſervation is. You mention'd me
For ſome Inſtructions: I will tell you, Sir,
(Since

(Since we are met here in the Height of *Venice*)
Some few Particulars, I have ſet down,
Only for this *Meridian*, fit to be known
Of your crude Traveller; and they are theſe.
I will not touch, Sir, at your Phraſe, or Clothes.
For they are old. *Per.* Sir, I have better. *Pol.* Pardon,
I meant, as they are Themes. *Per.* O, Sir, proceed:
I'll ſlander you no more of Wit, good Sir.
Pol. Firſt, for your Garb, it muſt be grave and ſerious,
Very reſerv'd and lockt; not tell a Secret
On any terms, not to your Father; ſcarce
A Fable, but with caution: Make ſure choice
Both of your Company, and Diſcourſe; beware
You never ſpeak a truth —— *Per.* How. *Pol.* Not to Strangers,
For thoſe be they you muſt converſe with moſt:
Others I would not know, Sir, but at diſtance,
So as I ſtill might be a Saver in 'em:
You ſhall have Tricks elſe paſt upon you hourly.
And then, for your Religion, profeſs none,
But wonder at the diverſity of all;
And, for your part, proteſt, were there no other
But ſimply the Laws o' th' Land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel, and Monſieur *Bodine*, both
Were of this Mind. Then muſt you learn the Uſe
And handling of your Silver Fork at Meals,
The Metal of your Glaſs: (theſe are main Matters
With your *Italian*) and to know the Hour
When you muſt eat your Melons and your Figs.
Per. Is that a Point of State too? *Pol.* Here it is:
For your *Venetian*, if he ſee a Man
Prepoſterous in the leaſt, he has him ſtraight;
He has; he ſtrips him. I'll acquaint you, Sir,
I now have liv'd here ('tis ſome fourteen Months:)
Within the firſt Week of my Landing here,
All took me for a Citizen of *Venice*,
I knew the Forms ſo well —— *Per.* And nothing elſe.
Pol. I had read *Contarene*, took me a Houſe,
Dealt with my *Jews* to furniſh it with Movables ——
Well,

Well, if I could but find one Man, one Man
To mine own Heart, whom I durſt truſt, I would—
Per. What? what, Sir?
Pol. Make him rich; make him a Fortune:
He ſhould not think again. I would command it.
Per. As how? *Pol.* With certain Projects that I have,
Which I may not diſcover. *Per.* If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me inſtantly. *Pol.* One is (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to ſerve the State
Of *Venice* with Red Herrings for three Years,
And at a certain Rate, from *Rotterdam*,
Where I have Correſpondence. There's a Letter,
Sent me from one o' th' States, and to that purpoſe;
He cannot write his Name, but that's his Mark.
Per. He is a Chandler. *Pol.* No, a Cheeſmonger.
There are ſome others too with whom I treat
About the ſame Negociation;
And I will undertake it: For, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with eaſe, I have caſt it all: Your Hoy
Carries but three Men in her, and a Boy;
And ſhe ſhall make me three Returns a Year:
So if there come but one of three, I ſave;
If two, I can defalk; But this is now,
If my main Project fail. *Per.* Then you have others?
Pol. I ſhould be loth to draw the ſubtil Air
Of ſuch a Place, without my thouſand Aims.
I'll not diſſemble, Sir; where e'er I come,
I love to be conſiderative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free Hours thought upon
Some certain Goods unto the State of *Venice*,
Which I do call my Cautions; and, Sir, which
I mean (in hope of Penſion) to propound
To the great Counſel, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten. My Means are made already——
Per. By whom?
Pol. Sir, that though his Place b' obſcure,
Yet he can ſway, and they will hear him. He's
A *Commandadore*. *Per.* What, a common Serjeant?
Pol. Sir, ſuch as they are, put it in their Mouths.

What

What they ſhould ſay, ſometimes, as well as greater.
I think I have my Notes to ſhew you — *Per.* Good Sir.
Pol. But you ſhall ſwear unto me, on your Gentry,
Not to anticipate — *Per.* I, Sir? *Pol.* Nor reveal
A Circumſtance — My Paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you can remember, Sir. *Pol.* My firſt is
Concerning Tinder-boxes. You muſt know
No Family is here without its Box.
Now, Sir, it being ſo portable a thing,
Put caſe, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the State, Sir, with it in our Pockets,
Might not I go into the *Arſenal*,
Or you, come out again, and none the wiſer?
Per. Except your ſelf, Sir. *Pol.* Go to then. I therefore
Advertiſe to the State, how fit it were,
That none but ſuch as were known Patriots,
Sound Lovers of their Country, ſhould be ſuffer'd
T' enjoy them in their Houſes; and even thoſe
Seal'd at ſome Office, and at ſuch a bigneſs
As might not lurk in Pockets. *Per.* Admirable!
Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be reſolv'd,
By preſent Demonſtration, whether a Ship,
Newly arriv'd from *Soria*, or from
Any ſuſpected Part of all the *Levant*,
Be guilty of the Plague: And where they uſe
To lie out forty, fifty days ſometimes,
About the *Lazaretto*, for their Trial,
I'll ſave that Charge and Loſs unto the Merchant,
And in an Hour clear the Doubt. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?
Pol. Or ——— I will loſe my Labour.
Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Pol. Nay, Sir, conceive me. 'Twill coſt me in Onions,
Some thirty *Livres* — *Per.* Which is one Pound *Sterling*.
Pol. Beſide my Water-works: For this I do, Sir.
Firſt, I bring in your Ship 'twixt two Brick-walls;
(But thoſe the State ſhall venture) on the one
I ſtrain me a fair Tarpaulin, and in that

I

I ſtick my Onions, cut in halfs; the other
Is full of Loop-holes, out at which I thruſt
The Noſes of my Bellows; and thoſe Bellows
I keep, with Water-works, in perpetual Motion,
(Which is the eaſieſt matter of a hundred.)
Now, Sir, your Onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' Infection, and your Bellows blowing
The Air upon him, will ſhew (inſtantly)
By his chang'd Colour, if there be Contagion,
Or elſe remain as fair as at the firſt.
Now 'tis known, 'tis nothing. *Per.* You are right, Sir.
Pol. I would I had my Note. *Per.* 'Faith, ſo would I:
But you ha' done well for once, Sir. *Pol.* Were I falſe,
Or would be made ſo, I could ſhew you Reaſons
How I could ſell this State now to the *Turk*,
Spite of their Gallies, or their — *Per.* Pray you, Sir *Pol.*
Pol. I have 'em not about me. *Per.* That I fear'd.
They are there, Sir. *Pol.* No, this is my *Diary*,
Wherein I note my Actions of the Day.
Per. Pray you, let's ſee, Sir. What is here? *Notandum*,
A Rat had gnaw'd my Spur-leathers; notwithſtanding,
I put on new, and did go forth: but firſt
I threw three Beans over the Threſhold. *Item*
I went and bought two Tooth-picks, whereof one
I burſt immediately, in a Diſcourſe
With a *Dutch* Merchant, 'bout *Ragion del State*.
From him I went, and paid a *Moccinigo*
For piecing my Silk Stockings; by the way
I cheapned Sprats; and at St. *Mark*'s I urin'd.
'Faith theſe are Politick Notes! *Pol.* Sir, I do ſlip
No Action of my Life thus, but I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wiſe! *Pol.* Nay, Sir, read forth.

SCENE II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

Lady. Where ſhould this looſe Knight be trow? Sure he's Hous'd.
Nano. Why; then he's faſt.

Lady.

Lady. I, he plays both with me.
I pray you ſtay. This Heat will do more harm
To my Complexion, than his Heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off! *Wom*. My Maſter's yonder. *Lady*. Where?
Wom. With a young Gentleman.
Lady. That ſame's the Party!
In Man's Apparel. 'Pray you, Sir, jog my Knight:
I will be tender to his Reputation,
However he demerit. *Pol*. My Lady! *Per*. Where?
Pol. 'Tis ſhe indeed, Sir; you ſhall know her. She is,
Were ſhe not mine, a Lady of that Merit,
For Faſhion and Behaviour; and for Beauty
I durſt compare — *Per*. It ſeems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her. *Pol*. Nay, and for Diſcourſe ——
Per. Being your Wife, ſhe cannot miſs that. *Pol*. Madam,
Here is a Gentleman, 'pray you uſe him fairly;
He ſeems a Youth, but he is —— *Lady*. None. *Pol*. Yes, one
Has put his Face as ſoon into the World ——
Lady. You mean, as early? but to day? *Pol*. How's this!
Lady. Why in this Habit, Sir, you apprehend me.
Well, Maſter *Would-be*, this doth not become you;
I had thought, the Odour, Sir, of your good Name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire Maſſacre on your Honour;
One of your Gravity, and Rank beſides!
But Knights, I ſee, care little for the Oath
They make to Ladies; chiefly, their own Ladies.
Pol. Now, by my Spurs, (the ſymbol of my Knighthood)
(*Per*. Lord, how his Brain is humbled for an Oath!)
Pol. I reach you not. *Lady*. Right, Sir, your Politie
May bear it through thus. Sir, a Word with you.
I would be loth to conteſt Publickly
With any Gentlewoman, or to ſeem

Froward,

Froward or violent (as the Courtier ſays)
It comes too near Ruſticity in a Lady,
Which I would ſhun by all means; and however
I may deſerve from Mr. *Would-be*, yet
T' have one fair Gentlewoman thus be made
Th' unkind Inſtrument to wrong another,
And one ſhe knows not, I, and to perſevere;
In my poor Judgment, is not warranted
From being a *Solœciſm* in our Sex,
If not in Manners. *Per.* How is this! *Vol.* Sweet Madam,
Come nearer to your Aim. *Lad.* Marry, and I will, Sir.
Since you provoke me with your Impudence,
And Laughter of your Land-*Siren* here,
Your *Sporus*, your *Hermaphrodite* —— *Per.* What's here?
Poetick Fury, and Hiſtorick Storms!
Pol. The Gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our Nation. *Lad.* I. your *White-Friars* Nation?
Come, I bluſh for you, Maſter *Would-be*, I;
And am aſham'd you ſhould ha' no more Forehead,
Than thus to be the Patron, or St. *George*,
To a lewd Harlot, a baſe Fricatrice,
A Female Devil, in a Male Out-ſide. *Pol.* Nay,
And you be ſuch a one, I muſt bid Adieu
To your Delights. The Caſe appears too liquid.
Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your State-face!
But for your Carnival Concupiſcence,
Who here is fled for Liberty of Conſcence,
From furious Perſecution of the Marſhal,
Her will I diſc'ple. *Per.* This is fine, i'faith!
And do you uſe this often? Is this part
Of your Wits Exerciſe, 'gainſt you have Occaſion?
Madam——— *Lad.* Go to, Sir.
Per. Do you hear me, Lady?
Why, if your Knight have ſet you to beg Shirts,
Go to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far. *Lad.* This cannot work you
Out of my Snare. *Per.* Why? Am I in it, then?
Indeed your Husband told me you were fair,
And ſo you are; only your Noſe enclines
(That Side that's next the Sun) to the Queen-Apple.

Lad.

Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any Patience.

SCENE III.

Moſca, Lady, Peregrine.

Moſca. What's the matter, Madam? *Lad.* If the Senate
Right not my queſt in this, I will proteſt againſt 'em
To all the World, no *Ariſtocracy*.
Moſ. What is the Injury, Lady? *Lad.* Why the Caller
You told me of, here I have tane diſguis'd.
Moſ. Who? this? what means your Ladyſhip? the Creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the Senate; you ſhall ſee her—— *Lad.* Where?
Moſ. I'll bring you to her. This young Gentleman,
I ſaw him land this Morning at the Port.
Lad. Is't poſſible! how was my Judgment wander'd!
Sir, I muſt, bluſhing, ſay to you, I have err'd;
And plead your Pardon? *Per.* What, more Changes yet!
Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the Malice to remember
A Gentlewoman's Paſſion. If you ſtay
In *Venice* here, pleaſe you to uſe me, Sir——
Moſ. Will you go, Madam?
Lad. 'Pray you, Sir, uſe me: In faith.
The more you ſee me, the more I ſhall conceive
You have forgot our Quarrel. *Per.* This is rare!
Sir *Politick Would-be?* No, Sir *Politick Bawd!*
To bring me thus acquainted with his Wife!
Well, wiſe Sir *Pol.* ſince you have practis'd thus
Upon my Freſhman-ſhip, I'll try your Salt-head,
What Proof it is againſt a Counter-plot.

SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Moſca.

Well, now you know the Carriage of the Buſineſs,
Your Conſtancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the Safety of it. *Moſ.* Is the Lie
Safely convey'd amongſt us? is that ſure?
Knows every Man his Burden?
Corv. Yes. *Moſ.* Then ſhrink not.

Corv.

Corv. But knows the Advocate the Truth? *Moſ.* O, Sir,
By no means. I devis'd a formal Tale,
That ſalv'd your Reputation. But be valiant, Sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his Pleading
Should make him ſtand for a Co-heir — *Moſ.* Co-halter!
Hang him, we will but uſe his Tongue, his Noſe,
As we do Croakers here. *Corv.* I, what ſhall he do?
Moſ. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes. *Moſ.* Why, we'll think:
Sell him for *Mummia*, he's half Duſt already.
Do you not ſmile, to ſee this *Buffalo* [*To Voltore.*
How he doth ſport it with his Head? — I ſhould
If all were well, and paſt. Sir, only you
[*To Corbaccio.*
Are he that ſhall enjoy the Crop of all,
And theſe not know for whom they Toil. *Corb.* I Peace.
Moſ. But you ſhall eat it. [*To Corvino.*
Much Worſhipful Sir, [*Then to Voltore again.*
Mercurry ſit upon your thundering Thngue,
Or the *French Hercules*, and make your Language
As conquering as his Club, to beat along
(As with a Tempeſt) flat, our Adverſaries;
But much more yours, Sir. *Volt.* Here they come, ha'done.
Moſ. I have another Witneſs, if you need, Sir,
I can produce. *Volt.* Who is it? *Moſ.* Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.

Avocatori 4. *Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Moſca, Notario, Commendadori.*

Avocatori 4. The like of this the Senate never heard of.
Avoc. 2. 'Twill come moſt ſtrange to them, when we report it.
Avoc. 4. The Gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved Name. *Avoc.* 3. So the young Man.
Avoc. 4. The more unnatural Part that of his Father.
Avoc. 2. More of the Husband. *Avoc.* 1. I not know to give
His Act a Name, it is ſo monſtrous!
Avoc. 4. But the Impoſtor, he is a Thing created
T' exceed Example! *Avoc.* 1. And all after-times!

Avoc.

Avoc. 2. I never heard a true Voluptuary
Deſcrib'd, but him. *Avoc.* 3. Appear yet thoſe were cited?
Nota. All but the old *Magnifico*, *Volpone*.
Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?
Moſ. Pleaſe your Fatherhoods,
Here is his Advocate: Himſelf 's ſo weak,
So Feeble——*Avoc.* 4. What are you?
Bon. His Paraſite,
His Knave, his Pandar: I beſeech the Court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave Eyes
May bear ſtrong Witneſs of his ſtrange Impoſtures.
Volt. Upon my Faith and Credit, with your Vertues,
He is not able to endure the Air.
Avoc. 2. Bring him, however.
Avoc. 3. We will ſee him. *Avoc.* 4. Fetch him.
Volt. Your Fatherhood's fit Pleaſures be obey'd;
But ſure, the Sight will rather move your Pities,
Than Indignation: May it pleaſe the Court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this Place moſt void of Prejudice,
And therefore crave it, ſince we have no reaſon
To fear our Truth ſhould hurt our Cauſe.
Avoc. 3. Speak free.
Volt. Then know, moſt honoured Fathers, I muſt now
Diſcover to your ſtrangely abuſed Ears
The moſt prodigious and moſt frontleſs Piece
Of ſolid Impudence, and Treachery
That ever vicious Nature yet brought forth
To ſhame the State of *Venice*. This lewd Woman
(That wants no artificial Looks, or Tears,
To help the Vizor ſhe has now put on)
Hath long been known a cloſe Adultreſs
To that laſcivious Youth there; not ſuſpected,
I ſay, but known, and taken in the Act
With him; and by this Man, the eaſie Husband,
Pardon'd; whoſe timely Bounty makes him now
Stand here, the moſt unhappy, innocent Perſon
That ever Man's own Goodneſs made accus'd.
For theſe, not knowing how to owe a Gift
Of that dear Grace, but with their Shame; being plac'd

So' above all others of their Gratitude
Began to hate the Benefit; and, in Place
Of Thanks, deviſe t' extirp the Memory
Of ſuch an Act: Wherein I pray your Fatherhoods
T'obſerve the Malice, yea, the Rage of Creatures,
Diſcover'd in their Evils, and what Heart
Such take, even from their Crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This Gentleman, the Father,
Hearing of this foul Fact, with many others,
Which daily ſtruck at his two tender Ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preſerve himſelf a Parent, (his Son's Ills,
Growing to that ſtrange Flood) at laſt decreed
To diſinherit him. *Avoc.* 1. Theſe be ſtrange Turns!
Avoc. 2. The young Man's Fame was ever fair and honeſt.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his Vice,
That can beguile ſo, under ſhade of Virtue.
But, as I ſaid, (my honour'd Sires) his Father
Having this ſettled Purpoſe, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this Day
Appointed for the Deed; that Parricide.
(I cannot ſtile him better) by Confederacy
Preparing this his Paramour to be there,
Entred *Volpone*'s Houſe (who was the Man,
Your Fatherhoods muſt underſtand, deſign'd
For the Inheritance) there, ſought his Father:
But with what Purpoſe ſought he him, my Lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a Son
Unto a Father, and to ſuch a Father,
Should have ſo foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: When, being prevented
By his more happy Abſence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked Thoughts; no, now new Deeds;
(Miſchief doth ever end where it begins)
An Act of horrour, Fathers! He dragg'd forth
The aged Gentleman that had there lien Bed-rid
Three Years and more, out of his innocent Couch,
Naked upon the Floor, there left him; wounded
His Servant in the Face, and with this Strumpet,

The Stale to his forg'd Practice, who was glad
To be ſo active, (I ſhall here deſire
Your Fatherhoods to note but my Collections,
As moſt remarkable) thought at once to ſtop
His Father's Ends, diſcredit his free Choice
In the old Gentleman, redeem themſelves,
By laying Infamy upon this Man,
To whom with bluſhing, they ſhould owe their Lives.
Avoc. 1. What Proofs have you of this?
Bon. Moſt honour'd Fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given,
To this Man's mercenary Tongue. *Avoc.* 2. Forbear.
Bon. His Soul moves in his Fee.
Avoc. 3. O, Sir. *Bon.* This Fellow,
For ſix *Souz* more, would plead againſt his Maker.
Avoc. 1. You do forget your ſelf.
Volt. Nay, nay, Grave Fathers,
Let him have ſcope: Can any Man imagine
That he will ſpare his Accuſer, that would not
Have ſpar'd his Parent?
Avoc. 1. Well, produce your Proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a Creature.
Volt. Signior *Corbaccio.*
Avoc. 4. What is he? *Volt.* The Father.
Avoc. 2. Has he had an Oath?
Not. Yes. *Corb.* What muſt I do now?
Not. Your Teſtimony's crav'd,
Corb. Speak to the Knave?
I'll ha' my Mouth firſt ſtopt with Earth; my Heart
Abhors his Knowledge: I diſclaim in him.
Avoc. 1. But for what Cauſe?
Corb. The meer Portent of Nature:
He is an utter Stranger to my Loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this!
Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monſter of Men, Swine, Goat, Wolf, Parricide,
Speak not thou Viper. *Bon.* Sir, I will ſit down,
And rather wiſh my Innocence ſhould ſuffer,
Than I reſiſt the Authority of a Father.
Volt. Signior *Corvino.*

Avoc.

Avoc. 2. This is ſtrange! *Avoc.* 1. Who's this?
Not. The Husband. *Avoc.* 4. Is he ſworn?
Not. He is. *Avoc.* 3. Speak then.
Corv. This Woman (pleaſe your Fatherhoods) is a Whore,
Of moſt hot Exerciſe, more than a Partrich,
Upon Record—— *Avoc.* 1. No more.
Corv. Neighs like a Jennet.
Not. Preſerve the Honour of the Court. *Corv.* I ſhall,
And Modeſty of your moſt reverend Ears.
And yet I hope that I may ſay, theſe Eyes
Have ſeen her glew'd unto that piece of Cedar,
That fine well-timber'd Gallant; and that here
The Letters may be read, thorow the Horn,
That make the Story perfect. *Moſ.* Excellent! Sir.
Corv. There is no Shame in this now, is there?
Moſ. None
Corv. Or if I ſaid, I hop'd that ſhe were onward
To her Damnation, if there be a Hell
Greater than Whore and Woman; a good Catholick
May make the doubt
Avoc, 2. His Grief hath made him frantick.
Avoc. 1. Remove him hence.
Avoc. 2. Look to the Woman [*She Swoons.*
Corv. Rare! Prettily feign'd! Again!
Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.
Avoc. 1. Give her the Air.
Avoc. 3. What can you ſay? *Moſ.* My Wound
(May't pleaſe your Wiſdoms) ſpeaks for me, receiv'd
In aid of my good Patron, when he miſt
His ſought for Father, when that well-taught Dame
Had her Cue given her, to cry out, a Rape.
Bon. O, moſt laid Impudence! Fathers——
Avoc. 3. Sir, be ſilent;
You had your hearing free, ſo muſt they theirs.
Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' Impoſture here.
Avoc. 4. This Woman has too many Moods.
Volt. Grave Fathers,
She is a Creature of a moſt profeſt
And proſtituted Lewdneſs. *Corv.* Moſt impetuous!
Unſatisfied,

Unſatisfied, Grave Fathers! *Volt.* May her Feignings
Not take your Wiſdoms: But this day ſhe baited
A Stranger, a grave Knight, with her looſe Eyes,
And more laſcivious Kiſſes. This Man ſaw 'em
Together on the Water, in a *Gondola*.

Moſ. Here is the Lady her ſelf, that ſaw 'em too,
Without; who then had in the open Streets
Purſu'd them, but for ſaving her Knight's Honour.

Avoc. 1. Produce that Lady.

Avoc. 2. Let her come. *Avoc.* 4. Theſe things,
They ſtrike with Wonder. *Avoc.* 3. I am turn'd a Stone.

SCENE VI.

Moſca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Be reſolute, Madam. *Lad.* I, this ſame is ſhe.
Out, thou Chamelion Harlot; now thine Eyes
Vie Tears with the *Hyæna*: Dar'ſt thou look
Upon my wronged Face? I cry your Pardons,
I fear I have (forgettingly) tranſgreſt
Againſt the Dignity of the Court — *Avoc.* 2. No, Madam.

Lad. And been exorbitant ———

Avoc. 2. You have not, Lady.

Avoc. 4. Theſe Proofs are ſtrong.

Lad. Surely, I had no Purpoſe
To ſcandalize your Honours, or my Sexes.

Avoc. 3. We do believe it.

Lad. Surely, you may believe it.

Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.

Lad. Indeed you may; my Breeding
Is not ſo courſe — *Avoc.* 4. We know it. *Lad.* To offend
With Pertinacy — *Avoc.* 3. Lady. *Lad.* Such a Preſence!
No, ſurely. *Avoc.* 1. We well think it.

Lad. You may think it.

Avoc. 1. Let her o'recome. What Witneſſes have you,
To make good your Report! *Bon.* Our Conſciences.

Cel. And Heaven, that never fails the Innocent.

Avoc. 4. Theſe are no Teſtimonies.

Bon. Not in your Courts,

Where

Where Multitude and Clamour overcomes.
Avoc. 1. Nay, then you wax insolent.
Volt. Here, here, [Volpone *is brought in as impotent.*
The Testimony comes, that will convince,
And but to utter dumbness their bold Tongues.
See here, Grave Fathers, here's the Ravisher,
The Rider on Mens Wives, the great Impostor,
The grand Voluptuary! Do you not think
These Limbs should affect Venery? or these Eyes
Covet a Concubine? Pray you mark these Hands:
Are they not fit to stroke a Lady's Breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble? *Bon.* So he does.
Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?
Bon. I would have him prov'd.
Volt. Best try him then with Goads, or burning Irons;
Put him to the Strappado: I have heard
The Rack hath cur'd the Gout; 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a Malady, be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd Fathers,
He shall have yet as many left Diseases,
As she has known Adulteries, or thou Strumpets.
O, my most equal Hearers, if these Deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant Stain,
May pass with Sufferance, what one Citizen
But owes the Forfeit of his Life, yea, Fame,
To him that dares Traduce him? Which of you
Are safe, my honour'd Fathers? I would ask
(With leave of your grave Fatherhoods) if their Plot
Have any Face or Colour like Truth?
Or, if unto the dullest Nostril here,
It smell not Rank, and most abhorred Slander?
I crave your Care of this good Gentleman,
Whose Life is much endanger'd by their Fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious Persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
In impious Acts, their Constancy abounds:
Damn'd Deeds are gone with great Confidence.
Avoc. 1. Take 'em to Custody, and sever them.
Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two such Prodigies should live.
Avoc. 1. Let the old Gentleman be return'd with care:
I'm sorry our Credulity wrong'd him

Avoc. 4. These are two Creatures!
Avoc. 2. I have an Earthquake in me.
Avoc. 3. Their shame (even in their Cradles) fled their Faces.
Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy Service to the State, Sir,
In their Discovery. *Avoc.* 1. You shall hear, ere Night,
What Punishment the Court decrees upon 'em.
Volt. We thank your Fatherhoods.
How like you it? *Mos.* Rare.
I'ld ha' your Tongue, Sir, tipt with Gold for this;
I'ld ha' you be the Heir to the whole City;
The Earth I'ld have want Men, ere you want Living:
They're bound to erect your Statue in St. *Marks*.
Signior *Corvino*, I would have you go
And shew your self, that you have Conquer'd.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Your self a Cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd. *Corv.* Nay, I consider'd that:
Now it is her Fault. *Mos.* Then it had been yours.
Corv. True, I doubt this Advocate still.
Mos. I'faith you need not, I dare ease you of that Care.
Corv. I trust thee, *Mosca*.
Mos. As your own Soul, Sir. *Corb.* *Mosca*.
Mos. Now for your Business, Sir.
Corb. How? Ha' you Business?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.
Mos. Rest you with both your Eyes, Sir.
Corb. Dispatch it. *Mos.* Instantly.
Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, Jewels, Plate, Monies,
Houshold-stuff, Bedding, Curtains. *Mos.* Curtain-Rings, Sir.
Only the Advocate's Fee must be deducted,
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too Prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it. *Corb.* Two *Cecchines* is well.
Mos. No, Six, Sir. *Corb.* 'Tis too much.
Mos. He talk'd a great while;

You muſt conſider that, Sir. *Corb.* Well, there's Three ——

Moſ. I'll give it him, *Corb.* Do ſo, and there's for thee.

Moſ. Bountiful Bones! What horrid ſtrange Offence
Did he commit (againſt Nature, in his Youth,
Worthy this Age? You ſee, Sir, how I work
Unto your Ends: Take you no notice. *Volt.* No,
I'll leave you. *Moſ.* All is yours, the Devil and all:
Good Advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lad. No, I'll go ſee your Patron.

Moſ. That you ſhall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpoſe is to urge
My Patron to reform his Will; and for
The Zeal you have ſhewn to Day, whereas befor
You were but third or fourth, you ſhall be now
Put in the firſt; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were preſent. Therefore —— *Lad.* You ſhall ſway me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Volpone.

WELL, I am here, and all this brunt is paſt:
I ne'er was in Diſlike with my Diſguiſe
Till this fled Moment; here 'was good, in private;
But in your Publick *Cave* whilſt I breathe.
'Fore God, my left Leg 'gan to have the Cramp,
And I apprehended ſtraight ſome Power had ſtruck me
With a Dead Palſie: Well, I muſt be merry,
And ſhake it off. A many of theſe Fears
Would put me into ſome villanous Diſeaſe,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a Bowl of luſty Wine, to fright
This Humour from my Heart, (hum, hum, hum.)
[*He Drinks.*
'Tis almoſt gone a'ready: I ſhall conquer.
Any Device now, of rare ingenious Knavery,
That would poſſeſs me with a violent Laughter,

Would make me up again. So, ſo, ſo, ſo. [*Drink again.*
This Heat is Life: 'tis Blood by this time: *Moſca!*

SCENE II.

Moſca, Volpone, Nano, Caſtrone.

How now, Sir? Does the Day look clear again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of Error,
Into our Way, to ſee our Path before us?
Is our Trade free once more? *Volp.* Exquiſite, *Moſca.*
Moſ. Was it not carried learnedly? *Volp.* And ſtoutly.
Good Wits are greateſt in Extremities.
Moſ. It were a Folly, beyond thought, to truſt
Any grand Act unto a Cowardly Spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Vol. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the Wench:
The Pleaſure of all Woman-kind's not like it.
Moſ. Why now you ſpeak, Sir. We muſt here be fixt;
Here we muſt reſt; this is our Maſter-piece:
We cannot think we go beyond this. *Volp.* True,
Thou haſt plaid thy Prize, my precious *Moſca.* *Moſ.* Nay, Sir,
To Gull the Court —— *Volp.* And quite divert the Torrent
Upon the Innocent. *Moſ.* Yes, and to make
So rare a Muſick out of Diſcords—— *Volp.* Right.
That yet to me's the ſtrangeſt! How th' haſt born it!
That theſe (being ſo divided 'mongſt themſelves)
Should not ſcent ſomewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own Side. *Moſ.* True, they will not ſee't.
Too much Light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is ſo poſſeſt and ſtuft with his own Hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never ſo true, or never ſo apparent,
Never ſo palpable, they will reſiſt it ——
Volp. Like a Temptation of the Devil. *Moſ.* Right, Sir.
Merchants may Talk of Trade, and your great Siegniors
Of Land that yields well; but if *Italy*
Have any Glebe more fruitful than theſe Fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not you Advocate rare?
Volp. O (my moſt honour'd Fathers, my grave Fathers,

Under correction of your Fatherhoods,
What Face of Truth is here? If theſe ſtrange Deeds
May paſs moſt honour'd Fathers —) I had much ado
To forbear Laughing. *Moſ.* 'T ſeem'd to me, you
ſweat, Sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little. *Moſ.* But confeſs, Sir,
Were you not daunted? *Volp.* In good faith, I was
A little in a Miſt, but not rejected;
Never but ſtill my ſelf. *Moſ.* I think it, Sir,
Now (ſo Truth help me) I muſt needs ſay this, Sir,
And out of Conſcience for your Advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, Sir, and deſerv'd
(In my poor Judgment, I ſpeak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, Sir,) very richly ——
Well — to be cozen'd. *Volp.* Troth, and I think ſo too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
Moſ. O, but before, Sir: Had you heard him firſt
Draw it to certain Heads, then aggravate,
Then uſe his vehement Figures —— I look'd ſtill
When he would ſhift a Shirt; and doing this
Out of pure Love, no hope of Gain — *Volp.* 'Tis right
I cannot anſwer him *Moſca*, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy ſake, at thy intreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very inſtant.
Moſ. Good Sir. *Volp.* Call the Dwarf
And Eunuch forth.
Moſ. Caſtrone, Nano. Nan. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a Jig, now?
Moſ. What you pleaſe, Sir. *Volp.* Go,
Straight give out about the Streets, you two,
That I am Dead; do it with Conſtancy,
Sadly, do you hear? Impute it to the Grief
Of this late Slander.
Moſ. What do you mean, Sir? *Volp.* O,
I ſhall have inſtantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, (on the News)
To peck for Carrion, my She-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of Expectation ——
Moſ. And then to have it raviſh'd from their Mouths?
Volp. 'Tis True; I will ha' thee put on a Gown,

And take upon thee, as thou wert mine Heir;
Shew 'em a Will: Open that Cheſt, and reach
Forth one of thoſe that has the Blanks; I'll ſtraight
Put in my Name. *Moſ.* It will be rare, Sir. *Volt.* I,
When they ev'n gape, and find themſelves deluded—
Moſ. Yes. *Volp.* And thou uſe them ſcurvily.
Diſpatch, get on thy Gown.
Moſ. But what, Sir, if they ask
After the Body? *Volp.* Say, it was Corrupted.
Moſ. I'll ſay, it ſtunk, Sir; and was fain t'have it
Coffin'd up inſtantly, and ſent away.
Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my Will.
Get thee a Cap, a Count-book, Pen and Ink,
Papers afore thee; ſit as thou wert taking
An Inventory of Parcels: I'll get up
Behind the Curtain, on a Stool, and hearken;
Sometime Peep over, ſee how they do look,
With what Degrees their Blood doth leave their Faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare Meal of Laughter.
Moſ. Your Advocate will turn ſtark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his Oratories Edge.
Moſ. But your *Clariſſimo*, old Round-back, he
Will crump you, like a Hog-louſe, with the touch.
Volp. And what *Corvino*? *Moſ.* O Sir, look for him,
To morrow Morning, with a Rope and a Dagger,
To viſit all the Streets; he muſt run Mad.
My Lady too, that came into the Court,
To bear Falſe-witneſs for your Worſhip— *Volp.* Yes,
And Kiſs me 'fore the Fathers, when my Face
Flow'd with Oils.
Moſ. And Sweat Sir. Why your Gold
Is ſuch another Med'cine, it dries up
All thoſe offenſive Savours: It Transforms
The moſt Deformed, and reſtores 'em Lovely,
As 'twere the ſtrange Poetical Girdle *Jove* [*Ceſtos.*
Could not invent t' himſelf a Shroud more Subtle
To paſs *Acriſius* Guards. It is the thing
Makes all the World her Grace, her Youth, her Beauty.
Volp. I think ſhe loves me. *Moſ.* Who? the Lady, Sir?
She's jealous of you. *Volp.* Doſt thou ſay ſo? *Moſ.*
Hearк,

There's

There's ſome already. *Volp.* Look. *Moſ.* It is the Vulture;
He has the quickeſt Scent. *Volp.* I'll to my Place,
Thou to thy Poſture. *Moſ.* I am ſet. *Volp.* But *Moſca*,
Play the Artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

SCENE III.

Voltore, Moſca, Corbaccio, Corvino, Lady, Volpone.

Volt. How now, my *Moſca?* *Moſ.* Turky Carpets, nine——
Volt. Taking an Inventory? That is well.
Moſ. Two Sutes of Bedding, Tiſſue——
Volt. Where's the Will?
Let me read that the while. *Corb.* So, ſet me down,
And get you home. *Volt.* Is he come now, to trouble us?
Moſ. Of Cloth of Gold, two more——
Corb. Is it done, *Moſca?*
Moſ. Of ſeveral Velvets, eight——
Volt. I like his Care.
Corb. Doſt thou not hear?
Corv. Ha? is the Hour come, *Moſca?*
Volp. I now they muſter. [Volpone *peeps from behind a Traverſe.*
Corv. What does the Advocate here,
Or this *Corbaccio?*
Corb. What do theſe here? *Lad. Moſca?*
Is his Thred ſpun? *Moſ.* Eight Cheſts of Linen——
Volp. O,
My Fine Dame *Would-be* too! *Corv. Moſca*, the Will,
That I may ſhew it theſe, and rid 'em hence.
Moſ. Six Cheſts of Diaper, four of Damask— There,
Corb. Is that the Will?
Moſ. Down Beds and Bolſters—— *Volp.* Rare!
Be buſie ſtill. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, ſee, ſee, ſee!
How their ſwift Eyes run over the long Deed
Unto the Name, and to the Legacies,
What is bequeath'd them there——
Moſ. Ten Sutes of Hangings——
Volp. I, i' their Garters, *Moſca.* Now their Hopes
Are at the gaſp. *Volt. Moſca* the Heir! *Corb.* What's that?

Volp. My Advocate is dumb; look to my Merchant;
He has heard of ſome ſtrange Storm, a Ship is loſt,
He faints; my Lady will ſwoon. Old Glazen Eyes,
He hath not reach'd his Deſpair yet. *Corb.* All theſe
Are out of hope; I'm ſure the Man. *Corv.* But *Moſca*—
Moſ. Two Cabinets—— *Corv.* Is this in earneſt?
Moſ. One
Of Ebony—— *Corv.* Or do you but delude me?
Moſ. The other, Mother of Pearl—I am very buſie.
Good faith, it is a Fortune thrown upon me——
Hem, one Salt of Agat—— not my ſeeking.
Lad. Do you hear, Sir?
Moſ. A perfum'd Box—'Pray you forbear,
You ſee I am troubled—made of an *Onyx*—*Lad.* How!
Moſ. To morrow or next day I ſhall be at leiſure
To talk with you all. *Corv.* Is this my large Hopes
Iſſue?
Lad. Sir I muſt have a fairer Anſwer. *Moſ.* Madam!
Marry, and ſhall: 'Pray you, fairly quit my Houſe.
Nay, raiſe no Tempeſt with your Looks; but hearke you
Remember what your Ladyſhip offer'd me
To put you in an Heir; go to, think on't:
And what you ſaid e'en your beſt Madams did
For Maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and uſe the poor Sir *Pol* your Knight well,
For fear I tell ſome Riddles: Go, be melancholy.
Volp. O, my fine Devil! *Corv.* *Moſca*, 'pray you
a word.
Moſ. Lord! will not you take your Diſpatch hence yet?
Methinks (of all) you ſhould have been th' Example.
Why ſhould you ſtay here? with what thought, what
promiſe?
Hear you? do you not know, I know you an Aſs?
And that you would moſt fain have been a Wittol,
If Fortune would have let you? that you are
A declar'd Cuckold, on good Terms? This Pearl,
You'll ſay, was yours? Right: This Diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here elſe?
It may be ſo. Why, think that theſe good Works
May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary

And

And have it only in Title, it ſufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
Volp. Rare *Moſca!* How his Villany becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all theſe for me.
Corb. *Moſca* the Heir?
Volp. O his four Eyes have found it.
Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a Paraſite-ſlave;
Harlot, t'haſt gull'd me. *Moſ.* Yes, Sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I ſhall draw the only Tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous Wretch,
With the three Legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years ſnufft about,
With your moſt grov'ling Noſe, and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my Patron, Sir?
Are not you he that have to day in Court
Profeſs'd the diſinheriting of your Son?
Perjur'd your ſelf; Go home, and die, and ſtink;
If you but croak a Syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your Porters, go, go, ſtink.
Volp. Excellent Varlet! *Volt.* Now, my faithful *Moſca*,
I find thy Conſtancy. *Moſ.* Sir?
Volt. Sincere. *Moſ.* A Table
Of Porphiry—— I mar'le you'll be thus troubleſome.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Moſ. Why? who are you?
What? who did ſend for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend Sir! Good faith, I am griev'd for you,
That any Chance of mine ſhould thus defeat
Your (I muſt needs ſay) moſt deſerving Travels:
But I proteſt, Sir, it was caſt upon me,
And I could almoſt wiſh to be without it,
But that the Will o' th' Dead muſt be obſerv'd.
Marry, my joy is, that you need it not,
You have a Gift, Sir, (thank your Education)
Will never let you want, while there are Men,
And Malice, to breed Cauſes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my Fortune, Sir.
If I have any Sutes (as I do hope,
Things being ſo eaſie and direct, I ſhall not)
I will make bold with your obſtreperous Aid,
(Conceive me) for your Fee, Sir. In mean time,

You that have ſo much Law, I know ha' the Conſcience
Not to be Covetous of what is mine,
Good Sir, I thank you for my Place; 'twill help
To ſet up a young Man. Good faith, you look
As you were coſtive; beſt go home and purge, Sir.
Volp. Bid him eat Lettuce well: My witty Miſchief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a *Venus*——— *Moſca*, go,
Straight take my Habit of *Clariſſimo*,
And walk the Streets, be ſeen, torment 'em more:
We muſt purſue, as well as plot. Who would
Have loſt this Feaſt? *Moſ.* I doubt it will loſe them.
Volp. O, my Recovery ſhall recover all.
That I could now but think on ſome Diſguiſe
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em Queſtions:
How I would vex 'em ſtill at every turn?
Moſ. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canſt thou? *Moſ.* Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, Sir, ſo like you;
Him I will ſtraight make drunk, and bring you his Habit.
Volp. A rare Diſguiſe, and anſwering thy Brain!
O, I will be a ſharp Diſeaſe unto 'em.
Moſ. Sir, you muſt look for Curſes———
Volp. Till they burſt;
The *Fox* fares ever beſt when he is curſt.

SCENE IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3. *Woman, Politick.*

Per. Am I enough diſguis'd? *Mer.* 1. I warrant you.
Per. All my Ambition is to fright him only.
Mer. 2. If you could Ship him away, 'twere excellent.
Mer. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Aleppo*? *Per.* Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' *Book of Voyages*,
And his gull'd Story regiſtred for Truth?
Well, Gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our Diſcourſe,
Know your Approaches. *Mer.* 1. Truſt it to our Care.
Per. Save you, fair Lady. Is Sir *Pol.* within?
Wom. I do not know, Sir. *Per.* Pray you, ſay unto him,
Here is a Merchant, upon earneſt Buſineſs,

Deſires

Deſires to ſpeak with him.
Wom. I will ſee, Sir. *Per.* Pray you.
I ſee the Family is all Female here.
Wom. He ſays, Sir, he has weighty Affairs of State,
That now require him whole; ſome other time
You may poſſeſs him. *Per.* Pray you ſay again,
If thoſe require him whole, theſe will exact him,
Whereof I bring him Tidings. What might be
His grave Affair of State now? how to make
Bolognian Sauſages here in *Venice*, ſparing
One o' th' ingredients. *Wom.* Sir, he ſays, he knows
By your Word, *Tidings*, that you are no Stateſman,
And therefore wills you ſtay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read ſo many Proclamations,
And ſtudied them for Words, as he has done;
But—Here he deigns to come. *Pol.* Sir, I muſt crave
Your courteous Pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Unkind Diſaſter 'twixt my Lady and me,
And I was penning my Apology
To give her ſatisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worſe Diſaſter;
The Gentleman you met at th' Port to day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd—*Pol.* I, was
A fugitive Punk? *Per.* No, Sir, a Spy ſet on you;
And he has made relation to the Senate,
That you profeſt to him to have a Plot
To ſell the State of *Venice* to the *Turk*.
Pol. O me!
Per. For which, Warrants are ſign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to ſearch your Study
For Papers——*Pol.* Alas, Sir, I have none, but Notes,
Drawn out of Play-books——*Per.* All the better, Sir,
Pol. And ſome Eſſays. What ſhall I do? *Per.* Sir, beſt
Convey your ſelf into a Sugar-Cheſt,
Or, if you would lie round, a Frail were rare,
And I could ſend you aboard. *Pol.* Sir, I but talk'd ſo,
For Diſcourſe-ſake meerly. [*They knock without.*
Per. Heark, they are there.
Pol. I am a Wretch, a Wretch.
Per. What will you do, Sir?

Ha'

Ha' you ne'er a Curran-But to leap into?
They'll put you to the Rack, you must be sudden.
Pol. Sir, I have an Ingine——
(*Mer.* 3. Sir *Politick Would be?*
Mer. 2. Where is he?)
Pol. That I have thought upon before time.
Per. What is it? *Pol.* (I shall ne'er endure the Torture.)
Marry, it is, Sir, of a Tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these Extremities: pray you, Sir, help me.
Here I have a place, Sir, to put back my Legs,
(Please you to lay it on, Sir) with this Cap,
And my black Gloves. I'll lie, Sir, like a Tortoise,
Till they are gone. *Per.* And call you this an Ingine?
Pol. Mine own Device——
Good Sir, bid my Wives Women
To burn my Papers. [*They rush in.*
Mer. 1. Where's he hid? *Mer.* 3. We must
And will sure find him.
Mer. 2. Which is his Study? *Mer.* 1. What
Are you, Sir? *Per.* I am a Merchant, that came here
To look upon this Tortoise?
Mer. 3. How? *Mer.* 1. St. *Mark!*
What Beast is this? *Per.* It is a Fish.
Mer. 2. Come out here.
Per. Nay, you may strike him, Sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a Cart.
Mer. 1. What, to run over him? *Per.* Yes, Sir.
Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.
Mer. 2. Can he not go? *Per.* He creeps, Sir.
Mer. 1. Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.
Mer. 2, (Heart) I'll see him creep, or prick his Guts.
Mer. 3. Come out here.
Per. Pray you Sir, (creep a little.)
Mer. 1. Forth.
Mer. 2. Yet farther. *Per.* Good Sir, (creep.)
Mer. 2. We'll see his Legs. [*They pull off the Shell,*
Mer. 3. Gods so, he has Garters! *and discover him.*
Mer. 1. I, and Gloves! *Mer.* 2. Is this
You, fearful Tortoise? *Mer.* Now, Sir *Pol* we are even;

For

For your next Project I ſhall be prepar'd:
I am ſorry for the Funeral of your Notes, Sir.
Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare Motion to be ſeen in *Fleet-ſtreet.*
Mer. 2. I, i' the Term.
Mer. 1. Or *Smithfield* in the Fair.
Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy Sight.
Per. Farewell, moſt politick Tortoiſe.
Pol. Where's my Lady?
Knows ſhe of this? *Wom.* I know not, Sir. *Pol.* Enquire
O, I ſhall be the Fable of all Feaſts,
The Freight of the *Gazette*, Ship-boys Tale;
And, which is worſt, even Talk for Ordinaries,
Wom. My Lady's come moſt melancholy home,
And ſays, Sir, ſhe will ſtraight to Sea, for Phyſick.
Pol. And I, to ſhun this Place and Clime for ever,
Creeping with Houſe on Back, and think it well
To ſhrink my poor Head in my politick Shell.

SCENE V.

Volpone, Moſca.

[*The firſt in the Habit of a* Commendatore; *the other of a* Clariſſimo.]

Am I then like him? *Moſ.* O, Sir, you are he:
No Man can ſever you.
Volp. Good. *Moſ.* But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore Heaven, a brave *Clariſſimo*, thou becom'ſt it.
Pity thou wert not born one. *Moſ.* If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. *Volp.* I'll go and ſee
What News firſt at the Court. *Moſ.* Do ſo. My Fox
Is out on his Hole, and 'ere he ſhall re-enter,
I'll make him languiſh in his borrow'd Caſe,
Except he come to Compoſition with me:
Androgyno, Caſtrone, Nano. All. Here.
Moſ. Go, recreate your ſelves abroad; go, ſport.
So, now I have the Keys, and am poſſeſt.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his Heir,
And ſo will keep me, till he ſhare at leaſt.
To cozen him of all, were but a Cheat

Well

Well plac'd; no Man would conſtrue it a Sin:
Let his Sport pay for't; this is call'd the Fox-trap.

SCENE VI.

Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.

Corv. They ſay, the Court is ſet. *Corv.* We muſt maintain
Our firſt Tale good, for both our Reputations.
Corb. Why? mine's no Tale: my Son would there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot; mine is, I am ſure.
But for your Will, Sir. *Corb.* I, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his Patron's dead.
Volp. Signior *Corvino!* and *Corbaccio!* Sir,
Much Joy unto you. *Corv.* Of what?
Volp. The ſudden Good
Dropt down upon you——*Corb.* Where?
Volp. (And none knows how.)
From old *Volpone*, Sir. *Corb.* Out, errant Knave.
Volp. Let not your too much Wealth, Sir, make you furious. *Corb.* Away, thou Varlet.
Volp. Why, Sir? *Corb.* Doſt thou mock me?
Volp. You mock the World, Sir;
Did you not change Wills?
Corb. Out, Harlot. *Volp.* O! belike you are the Man
Signior *Corvino?* 'Faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: I love your Spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your Fortune.
You ſhould'ha' ſome would ſwell now, like a Wine-fat
With ſuch an Autumn——Did he gi' you all, Sir?
Corv. Avoid, you Raſcal.
Volp. Troth, your Wife has ſhewn
Her ſelf a very Woman: but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good Eſtate,
To bear it out, Sir, better by this Chance:
Except *Corbaccio* have a Share? *Corb.* Hence, Varlet.
Volp. You will not be a'known, Sir; why, 'tis wiſe.
Thus do all Gameſters, at all Games, diſſemble.
No Man will ſeem to win. Here comes my Vulture,
Heaving his Beak up i' the Air, and ſnuffing.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Voltore, Volpone.

Volt. Out-ſtript thus, by a Paraſite? a Slave?
Would run on Errands, and make Legs for Crumbs?
Well, what I'll do——

Volp. The Court ſtays for your Worſhip.
I e'en rejoice, Sir, at your Worſhip's Happineſs,
And that it fell into ſo learned Hands,
That underſtand the fingering——

Volt. What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a Suitor to your Worſhip,
For the ſmall Tenement, out of Reparations,
That at the end of your long Row of Houſes,
By the *Piſcaria:* It was in *Volpone*'s Time,
Your Predeceſſor, ere he grew Diſeas'd,
A handſom, pretty, cuſtom'd Bawdy-houſe,
As any was in *Venice*, (none diſprais'd)
But fell with him; his Body and that Houſe
Decay'd together.

Volt. Come, Sir, leave your prating.

Volp. Why, if your Worſhip give me but your Hand,
That I may ha' the Refuſal, I have done.
'Tis a meer Toy to you, Sir, Candle-rents,
As your Learn'd Worſhip knows——

Volt. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your Wealth, Sir; God decreaſe it.

Volt. Miſtaking Knave! what, mock'ſt thou my Misfortune?

Volp. His Bleſſing on your Heart, Sir; would 'twere more.

(Now to my firſt again, at the next Corner.)

SCENE VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (*Moſca* paſſant) *Volpone.*

Corb. See, in our Habit! ſee the impudent Varlet!

Corv. That I could ſhoot mine Eyes at him, like Gunſtones.

Volp. But is this true, Sir, of the Paraſite?

Corb. Again, t'afflict us? Monſter!

Volp.

Volp. In good faith, Sir,
I am heartily griev'd, a Beard of your grave length
Should be ſo over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That Paraſite's Hair; methought this Noſe ſhould cozen:
There ſtill was ſomewhat in his Look, did promiſe
The Bane of a *Clariſſimo*. *Corb.* Knave ——— *Volp.* Methinks
Yet you, that are ſo traded i' the World,
A witty Merchant, the fine Bird, *Corvino*.
That have ſuch mortal Emblems on your Name,
Should not have ſung your Shame, and dropt your Cheeſe,
To let the Fox laugh at your Emptineſs.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the Privilege of the Place,
And your red ſaucy Cap, that ſeems (to me)
Nail'd to your Jolt-head, with thoſe two *Cecchines*,
Can warrant your Abuſes; come you hither:
You ſhall perceive, Sir, I do know your Valour well,
Since you durſt publiſh what you are, Sir. *Corv.* Tarry,
I'd ſpeak with you. *Volp.* Sir, Sir, another time—
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O God, Sir! I were a wiſe Man,
Would ſtand the Fury of a diſtracted Cuckold.
Corb. What, come again? [Moſca *walks by them.*
Volp. Upon 'em, *Moſca*; ſave me.
Corb. The Air's infected where he breathes.
Corv. Let's fly him.
Volp. Excellent Baſilisk! turn upon the Vulture.

SCENE IX.

Voltore, Moſca, Volpone.

Volt. Well, Fleſh-fly, it is Summer with you now;
Your Winter will come on. *Moſ.* Good Advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a *Solœciſm* (as Madam ſays.)
Get you a Biggen more; your Brain breaks looſe.
Volt. Well, Sir.
Volp. Would you ha' me beat the inſolent Slave?
Throw Dirt upon his firſt good Clothes? *Volt.* This ſame

Is doubtleſs ſome Familiar. *Volp.* Sir, the Court
In troth, ſtays for you; I am mad, a Mule,
That never read *Juſtinian*, ſhould get up,
And ride an Advocate. Had you no Quirk
To avoid Gullage, Sir, by ſuch a Creature?
I hope you do but jeſt; he has not don't:
This's but Confederacy, to blind the reſt.
You are the Heir? *Volt.* A ſtrange, officious,
Troubleſom Knave! thou doſt torment me. *Volp.* I know——
It cannot be, Sir, that you ſhould be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the Wit of Man to do it;
You are ſo wiſe, ſo prudent; and 'tis fit
That Wealth and Wiſdom ſtill ſhould go together.

SCENE X.

Avocatori 4. *Notario, Commandadore, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, Volpone.*

Avoc. Are all the Parties here? *Not.* All but the Advocate.

Avoc. 2. And here he comes.

Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to Sentence.

Volt. O, my moſt honour'd Fathers, let your Mercy
Once win upon your Juſtice, to forgive——
I am diſtracted——

Volp. (What will he do now?) *Volt.* O,
I know not which t' addreſs my ſelf to firſt,
Whether your Fatherhoods, or theſe Innocents——

Corv. Will he betray himſelf? *Volt.* Whom equally
I have abus'd, by my falſe Accuſation:
For which, now ſtruck in Conſcience, here I proſtrate
My ſelf at your offended Feet, for Pardon.

Avoc. 1, 2. Ariſe.

Cel. O Heav'n, how juſt thou art! *Volp.* I am caught
I' my own Nooſe—*Corv.* Be conſtant, Sir: nought now
Can help, but Impudence.

Avoc. 1. Speak forward. *Com.* Silence.

Volt. It is not Paſſion in me, Reverend Fathers,
But only Conſcience, Conſcience, my good Sires,
That makes me now tell Truth. That Paraſite,
That Knave hath been the Inſtrument of all.

Avoc.

Avoc. Where is that Knave? Fetch him.
Volp. I go. *Corv.* Grave Fathers,
This Man's diſtracted; he confeſt it now:
For hoping to be Old *Volpone*'s Heir,
Who now is Dead —*Avoc.* 3. How! *Avoc.* 2. Is *Volpone* Dead?
Corv. Dead ſince, Grave Fathers ——
Bon. O ſure Vengeance! *Avoc.* 1. Stay,
Then he was no Deceiver. *Volt.* O no, none:
The Paraſite, Grave Fathers. *Corv.* He does ſpeak
Out of meer Envy, 'cauſe the Servants made
The thing he gap'd for: Pleaſe your Fatherhoods,
This is the Truth, though I'll not juſtifie
The other, but he may be ſome-deal Faulty.
Volt. I, to your Hopes, as well as mine, *Corvino*:
But I'll uſe Modeſty. Pleaſeth your Wiſdoms
To view theſe certain Notes, and but confer them;
As I hope Favour, they ſhall ſpeak clear Truth.
Corv. The Devil has enter'd him! *Bon.* Or bides in you.
Avoc. 4. We have done Ill, by a publick Officer
To ſend for him, if he be Heir. *Avoc.* 2. For whom?
Avoc. 4. Him that they call the Paraſite. *Avoc.* 3. 'Tis true,
He is a Man of great Eſtate, now left.
Avoc. 4. Go you, and learn his Name, and ſay, the Court
Intreats his Preſence here, but to the clearing
Of ſome few Doubts. *Avoc.* 2. This ſame's a Labyrinth!
Avoc. 1. Stand you unto your firſt Report. *Corv.* My State,
My Life, my Fame ——
Bon. (Where is't?) *Corv.* Are at the Stake.
Avoc. 1. Is yours ſo too? *Corb.* The Advocate's a Knave,
And has a forked Tongue —— (*Avoc.* 2. Speak to the Point.)
Corb. So is the Paraſite too. *Avoc.* 1. This is Confuſion.
Volt. I do beſeech your Fatherhoods, read but thoſe.

Corv.

Corv. And Credit nothing the Falſe Spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he is poſſeſt, Grave Fathers.

SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone.

Volp. To make a Snare for mine one Neck! And run
My Head into it, willfully! with Laughter!
When I had newly ſcap't, was free, and clear!
Out of meer Wantonneſs! O, the dull Devil
Was in this Brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And *Moſca* gave it ſecond; he muſt now
Help to ſear up this Vein, or we Bleed dead.
How now! who let you looſe? whither go you now?
What, to buy Gingerbread, or to drown Kitlings?
Nan. Sir, Maſter *Moſca* call'd us out of Doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the Keys. *And.* Yes.
Volp. Did Maſter *Moſca* take the Keys? why, ſo!
I am farther in. Theſe are my fine Conceits!
I muſt be Merry, with a miſchief to me!
What a vile Wretch was I, that could not bear
My Fortune Soberly? I muſt ha' my Crotchets!
And my Conundrums! Well, go you, and ſeek him:
His Meaning may be truer than my Fear.
Bid him, he ſtreight come to me to the Court;
Thither will I, and, if't be poſſible,
Unſcrew my Advocate, upon new Hopes:
When I provok'd him, then I loſt my ſelf.

SCENE XII.

Avocatori, &c.

Avoc. 1. Theſe things can ne'er be reconcil'd. He here
Profeſſeth, that the Gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the Gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her Husband, and there left. *Volt.* Moſt true.
Cel. How ready is Heav'n to thoſe that pray!
Advoc. 1. But that
Volpone would have raviſh'd her, he holds
Utterly Falſe, knowing his Impotence.
Corv. Grave Fathers, he is poſſeſt; again, I ſay,
Poſſeſt: Nay, if there be Poſſeſſion,

And

And Obſeſſion, he has both. *Avoc.* 3. Here comes our Officer.

Volp. The Paraſite will ſtraight be her, Grave Fathers.

Avoc. 4. You might invent ſome other Name, Sir, Varlet.

Avoc. 3. Did not the Notary meet him?

Volp. Not that I know.

Avoc. 4 His coming will clear all.

Avoc. 2. Yet it is Miſtry.

Volt. May't pleaſe your Fatherhoods——

Volp. Sir, the Paraſite [Volpone *whiſpers the Advo.*

Will'd me to tell you, that his Maſter lives
That you are ſtill the Man, your Hopes the ſame;
And this was only a Jeſt——

Volt. How? *Volp.* Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you ſtood affected.

Volt. Ar't ſure he lives?

Volp. Do I live, Sir? *Volt.* O me!
I was too violent. *Volp.* Sir, you may redeem it:
They ſaid, you were poſſeſt; fall down, and ſeem ſo:
I'll help to make it Good. God bleſs the Man!
[Voltore *falls.*
(Stop your Wind hard, and ſwell) ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee!
He Vomits crooked Pins! his Eyes are ſet,
Like a dead Hares, hung in a Poulterer's Shop!
His Mouth's running away! Do you ſee, Seignior?
Now 'tis in his Belly (*Corv.* I, the Devil!)

Volp. Now in his Throat. (*Corv.* I, I perceive it plain.)

Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill outſtand clear. See where it flies,
In ſhape of a Blue Toad, with Bats Wings!
Do you not ſee it, Sir? *Corb.* What? I think I do.

Corv. 'Tis too manifeſt.

Volp. Look! he comes t' himſelf!

Volt. Where am I?

Volp. Take good heart, the worſt is paſt, Sir.
You are diſpoſſeſt. *Avoc.* 1. What Accident is this?

Avoc. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder! *Av.* 3. If he were
Poſſeſt, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often ſubject to theſe Fits.

Avoc. 1.

Avoc. 1. Shew him that Writing: Do you know it, Sir?
Volp. Deny it, Sir, forſwear it, know it not.
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my Hand:
But all that it contains, is falſe. *Bon.* O Practice!
Avoc. 2. What Maze is this! *Avoc.* 1. Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the Paraſite? *Volt.* Grave Fathers,
No more than his good Patron, old *Volpone*.
Avoc. 4. Why he is dead?
Volt. O no, my honour'd Fathers,
He lives——*Avoc.* 1. How? lives?
Volt. Lives. *Avoc.* 2. This is ſubtler yet!
Avoc. 3. You ſaid he was dead.
Volt. Never. *Avoc.* 3. You ſaid ſo.
Corv. I heard ſo.
Av. 4. Here come the Gentleman, make him way.
Avoc. 3. a Stool.
Avoc. 4. A proper Man; and, were *Volpone* dead,
A fit Match for my Daughter. *Av.* 3. Give him way.
Volp. *Moſca*, I was a'moſt loſt; the Advocate
Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;
All's o' the Hinge again——Say, I am living.
Moſ. What buſie Knave is this! moſt reverend Fathers,
I ſooner had attended your grave Pleaſures,
But that my Order for the Funeral
Of my dear Patron did require me—— (*Volt.* *Moſca!*)
Moſ. Whom I intend to bury like a Gentleman.
Volp. I quick, and cozen me of all. *Avoc.* 2. Still Stranger!
More intricate! *Avoc.* 1. And come about again!
Avoc. 4. It is a Match, my Daughter is beſtow'd.
(*Moſ.* Will you gi' me Half?
Volp. Firſt I'll be hang'd. *Moſ.* I know
Your Voice is good, cry not ſo loud.) *Avoc.* 1. Demand
The Advocate: Sir, did not you affirm
Volpone was alive? *Volp.* Yes, and he is;
This Gentleman told me ſo, (thou ſhalt have half.
Moſ. Whoſe Drunkard is this ſame? ſay you?

Speak

Speak ſome that know him:
I never ſaw his Face. (I cannot now
Afford it you ſo cheap. *Volp.* No?) *Avoc.* 1. What ſay you?
Volt. The Officer told me. *Volp.* I did, grave Fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own Life,
And that this Creature told me. (I was born
With all good Stars my Enemies.) *Moſ.* Moſt grave Fathers,
If ſuch an Inſolence as this muſt paſs
Upon me, I am ſilent; 'Twas not this
For which you ſent, I hope. *Av.* 2. Take him away.
(Volp. Moſca!) Avoc. 3. Let him be Whipt.
(Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?) *Avoc.* 3. And taught to bear himſelf
Toward a Perſon of his Rank. *Avoc.* 4. Away.
Moſ. I humbly thank your Fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, ſoft, Whipt?
And loſe all that I have? If I confeſs,
It cannot be much more. *Avoc.* 4. Sir, are you Married?
Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I muſt be reſolute:
The Fox ſhall here uncaſe. *(Moſ. Patron.)*
Volp. Nay, now *{He puts off his Diſguiſe.*
My Ruins ſhall not come alone; your Match
I'll hinder ſure: My Subſtance ſhall not glew you,
Nor ſcrew you into a Family. *(Moſ.* Why Patron!)
Volp. I am *Volpone*, and this is my Knave;
This, his own Knave: This, Avarice's Fool:
This, a *Chimera* of Wittal, Fool and Knave:
And Reverend Fathers, ſince we all can hope
Nought but a Sentence, let's not now deſpair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it pleaſe your Fatherhoods — *Com.* Silence.
Avoc. 1. The Knot is now undone by Miracle.
Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.
Avoc 3. Or can more prove
Theſe Innocent. *Avoc.* 1. Give them their Liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let ſuch groſs Crimes
be hid
Av. 2. If this be held the High-way to get Riches,
May I be poor. *Avoc.* 3. This's not the Gain, but
Torment.

Avoc.

Avoc. 1. Theſe poſſeſs Wealth, as Sick-men poſſeſs Fevers.
Which truſier may be ſaid to poſſeſs them.
Avoc. 2. Diſrobe that Paraſite.
Corv. Moſt Moſt honoured Fathers.
Avoc. 1. Can you plead ought to ſtay the Courſe of Juſtice?
If you can, ſpeak.
Cor. Volt. We beg Favour. *Cel.* And Mercy.
Avoc. 1. You hurt your Innocence, ſuing for the Guilty.
Stand forth; and firſt the Paraſite. You appear
T'have been the chiefeſt Miniſter, if not Plotter,
In all theſe Lewd Impoſtures; and now, laſtly,
Have with your Impudence abus'd the Court,
And Habit of a Gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a Fellow of no Birth, or Blood:
For which our Sentence is, firſt, thou be Whipt;
Then live perpetual Priſoner in our Gallies.
Volt. I thank you for him.
Moſ. Bane to thy Wolviſh Nature.
Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the *Saffi*. Thou *Volpone*,
By Blood and Rank a Gentleman, canſt not fall
Under like Cenſure; but our Judgment on thee
Is, That thy Subſtance all be ſtraight Confiſcate
To the Hoſpital of the *Incurabili*.
And ſince the moſt was gotten by Impoſture,
By feigning Lame, Gout, Palſie, and ſuch Diſeaſes,
Thou art to lie in Priſon, crampt with Irons,
Till thou be'ſt Sick and Lame indeed. Remove him.
Vol. This is call'd mortifying of a *Fox*.
Avoc. 1. Thou, *Voltore*, to take away the Scandal
Thou haſt given all worthy Men of thy Profeſſion,
Art baniſht from their Fellowſhip, and our State.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here poſſeſs
Thy Son of all thy State, and confine thee
To the Monaſtery of *San' Spirito*;
Where ſince thou knoweſt not how to live well here,
Thou ſhalt be learn'd to die well. *Corb.* Ha! What ſaid he?
Com. You ſhall know anon, Sir.

Avoc.

Avoc. 1. Thou *Corvino*, ſhalt
Be ſtraight Imbark'd from thine own Houſe, and Row'd
Round about *Venice*, through the *Grand Canale*,
Wearing a Cap, with fair long Aſſes Ears,
Inſtead of Horns; and ſo to mount (a Paper
Pinn'd on thy Breaſt) to the *Berlino* — *Corv.* Yes,
And have mine Eyes beat out with ſtinking Fiſh,
Bruis'd Fruit, and rotten Eggs — 'Tis well. I am glad
I ſhall not ſee my Shame yet. *Avoc.* 1. And to expiate
Thy Wrongs done to thy Wife, thou art to ſend her
Home to her Father, with her Dowry trebled:
And theſe are all your Judgments.
(*All* Honour'd Fathers.)
Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin,
When Crimes are done, and paſt, and to be Puniſh'd
To think what your Crimes are: Away with them.
Let all that ſee theſe Vices thus rewarded,
Take Heart, and love to ſtudy 'em. Miſchiefs feed
Like Beaſts, till they be Fat, and then they Bleed.

VOLPONE.

THE ſeaſoning of a Play, is the Applauſe,
Now, though the Fox *be Puniſh'd by the Laws,*
He yet doth Hope there is no Suff'ring due,
For any Fact which he hath done 'gainſt you:
If there be, Cenſure him; here he doubtful Stands:
If not, fare Jovially, and Clap your Hands.

THE END.

THE
ALCHEMIST.
A
COMEDY,

First Acted in the Year 1610. By the King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

——*petere inde coronam,*
Unde priùs nulli velârint tempora Musæ. Lucret.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Walthoe, G. Conyers, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, D. Midwinter* and *A. Ward, A. Betesworth* and *C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J. Tonson, W. Innys, J. Osborn* and *T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton,* and *B. Motte:* And sold by *W. Feales,* at *Rowe's Head,* over-against *Clement's-Inn Gate.* 1732.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Subtle, *the Alchemiſt.*
Face, *the Houſe-keeper.*
Dol. Common, *their Colleague.*
Dapper, *a Clerk.*
Drugger, *a Tobacco-man.*
Love-wit, *Maſter of the Houſe.*
Epicure Mammon, *a Knight.*
Surley, *a Gameſter.*
Tribulation, *A Paſtor of* Amſterdam.
Ananias, *a Deacon there.*
Kaſtrill, *the angry Boy.*
Da. Pliant, *his Siſter, a Widow.*

NEIGHBOURS.

OFFICERS.

MUTES,

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Principal COMEDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.	*JOH. HEMMINGS.*
JOH. LOWIN.	*WILL. OSTLER.*
HEN. CONDEL.	*JOH. UNDERWOOD.*
ALEX. COOKE.	*NIC. TOOLY.*
ROB. ARMIN.	*WILL. EGLESTONE.*

THE



THE ALCHEMIST.

The ARGUMENT.

The Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,
His Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there,
Eaſe him corrupted, and gave means to know.

A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Cos'oners at large; and only wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
Each for a Share, and all begin to act,
Much Company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
Selling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume *are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

FOrtune, *that favours Fools, theſe two ſhort Hours*
We wiſh away, both for your ſakes and ours,
Judging Spectators; and deſire in place,
To th' Author Juſtice, to our ſelves but Grace.
Our Scene *is* London, *'cauſe we would make known,*
No Countries Mirth is better than our own:

No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, Squire, Impoſtor, many Perſons more,
Whoſe Manners, now cali'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have ſtill been Subject for the Rage
Or Spleen of Comick Writers. Tho' this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
Howe'er the Age he lives in doth endure
The Vices that ſhe breeds, above their Cure.
But when the wholeſom Remedies are ſweet,
And in their working Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will with ſuch fair Correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will ſit ſo nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld think, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo natural Follies, but ſo ſhown,
As even the Doers may ſee, and yet not own.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, Dol. Common.

BEliev't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worſt. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for Love ——
Fac. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you — *Sub.* What to do? lick Figs
Out at my —— *Fac.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your ſleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you Madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep looſe. I'll Gum your Silks
With good Strong-water, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Heark, I hear ſome body. *Fac.* Sirrah — *Sub.* I ſhall mar
All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Fac. You moſt notorious Whelp, you inſolent Slave,
Dar

Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Fac.*
Why, who
Am I, my Mungril? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not your ſelf—— *Fac.* Speak lower,
Rogue.
Sub. Yes, You were once (time's not long paſt) the
good,
Honeſt, plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your Maſters Worſhips Houſe here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations—— *Fac.* Will you be ſo loud?
Sub. Since, by my means, tranſlated Suburb-Captain.
Fac. By your means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within Man's memory,
All this I ſpeak of. *Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well. *Fac.* Not of this, I think it.
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie-corner*,
Taking your meal of Steam in, from Cook Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly Coſtive, with your pinch'd-horn-noſe,
And your Complexion of the *Roman* Waſh,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder-corns ſhot at th' *Artillery-yard*.
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your Voice a little.
Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral Rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghils, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloke,
That ſcarce would cover your no-Buttocks——
Sub. So, Sir!
Fac. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps with ſo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to ſee a Fire;
I ga' you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaſſes, your Materials;
Built you a Fornace, drew you Cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beſide,

A Houſe to practiſe in — *Sub.* Your Maſter's Houſe?
Fac. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry ſince. *Sub.* Yes, in your Maſter's Houſe.
You and the Rats here kept Poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know yo' were one could keep
The Buttry-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ*-men,
The which, together with your *Chriſtmaſs* Vails
At *Poſt and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, ſome twenty Marks,
And gave you credit to converſe with Cobwebs,
Here, ſince your Miſtris Death hath broke up Houſe.
Fac. You might talk ſoftlier, Raſcal, *Sub.* No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeſt in his Hand and Voice.
Fac. The Place has made you Valiant.
Sub. No, your Clothes.
Thou Vermin, have I tane thee out of Dung,
So poor, ſo wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worſe?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Duſt, and Watring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I' the *Third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace?*
Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quinteſſence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philoſopher's Work?*
Put thee in Words and Faſhion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowſhips?
Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimenſions?
Thy Rules to cheat at Horſe-race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture elſe?
Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?
And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the *Projection?*
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadſt had no Name ——
Dol. Will you undo your ſelves with Civil War?

Sub.

Sub. Never been known, paſt *Equi clibanum*,
The heat of Horſe-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-houſe darker than deaf *John*'s; been loſt
To all Mankind, but Laundreſſes and Tapſters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Fac Sirrah ——
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil ——
Fac. I ſhall turn deſperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thy ſelf, I care not.
Fac. Hang thee, Colliar,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou haſt mov'd me ——
Dol. (O, this I'll orethrow all.)
Fac. Write thee up Bawd in *Pauls*, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Duſt, Scrapings,
Searching for things loſt with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houſes,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glaſs,
Told in Red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worſe than *Gamaliel Ratſey*'s. *Dol.* Are you ſound?
Ha' you your Senſes, Maſters? *Fac.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impoſtures,
Shall prove a true *Philoſophers Stone*, to Printers.
Sub. Away, you Trencher-Raſcal.
Fac. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Priſons —— *Dol.* Will you be
Your own Deſtructions, Gentlemen? Still ſpew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Basket.
Sub. Cheater. *Fac.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Fac.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purſe.
Fac. Witch. *Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! loſt! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet ſome Care of me, o' your Republick ——
Fac. Away, this Brach. I'll bring the Rogue, within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Triceſimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Nooſe, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockſcomb, will you? [*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glaſs.*
And you, Sir, with your *Menſtrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that ſhines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo'have made moſt courteous ſhift to cozen your ſelves?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in
Within the *Statute?* Who ſhall take your Word?
A whorſon, upſtart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friars* will truſt
So much as for a Feather! And you too
Will give the Cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And claim a Primacy in the Diviſions?
You muſt be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite?* All things in common?
Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you ſhould,
And loſe not the beginning of a *Term*,
Or, by this Hand, I ſhall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you. *Fac.* 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And ſays, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, ſo it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do not we
Suſtain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your Part exceed to Day, I hope
Ours may to Morrow match it. *Sub.* I, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring Maſtiff! I, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. *Sub. Dorothee,* Miſtris *Dorothee,* 'Ods

'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Becauſe o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation?*
Sub. Not I, by Heaven ——
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna* — help me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my ſelf.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do ſo then, and quickly: ſwear.
Sub. What ſhall I ſwear?
Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the Common Work.
Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beſide.
I only us'd thoſe Speeches as a Spur
To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?
Fac. 'Slid, prove to Day, who ſhall ſhark beſt.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work cloſe, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the ſtronger for this Breach, with me.
Dol. Why, ſo, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A ſort of ſober, ſcurvy, preciſe Neighbours,
(That ſcarce have ſmil'd twice ſin' the King came in)
A Feaſt of Laughter at our Follies? Raſcals,
Would run themſelves from breath, to ſee me ride,
Or you t'have but a Hole to thruſt your Heads in,
For which you ſhould pay Ear-rent? No, agree.
And may *Don Provoſt* ride a feaſting long,
In his old Velvet Jerkin and ſtain'd Scarfs,
(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)
Ere we contribute a new Crewel Garter
To his moſt worſted Worſhip. *Sub.* Royal *Dol!*
Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thy ſelf.
Fac. For which, at Supper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtyl'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Dol Singular: The longeſt Cut, at Night,
Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.
Sub. Who's that? one Rings. To the Windo', *Dol.*
Pray Heav'n,
The Maſter do not trouble us this Quarter.
Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
O' the Plague, he's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, he's buſie at his Hop-yards now:

I had a Letter from him. If he do,
He'll ſend ſuch word, for airing o' the Houſe,
As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
Tho' we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.
Sub. Who is it, *Dol?*
Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Fac.* O,
My Lawyers Clerk, I lighted on laſt Night
In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have
(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To riſle with at Horſes, and win Cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who ſhall do't? *Fac.* Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do? *Fac.* Not be ſeen, away.
Seem you very reſerv'd?
Sub. Enough. *Fac.* God b' w' you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have ſtaid but—

SCENE II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here.
Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In a truth,
I am very ſorry, Captain. *Fac.* But I thought
Sure I ſhould meet you. *Dap.* I, I am very glad.
I had a ſcurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch laſt Night to one
That Dines to Day at the Sheriffs, and ſo was robb'd
Of my paſs-time. Is this the Cunning-man?
Fac. This is his Worſhip. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor?
Fac. Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Fac. I. *Dap.* And how?
Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, ſo dainty,
I know not what to ſay — *Dap.* Not ſo, good Captain.
Fac. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why ſhould
you wiſh ſo?

I dare aſſure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Fac. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is ſuch a thing —— And then he ſays, *Read*'s Matter
Falling ſo lately —— *Dap. Read?* He was an Aſs,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Fac.* It was a Clerk, Sir.

Dap. A Clerk?

Fac. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
Better, I think — *Dap.* I ſhould, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I ſhew'd the *Statute* to you? *Fac.* You did ſo.

Dap. And I will tell then? By this Hand of Fleſh,
Would it might never write good Court-hand more,
If I diſcover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiauſe?*

Fac. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here ——
As one would ſay, Do you think I am a *Turk?*

Fac. I'll tell the Doctor ſo.

Dap. Do, good ſweet Captain.

Fac. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiauſe.*

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Anſwer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love —— But this
I neither may, nor can. *Fac.* Tut, do not ſay ſo.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiauſe:*
Let that, Sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear —— *Fac.* He has
Four Angels here — *Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with theſe Spirits?

Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril.
'Fore Heav'n, I ſcarce can think you are my Friend,
That ſo would draw me to apparent danger.

Fac. I draw you? A Horſe draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together —— *Dap.* Nay, good Captain.

Fac. That know no difference of Men.

Sub. Good Words, Sir.

Fac. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.
'Slight, I bring you

No-

No cheating *Clim' o the Cloughs*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as *Five-and-fifty*, and *Flush*,
And ſpit out Secrets like hot Cuſtard——— *Dap.* Captain.
Fac. Nor any melancholick Under-ſcribe,
Shall tell the *Vicar*; but a ſpecial Genteel,
That is the Heir to Forty Marks a Year,
Conſorts with the ſmall Poets of the time,
Is the ſole Hope of his old Grand-mother,
That knows the Law, and writes you ſix fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket; and can Court
His Miſtris out of *Ovid*. *Dap.* Nay, dear Captain.
Fac. Did you not tell me ſo? *Dap.* Yes, but I'ld ha' you,
Uſe Maſter Doctor with ſome more reſpect.
Fac. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet Head.
But for your ſake, I'ld choak, ere I would change
An Article of Breath with ſuch a Puckfoiſt ———
Come, let's be gone. *Sub.* Pray you le' me ſpeak with you.
Dap. His Worſhip calls you, Captain. *Fac.* I am ſorry
I e'er imbark'd my ſelf in ſuch a Buſineſs,
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Fac. Will he take then?
Sub. Firſt, hear me——
Fac. Not a Syllable, 'leſs you take,
Sub. Pray ye, Sir ———
Fac. Upon no Terms, but an *Aſſumpſit*.
Sub. Your Humour muſt be Law. [*He takes Money.*
Fac. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir —— *Fac.* No whiſpering.
Sub. 'Fore Heav'n, you do not apprehend the Loſs
You do your ſelf, in this. *Fac.* Wherein? For what?
Sub. Marry, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all?

He'll

He'll win up all the Mony i' the Town.
Fac. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up Gameſter after Gameſter,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.
If I do give him a *Familiar*,
Give you him all you play for; never ſet him:
For he will have it. *Fac.* You are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for Cups and Horſes,
A rifling *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars*.
Dap. Yes Captain, I would have it for all Games.
Sub. I told you ſo. *Fac.* 'Slight, that's a new Buſineſs!
I underſtood you, a tame Bird, to fly
Twice in a Term, or ſo, on *Friday* Nights,
When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* I, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I ſhall leave the Law,
And therefore—*Fac.* Why, this changes quite the Caſe!
Do' you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you pleaſe, Sir;
All's one to him, I ſee. *Fac.* What! for that Mony?
I cannot with my Conſcience: Nor ſhould you
Make the Requeſt, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
To add Conſideration. *Fac.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?
Sub. I ſay then, not a Mouth ſhall eat for him
At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Fac.* Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the Treaſure of the Realm,
If it be ſet him. *Fac.* Speak you this from Art?
Sub. I, Sir, and Reaſon too, the Ground of Art.
He is o' the only beſt Complexion,
The Queen of *Fairy* loves. *Fac.* What! is he!
Sub. Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, ſhould ſhe but ſee him—
Fac. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.
Fac. Will he win at Cards too?
Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Iſaac*,
You'ld ſwear, were in him; ſuch a vigorous Luck
As cannot be reſiſted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.

Fac.

Fac. A ſtrange Succeſs, that ſome Man ſhall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, Man——

Dap. Sir, I'll not be Ingrateful.

Fac. Faith I have Confidence in his good Nature: You hear, he ſays he will not be Ingrateful.

Sub. Why, as you pleaſe; my Venture follows yours.

Fac. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him truſty, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win ſome five thouſand Pound, and ſend us two o' it.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Fac.* And you ſhall, Sir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

Fac. Nothing? [Face *takes him aſide.*

Dap. A little, Sir. *Fac.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.

Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Fac.* The Doctor
Swears that you are——

Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

Fac. Allied to the Queen of *Fairy*.

Dap. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no ſuch matter—— *Fac.* Yes, and that
Yo' were born with a Cawl o' your Head.

Dap. Who? ſays ſo? *Fac.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you diſſemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are miſtaken. *Fac.* How!

Swear by your fac? and in a thing ſo known
Unto the Doctor? How ſhall we, Sir, truſt you
I' the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or ſix thouſand Pound,
You'll ſend us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By *Jove*, Sir,
I'll win ten thouſand Pound, and ſend you half.
I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jeſt.

Fac. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
To take it ſo. *Dap.* I thank his Worſhip. *Fac.* So: Another

Another Angel. *Dap.* Muſt I? *Fac.* Muſt you?
'Slight,
What elſe is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When muſt he come for his *Familiar?*
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, good Sir!
There muſt a World of Ceremonies paſs,
You muſt be bath'd and fumigated firſt:
Beſides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not riſe
Till it be Noon. *Fac.* Not, if ſhe danc'd, to Night.
Sub. And ſhe muſt bleſs it. *Fac.* Did you never ſee
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your Aunt of *Fairy?*
Sub. Not ſince ſhe kiſt him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can reſolve you that. *Fac.* Well, ſee her Grace,
Whate'er it coſt you, for a thing that I know.
It will be ſomewhat hard to compaſs; but
However, ſee her. You are made, believe it,
If you can ſee her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
And very rich; and if ſhe take a Phant'ſie,
She will do ſtrange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, ſhe may hap to leave you all ſhe has!
It is the Doctor's fear. *Dap.* How will't be done then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But ſay to me, Captain, I'll ſee her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll ſee her Grace. *Fac.* Enough.
Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way,)
Sir, againſt one a Clock prepare your ſelf:
Till when you muſt be faſting; only take
Three drops of Vinegar in at your Noſe,
Two at your *Mouth*, and one at either Ear;
Then bath your Fingers ends, and waſh your Eyes,
To ſharpen your Five Senſes, and cry *Hum*
Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.
Fac. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.
Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your beſtowing
Some twenty Nobles 'mong her Graces Servants,

And

And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know
What grace her Grace may do in clean Linnen.

SCENE III.

Subtle, Drugger, Face.

Sub. Come in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth I can do you no good till after-noon.)
What is your Name, say you? *Abel Drugger?*
Dru. Yes, Sir.
Sub. A Seller of Tobacco? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.
Free of the *Grocers?* *Dru.* I, an't please you.
Sub. Well——
Your Business, *Abel?* *Dru.* This, an't please your Worship;
I am a young Beginner, and am building
Of a new Shop, an't like your Worship, just
At corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't)
And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worship,
Which way I should make my Door, by *Necromancy,*
And where my Shelves; and which should be for Boxes,
And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wish'd to your Worship by a Gentleman,
One Captain *Face,* that says you know Mens *Planets,*
And their good *Angels,* and their bad. *Sub.* I do,
If I do see 'em——*Fac.* What! my honest *Abel?*
Thou art well met here. *Dru.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking,
Just as your Worship came here, of your Worship.
I pray you speak for me to Master Doctor.
Fac. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my Friend, *Abel,* an honest Fellow;
He lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with Sack-lees or Oil,
Nor washes it in Muscadel and Grains,
Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd up in greaſie Leather, or piſs'd Clouts:
But keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like Conſerve of Roſes, or *French* Beans.
He has his Maple Block, his ſilver Tongs,
Wincheſter Pipes, and Fire of Juniper,
A neat, ſpruce, honeſt Fellow, and no Goldſmith.

Sub. H' is a fortunate Fellow, that I am ſure on—

Fac Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel!*

Sub. And in right way to'ward Riches—

Fac. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer
He will be of the Cloathing of his Company,
And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet; ſpend what he can.

Fac. What, and ſo little Beard? *Sub.* You muſt think,
He may have a Receit to make Hair come:
But he'll be wiſe, preſerve his Youth, and fine for't;
His Fortune looks for him another way.

Fac. 'Slid, Doctor, how canſt thou know this ſo ſoon?
I am amus'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
In *Metapoſcopy*, which I do work by;
A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you ſee not.
Your Cheſtnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
Do's never fail: and your long Ear doth promiſe.
I knew't, by certain Spots too, in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.

Fac. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger. Look.
Yo' were born upon a Wedneſday?

Tru. Yes indeed, Sir.

Sub. The Thumb, in *Chiromanty*, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-finger, to *Jove*; the midſt, to *Saturn*;
The Ring, to *Sol*; the leaſt, to *Mercury*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoſcope*,
His *Houſe of Life* being *Libra*; which fore-ſhew'd
He ſhould be a Merchant, and ſhould Trade with Ballance.

Fac. Why, this is ſtrange? Is't not, honeſt *Nab?*

Sub.

Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*,
That ſhall yield him ſuch a Commodity
Of Drugs——This is the Weſt, and this the South?
Dru. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And thoſe are your two ſides?
Dru. I, Sir.
Sub. Make me your Door, then, South; your Broad-ſide, Weſt:
And, on the Eaſt-ſide of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the Names of thoſe *Mercurial* Spirits,
That do fright Flies from Boxes. *Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your Threſhold, bury me a Load-ſtone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The reſt,
They'll ſeem to follow. *Fac.* That's a Secret, *Nab*!
Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-*fucus* to call City-dames.
You ſhall deal much with *Minerals*. *Dru.* Sir, I have
At home, already —— *Sub.* I, I know, you have *Arſnike*,
Vitriol, *Sal-tartre*, *Argale*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller,
And give a Say (I will not ſay directly,
But very fair) at the *Philoſophers Stone*.
Fac. Why, how now, *Abel!* is this true? *Dru.* Good Captain,
What muſt I give? *Fac.* Nay, I'll not counſel thee.
Thou hear'ſt what Wealth (he ſays, ſpend what thou canſt)
Th'art like to come too. *Dru.* I would gi' him a Crown.
Fac. A Crown! and toward ſuch a Fortune? Heart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee?
Dru. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half Year.
Fac. Out on thee, *Nab*. 'Slight, there was not ſuch an Offer

'Shalt

'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worſhip to drink this, and Swears
He will appear more grateful, as your Skill
Do's raiſe him in the World. *Dru.* I would intreat
Another Favour of his Worſhip. *Fac.* What is't, *Nab?*
Dru. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And croſs out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor truſt upon them. *Fac.* That he ſhall, *Nab.*
Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt Afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his Shelves. *Fac.* Now, *Nab?*
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab? Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both your Worſhips
Fac. Away.
Why, now you ſmoky perſecuter of Nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſome-thing's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coal, and your cor'ſive Waters,
Your Croſslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And, yet, you think, I am at no expence,
In ſearching out theſe Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my Intelligence,
Coſt me more Money, than my ſhare oft comes too,
In theſe rare Works. *Sub.* You'are pleaſant, Sir.
How now?

SCENE IV.

Face, Dol, Subtle.

Fac. What ſays my dainty *Dolkin? Dol.* Yonder Fiſh-wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſs,
The Bawd of *Lambeth*. *Sub.* Heart, I cannot ſpeak with 'em.
Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Thorough the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars*.
But I have ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon*—*Sub.* Where?

Dol.

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earneſt of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub. Face,* go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too———
Dol. Why, what's the matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for him
With the Suns riſing: 'Marvel, he could ſleep!
This is the Day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium,* our *great Work,* the *Stone:*
And yield it, made into his Hands: of which,
He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away,
Me-thinks I ſee him entring Ordinaries,
Diſpenſing for the Pox, and Plaguy Houſes,
Reaching his Doſe, walking *Moore-fields* for Lepers,
And offering Citizens-wives Pomander-bracelets,
As his Preſervative, made of the *Elixir;*
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the High-ways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd, of her long ſleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall do more than ſhe,
In her beſt to love to Mankind, ever could
If his Dream laſt, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mammon, Surly.

COME on, Sir. Now, you ſet your Foot on Shore
In *novo Orbe;* Here's the rich *Peru:*
And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon's Ophir!* He was Sailing to't,
Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronounce the happy Word, *Be Rich.*
This Day you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi.*

You

You ſhall no more deal with the hollow Dye,
Or the frail Card. No more be at Charge of keeping
The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that muſt
Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the Commodity. No more
Shall thirſt of Sattin, or the Covetous hunger
Of Velvet Entrails, for a rude-ſpun Cloke,
To be diſplaid at *Madam Auguſta's*, make
The Sons of *Sword*, and *Hazzard* fall before
The Golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights,
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:
Or go a feaſting, after Drum and Enſign.
No more of this. You ſhall ſtart up young *Vicerois*,
And have your Punques, and Punquetees, my *Surly*,
And unto thee, I ſpeak it firſt, *Be Rich*,
Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within } *Within* } Sir.
hough!
He'll come to you, by and by.
Mam. That's his Fire-drake,
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,
Till he ſirk Nature up, in her own Center.
You are not faithful, Sir. This Night, I'll change
All, that is Metal, in thy Houſe, to Gold.
And, early in the Morning, will I ſend
To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,
And Buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchaſe *Devonſhire*, and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies!* You admire now?
Sur. No faith. *Mam.* But when you ſee the effects of the great Medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,
Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*;
Nay, to a thouſand, ſo *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I ſee't, I will.
But, if my Eyes do dozen me ſo (and I

Giving

Giving 'em no occaſion) ſure I'll have
A Whore, ſhall piſs 'em out, next Day. *Mam.* Ha! Why?
Do you think, I Fable with you? I aſſure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by it's Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Reſpect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourſcore, a Child.
Sur. No doubt, he's that already. *Mam.* Nay, I mean,
Reſtore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our *Philoſophers* have done
(The antient *Patriarchs* afore the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knive's Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Muſtard of it:
Become ſtout *Marſes*, and beget young *Cupids*.
Sur. The decay'd *Veſtals* of *Pickt-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the Fire a-live, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the ſecret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainſt all Infections,
Cures all Diſeaſes, coming of all Cauſes;
A Month's Grief in a Day; a Years in twelve:
And, of what Age ſoever, in a Month.
Paſt all the Doſes of your drugging Doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o' the Kingdom, in three Months. *Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Players ſhall Sing your Praiſes, then,
Without their Poets. *Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away ſo much unto my Man,
Shall ſerve th' whole City, with Preſervative,
Weekly; each Houſe his Doſe, and at the rate ——
Sur. As he that built the Water-work, do's with Water?
Mam. You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith I have a Humour,

I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot tranſmute me. *Mam. Pertinax Surly*,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll ſhew you a Book, where *Moſes*, and his Siſter,
And *Solomon* have written of the Art;
I, and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How!
Mam. O' the *Philoſophers Stone*, and in high *Dutch*.
Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*? *Mam.* He did:
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. *Sur.* What Paper?
Mam. On Cedar Board. *Sur.* O that, indeed (they ſay)
Will laſt 'gainſt Worms. *Mam.* 'Tis like your *Iriſh* Wood,
'Gainſt Cob-webs. I have a piece of *Jaſon*'s Fleece, too,
Which was no other than a Book of *Alchemy*.
Writ in large Sheep-skin, a good fat Ram-vellam.
Such was *Pythagoras*'s Thigh, *Pandora*'s Tub;
And, all that Fable of *Medea*'s Charms,
The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace,
Still breathing Fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragons Teeth, *Mercury* Sublimate,
That keeps the whiteneſs, hardneſs, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into *Jaſon*'s Helm,
(Th' *Alembick*) and then ſow'd in *Mars* his Field,
And thence ſublim'd ſo often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' *Heſperian* Garden, *Cadmus* Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of *Midas*, *Argus* Eyes,
Boccace his *Demogorgon*, thouſands more,
All abſtract Riddles of our *Stone*. How now?

SCENE II.

Mammon, Face, Surly.

Mam. Do we ſucceed? Is our Day come? and hold's it;
Fac. The Evening will ſet red upon you, Sir;
You have colour for it, Crimſon: the red *Ferment*
Has

Has done his Office, Three Hours hence, prepare you
To ſee Projection. *Mam. Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
Again, I ſay to thee, aloud, *Be Rich*,
This Day, thou ſhalt have Ingots: and, to Morrow,
Give Lords th' affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Bluſhes the *Bolts-head*. *Fac.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
That were, but now, diſcover'd to her Maſter.
Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs!* My only Care is,
Where to get Stuff enough now, to Project on,
This Town will not half ſerve me. *Fac.* No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true.
Fac. Yes.
Let 'em ſtand bare, as do their Auditory.
Or cap 'em, new, with Shingles. *Mam.* No good Thatch:
Thatch will lye light upo' the Rafters, *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace;
I will reſtore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
Loſt in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
Hurt wi' the Fume, o' the Metals. *Fac.* I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your Worſhip; thrown by many a Coal,
When 'twas not Beech; weigh'd thoſe I put in, juſt,
To keep your heat ſtill even; Theſe Bleard-Eyes
Have wak'd, to read your ſeveral Colours, Sir:
Of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lyon*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacock's Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And laſtly,
Thou haſt deſcryed the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni!*
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* Where's Maſter? *Fac.* At's Prayers, Sir, he,
Good Man, he's doing his Devotions,
For the Succeſs. *Mam. Lungs*, I will ſet a Period
To all thy Labours: Thou ſhalt be the Maſter
Of my *Seraglio*. *Fac.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear?
I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean
To have a Liſt of Wives and Concubines,
Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
Alike with me: and I will make me a Back
With the *Elixir*, that ſhall be as tough

As

As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a Night.
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it *Blood? Fac.* Both *Blood* and *Spirit*, Sir.
Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up; not ſtuft:
Down is too hard. And then, mine Oval Room
Fill'd with ſuch Pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glaſſes
Cut in more ſubtil Angles, to diſperſe,
And multiply the Figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succabæ*. My Miſts
I'll have of Perfume, vapor'd 'bout the Room,
To loſe our ſelves in; and my Baths, like Pits
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And rowl us dry in Goſſamour and Roſes.
(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby?*) —— Where I ſpy
A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer,
Have a ſublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand Pound, to be my Cuckold.
Fac And I ſhall carry it? *Mam.* No, I'll ha' no Bawds,
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of Divines,
That I can get for Money. My meet Fools,
Eloquent Burgeſſes, and then my Poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtily of the *Fart*:
Whom I will entertain ſtill for that Subject.
The few that would give out themſelves, to be
Court and Town-ſtallions, and, each-where, belye
Ladies, who are known moſt Innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I beg, to make me *Eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fan me with Ten Eſtrich Tails
A piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind.
We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.
My Meat ſhall all come in *Indian* Shells,
Diſhes of Agat ſet in Gold, and ſtudded
With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
The Tongues of Carps, Dormiſe, and Camels Heels,
Boil'd i' the Spirit of *Sol*, and diſſolv'd Pearl,

(*Apicius* Diet, 'gainſt the *Epilepſie*)
And I will eat theſe Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.
My Foot-boy ſhall eat Pheaſants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my ſelf will have
The Beards of Barbels ſerv'd, in ſtead of Sallads;
Oil'd Muſhromes; and the ſwelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Dreſt with an exquiſite, and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll ſay unto my Cook, There's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *Fac.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft and light
As Cob-webs; and for all my other Rayment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the *Perſian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fiſhes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradiſe*, and Eaſtern Air ———

Sur. And do' you think to have the *Stone*, with this?

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the *Stone*.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A Pious, Holy, and Religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.

Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I Buy it.
My Venture brings it me. He, honeſt Wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Faſting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poyſon.

SCENE III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

Mam. Good Morrow, Father. *Sub.* Gentle Son, good Morrow,
And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An Heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
Yo'are

Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the juſt Point: prevent your Day, at Morning.
This argues ſomething, worthy of a Fear
Of importune, and carnal Appetite
Take heed, do you not cauſe the Bleſſing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my Labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not proſper, where my Love and Zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (Heaven I call to witneſs, with your ſelf,
To whom I have pour'd my Thoughts) in all my Ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,
To pious Uſes, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Luſts, employ
So Great and Catholick a Bliſs, be ſure,
A Curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret way. *Mam.* I know, Sir,
You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtive of belief
Toward your *Stone:* would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Robe.*
We have a *Med'cine* of the *triple Soul,*
The *glorified Spirit.* Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it. ULEN SPIEGEL.
Fac. Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Regiſter,
And let your heat ſtill leſſen by degrees,
To the *Aludels.* *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the *Bolts-head* yet? *Fac.* Which, on *D.* Sir?
Sub. I.
What's the Complexion? *Fac.* Whitiſh. *Sub.* Infuſe Vinegar,
To draw his *volatile ſubſtance,* and his *Tincture:*
And let the Water in *Glaſs E.* be *feltred,*
And put into the *Gripes Egg.* Lute him well;

And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Fac*. I will, Sir.
Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Canting?
Sub. I' have another work, you never ſaw, Son,
That three Days ſince paſt the *Philoſopher's Wheel*.
In the lent heat of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature. *Mam*. But 'tis for me? *Sub*. What need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam*. O, but ———
Sub. Why, this is covetiſe! *Mam*. No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all in pious uſes,
Founding of Colleges, and *Grammar* Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hoſpitals,
And now, and then, a Church. *Sub*. How now?
Fac. Sir, pleaſe you,
Shall I not change the *feltre*? *Sub*. Marry, yes.
And bring me the Complexion of *Glaſs B*.
Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub*. Yes, Son, were I aſſur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorifie it. But I hope the beſt:
I mean to tinct *C*. in *Sand-heat*, to Morrow,
And give him *Imbibition*. *Mam*. Of white Oil?
Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F*. is come over the *Helm* too,
I thank my Maker, in S. *Maries Bath*,
And ſhews *Lac Virginis*. Bleſſed be Heaven.
I ſent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd*.
Out of that *Calx*, I' ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.
Mam. By powring on your *rectified water*?
Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanor*.
How now? What colour ſays it? *Fac*. The ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your *Crowes head*?
Sur. Your Cocks-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.
That work wants ſomething. *Sur*. (O, look'd for this.
The Hay is a pitching.) *Sub*. Are you ſure, you loos'd 'em

I' their

I'their own *menſtrue? Fac.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em
And put them in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digeſtion*,
According as you bade me, when I ſet
The *Liquor* of *Mars* to *Circulation*,
In the ſame heat. *Sub.* The Proceſs, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,
And what was ſav'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,
And Sign'd with *Hermes' Seal*. *Sub.* I think 'twas ſo.
We ſhould have a new *Amalgama*. (*Sur.* O, this Ferret
Is rank as any Pole-cat.) *Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en dye; we have enough beſide,
In *Embrion*. H. ha's his *white-ſhirt* on? *Fac.* Yes, Sir,
He's ripe for *inceration*: He ſtands warm,
In his *Aſh-Fire*. I would not, you ſhould let
Any die now, If I might counſel, Sir,
For lucks ſake to the reſt. It is not good.
Mam. He ſays right. *Sur.* I, are you bolted?
Fac. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I' have ſeen th' ill Fortune. What is ſome three Ounces
Of freſh *materials*? *Mam.* Is't no more? *Fac.* No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t' *Amalgame*, with ſome ſix of *Mercury*.
Mam. Away, here's Mony. What will ſerve?
Fac. Ask him, Sir.
Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him Nine Pound: you may gi' him Ten.
Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be Cozen'd, do. *Mam.* There 'tis.
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it ſo,
To ſee concluſions of all, For two
Of our inferiour Works, are at *fixation*.
A third is in *aſcenſion*. Go your ways.
Ha' you ſet the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philoſophers* Vinegar.
Fac. I.

Sur. We ſhall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do you make *Projection?*

Sub. Son, be not haſty, I *exalt* our *Med'cine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoſo*,
And giving him ſolution; then *congeal* him;
For look how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Vertue.
As, if at firſt one Ounce convert a hundred.
After his ſecond looſe, he'll turn a thouſand;
His third ſolution, ten; his fourth a hundred.
After his fifth, a thouſand thouſand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal, into pure
Silver or Gold, in all Examinations,
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here againſt Afternoon,
Your Braſs, your Pewter, and your Andirons.

Mam. Not thoſe of Iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may ſend my Spits?

Sub. Yes, and your Racks.

Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he pleaſe. *Sur.* To be an Aſs.

Sub. How, Sir!

Mam. This Gent'man you muſt bear withal:
I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And a little Hope, Sir;
But much leſs Charity, ſhould I gull my ſelf.

Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd, Sir, in our Art,
Seems ſo impoſſible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
That you ſhould hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd ſo? *Sur.* If I ſhould?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themſelves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Eggs ordain'd by Nature to that end,
And is a Chicken in *Potentia*.

Sub.

Sub. The ſame we ſay of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had time. *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. *Sub.* I, for 'twere abſurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i' the inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote Matter. *Sur.* I, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we ſay——*Mam.* I, now it heats: ſtand Father,
Pound him to Duſt——*Sub.* It is, of the one part,
A humid Exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *unctuous Water*;
On the other part, a certain craſs and viſcous
Portion of Earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the Elementary Matter of Gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But commune to all Metals, and all Stones.
For, where it is forſaken of that moiſture,
And hath more drineſs, it becomes a Stone;
Where it retains more of the humid fatneſs,
It turns to *Sulphur*, or to *Quickſilver*,
Who are the Parents of all other Metals.
Nor can this remote Matter ſuddenly
Progreſs ſo from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow Gold, and leap o'er all the Means.
Nature doth firſt beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds ſhe to the Perfect. Of that airy
And oily Water, *Mercury* is engendred;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthly part; the one
(Which is the laſt) ſupplying the place of Male,
The other of Female, in all Metals.
Some do believe that *Hermaphrodeity*,
That both do act and ſuffer. But theſe two
Make the reſt ductile, malleable, extenſive.
And even in Gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our Fire, and Gold in them;
And can produce the *ſpecies* of each Metal
More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.
Beſide, who doth not ſee, in daily practice,
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Waſps,

Out of the Carcaſſes and Dung of Creatures;
Yea, Scorpions of an Herb, being rightly plac'd?
And theſe are living Creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than Metals. *Mam.* well ſaid, *Father!*
Nay, if he take you in Hand, Sir, with an *Argument*,
He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, ſtay.
Rather then I'll be bray'd, Sir. I'll believe
That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of Game,
Somewhat like Tricks o'the Cards, to cheat a Man
With charming. *Sub.* Sir?
Sur. What elſe are all your Terms,
Whereon no one o'your Writers 'grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Med'cine*, and your *Chryſoſperme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*, your *Blood*,
Your *Marcheſite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magneſia*,
Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*.
And then your *Red-Man*, and your *White-Woman*,
With all your *Broths*, your *Menſtrues*, and *Materials*,
Of *Piſs* and *Egg-ſhels*, *Womens Terms*, *Man's Blood*,
Hair o'th' Head, *burnt Clouts*, *Chalk*, *Merds*, and *Clay*,
Powder of Bones, *Scalings of Iron*, *Glaſs*,
And Worlds of other ſtrange *Ingredients*,
Would burſt a Man to name? *Sub.* And *all theſe*, *nam'd*,
Intending but one thing; which Art our Writers
Us'd to obſcure their Art. *Mam.* Sir, ſo I told him,
Becauſe the ſimple Idiot ſhould not learn it,
And make it vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the *Knowledge*
Of the *Ægyptians* writ in myſtick *Symbols*?
Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
Are not the choiceſt *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the *Fountains* and firſt *Springs of Wiſdom*,
Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that *Syſiphus* was damn'd
To roll the ceaſleſs Stone, only becauſe
He *would* have ours *common*. Who is this? [*Doll is ſeen.*
God's precious--What do you mean? Go in, *good Lady*,

Let

Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet? *Fac.* Sir?
Sub. You very Knave! do you uſe me thus?
Fac. Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in, and ſee, you Traitor. Go.
Mam. Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.
Mam. What' the matter, good Sir?
I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd? Who is't?
Sub. All Arts have ſtill had, Sir, their *Adverſaries*;
But ours the *moſt ignorant*. What now? [*Face returns.*
Fac. 'Twas not my Fault, Sir; ſhe would ſpeak with you.
Sub. Would ſhe, Sir? Follow me.
Mam. Stay, *Lungs*. *Fac.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam. How! Pray thee ſtay.
Fac. She's mad, Sir, and ſent hither——
Mam. Stay Man, what is ſhe! *Fac.* A Lord's Siſter, Sir.
(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.)
Why ſent hither?
Fac. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sur.* Why Raſcal!
Fac. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.
Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
Too ſcrupulous that way. It is his Vice.
No, he's a rare Phyſician, do him right,
An excellent *Paracelſian*, and has done
Strange Cures with *Mineral Phyſick*. He deals all
With Spirits, he. He will not hear a Word
Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe's*.
How now, *Lungs*! [*Face again.*
Fac. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your Worſhip all. This muſt not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.
Fac. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare *Scholar*,
And is gone mad with ſtudying *Braughton's Works*.
If you but name a Word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have Conference with her, *Lungs?*
Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon.*
Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, *Ulen,*
One word. *Fac.* I dare not, in good faith.
Mam. Stay, Knave.
Fac. H' is extream angry that you ſaw her, Sir.
Mam. Drink that. What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her Fit?
Fac. O, the moſt affableſt creature, Sir! ſo merry!
So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you up, like *Quick-ſilver,*
Over the Helm; and *circulate*, like *Oil,*
A very *Vegetal*, Diſcourſe of *State,*
Of *Mathematicks, Bawdry*, any thing——
Mam. Is ſhe no ways acceſſible? no means,
No trick to give a Man a taſte of her——wit——
Or ſo?—ULEN. *Fac.* I'll come to you again, Sir.
Mam. Surly, I did not think, one your breeding
Would traduce Perſonages of worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure,*
Your friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *Philoſophical* Bawds.
Their *Stone* is Letchery enough to pay for,
Without this Bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuſe your ſelf.
I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
The Original of this Diſaſter. Her Brother
H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you ne'er ſaw her
Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
One o' the treacherouſeſt memories, I do think,
Of all Mankind. *Sur.* What call you her Brother?
Mam. My Lord——
He wi' not have his Name known, now I think on't.
Sur, A very treacherous Memory! *Mam.* O my faith——

Sur.

Sur. Tut. If you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this hand, tis true.
He's one I honour, and my Noble Friend,
And I reſpect his Houſe. *Sur.* Heart, can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard means
To gull himſelf? And this be your *Elixir*,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,
Give me your honeſt trick, yet, at *Primero*,
Or *Gleek*; and take your *lutum ſapientis*,
Your *menſtruum ſimplex*: I'll have Gold before you,
And with leſs Danger of the *Quickſilver*,
Or the hot *Sulphur*.

Fac. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir? [*To* Surly.
Deſires you to meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
Some half hour hence, and upon earneſt Buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us, now; and come
[*He whiſpers* Mammon.
Again within two Hours, you ſhall have
My Maſter buſie examining o' the Works;
And I will ſteal you unto the Party,
That you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
You'll meet the Captain's Worſhip? *Sur.* I will,
But, by Attorney, and to a ſecond Purpoſe.
Now, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
I'll ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me:
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, h' is the moſt authentick Dealer
I' theſe Commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the quainter Traffickers in Town.
He is the *Viſitor*, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what Hour; what Price;
Which Gown; and in what Smock; what Fall; what Tyre.
Him will I prove, by a third Perſon to find
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,
You'll give your poor Friend leave, tho' no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep,

Fac.

Fac. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir *Epicure*, I ſhall leave you?
Mam, I follow you, ſtraight.
Fac. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid Suſpicion,
This Gent'man has a par'lous Head.
Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,
Be conſtant to thy Promiſe? *Fac.* As my Life, Sir.
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and praiſe me?
And ſay, I am a noble Fellow? O what elſe, Sir.
And that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empreſs; and your ſelf King of *Bantam*.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Fac. Will I, Sir? *Mam. Lungs*, my *Lungs!*
I love thee. *Fac.* Send your Stuff, Sir, that my Maſter
May buſie himſelf about projection.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, Rogue? Take, go.
Fac. Your Jack, and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a Villain—I will ſend my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.
Away, thou doſt not care for me. *Fac.* Not I, Sir?
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good Weaſel,
Set thee on a Bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the beſt Lord's Vermine of 'em all. *Fac.* Away Sir.
Mam. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-Palatine*.———
Fac. Good, Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faſter.

SCENE IV.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?
Fac. And ſwallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha' giv'n him Line, and now he plays, yfaith.
Sub. And ſhall we twitch him?
Fac. Thorow both the Gills.

A Wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight firks mad.
Sub. Dol. my Lord *Wha'ts'hums* Siſter, you muſt now
Bear your ſelf STATELICH. *Dol.* O let me alone.
I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my Diſtance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud ſcurvy Lady,
And be as rude as her Woman. *Fac.* Well ſaid, *Sanguine*,
Sub. But will he ſend his Andirons?
Fac. His Jack too;
And's Iron ſhooing-Horn: I ha' ſpoken to him. Well,
I muſt not loſe my wary Gameſter, yonder,
Sub. O *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
Fac. I, if I can ſtrike a fine hook into him, now,
The *Temple*-Church, there I have caſt mine Angle.
Well, pray for me, I'll about it.
Sub. What more Gudgeons! [*One knocks*,
Dol. ſcout, ſcout,; ſtay, *Face*, you muſt go to the door.
'Pray God it be my *Anabaptiſt*. Who is't, *Dol*?
Dol, I know him not. He looks like a Goldend-man.
Sub. Gods ſo! tis he, he ſaid he would ſend.
What call you him?
The *ſanctified Elder*, that ſhould deal
For *Mammon*'s Jack and Andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, firſt with my Gown, Away
Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now;
In a new tune, new geſture, but old Language,
This fellow is ſent from one negotiates with me
About the *Stone* too; for the *holy Brethren*,
Of *Amſterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope
To raiſe their *Diſcipline* by it. I muſt uſe him
In ſome ſtrange faſhion, now to make him admire me.

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Ananias.

Sub. Where is my Drudge? *Fac.* Sir.
Sub. Take away the *Recipient*,
And rectifie your *Menſtrue* from the *Phlegma*.

Then

Then pour it o' the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And let 'em macerate together. *Fac.* Yes, Sir.
And ſave the Ground? *Sub.* No. *Terra damnata*
Muſt not have entrance in the *work*. Who are you?
Ana. A *faithful Brother*, if it pleaſe you.
Sub. What's that?
A *Lullianiſt*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?
Can you *ſublime* and *dulcifie*? *calcine*?
Know you the *Sapor Pontick*? *Sapor Styptick*?
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?
Ana. I underſtand no *Heathen* Language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you *Knipper-Doling*? Is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chryſopœia*, *or Spagyrica*,
Or the *Pamphyſick*, or *Panarchick* Knowledge,
A *Heathen* language? *Ana. Heathen Greek*, I take it.
Sub. How? *Heathen Greek*?
Ana, All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*.
Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, ſtand you forth, and ſpeak to him,
Like a *Philoſopher*: Anſwer i' the language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the work. *Fac.* Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. *Sub.* This is *Heathen Greek*, to you now?
And whence comes *Vivification*? *Fac.* After *Mortification*.
Sub. What's *Cohobation*. *Fac.* 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine Circle* of the *Seven Sphears*.
Sub. What's the proper paſſion of Metals?
Fac. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum ſupplicium auri*?
Fac. Antimonium.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And what's your *Mercury*?
Fac. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.
Sub. How know you him? *Fac.* By his *Viſcoſity*,
His *Oleoſity*, and his *Suſcitability*.
Sub. How do you *ſublime* him?

Fac.

Fac. With the *calce* of Egg-ſhels,
White Marble, *Chalk*. *Sub.* Your *Magiſterium*, now?
What's that? *Fac.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moiſt, moiſt into hot, hot into dry.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you ſtill?
Your *Lapis Philoſophicus?* *Fac.* 'Tis a *Stone*, and not
A *Stone*; a *Spirit*, a *Soul*, and a *Body*:
Which if you do *diſſolve*, it is *diſſolv'd*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to *fly*, it *flieth*. *Sub.* Enough.
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?
Ana. Pleaſe you, a ſervant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a juſt account unto the *Saints*:
A *Deacon*. *Sub.* O, you are ſent from Maſter *Wholſome*,
Your *Teacher?* *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholſome*,
Our very zealous *Paſtor*. *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, Sir?
Sub. Pewter, and Braſs, Andirons, and Kitchinware,
Metals, that we muſt uſe our Med'cine on:
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a penn'orth,
For ready money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Profeſſors?
Sub. Why do you ask? *Ana.* Becauſe
We then are to deal juſtly, and give (in truth)
Their utmoſt value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'ld cozen elſe,
And if their Parents were not of the *faithful?*
I will not truſt you, now I think on't,
'Till I ha' talk'd with your *Paſtor*. Ha' you brought money
To buy more Coals?
Ana. No ſurely. *Sub.* No? How ſo?
Ana. The *Brethren* bid me ſay to you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may ſee *projection*.
Sub. How! *Ana.* You 'have had,
For the Inſtruments, as Bricks and Lome, and Glaſſes,
Already thirty pound; and for Materials,
They ſay, ſome ninety more: And they have heard ſince,

That

That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg,
And a ſmall Paper of Pinduſt.
Sub. What's your Name?
Ana. My Name is *Ananias.*
Sub. Out, the Varlet
That cozen'd the *Apoſtles!* Hence, away,
Flee *Miſchief*; had your *holy Conſiſtory*
No Name to ſend me, of another Sound,
Than wicked *Ananias?* ſend your *Elders*
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me ſatisfaction; or out goes
The fire: and down th' *Alembecks*, and the fornace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, ſhall be loſt,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Biſhops*,
Or th' *Antichriſtian Hierarchy* ſhall periſh,
If they ſtay threeſcore Minutes. The *Aqueity*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureity*
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias.* This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haſte towards their gulling more.
A man muſt deal like a rough Nurſe, and fright
Thoſe that are froward to an appetite.

SCENE VI.

Face, Subtle, Drugger.

Fac. H'is buſie with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! What mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another piece of Gold to look on:
(We muſt appeaſe him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would deviſe (what is it *Nab?*) *Dru.* A ſign, Sir.
Fac. I a good lucky one, a thriving ſign, Doctor.
Sub. I was deviſing now.
Fac. (Slight, do not ſay ſo,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What ſay you to his *Conſtellation*, Doctor?
The *Ballance?*

Sub.

Sub. No, that way is ſtale, and common.
A Townſman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
Or the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in ſome myſtick Character; whoſe *Radii*,
Striking the Senſes of the paſſers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may reſult upon the party owns it:
As thus —— *Fac. Nab!*
Sub. He ſhall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it ſtanding one whoſe Name is *Dee*,
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug!*
And right anenſt him a Dog ſnarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger, Abel Drugger.* That's his ſign.
And here's now *Myſtery*, and *Hieroglyphick!*
Fac. Abel, thou art made.
Dru. I do thank his Worſhip.
Fac. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, *Nab.*
He has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.
Dru. Yes, Sir:
I have another thing I would impart ——
Fac. Out with it, *Nab.*
Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me
A rich young Widow —— *Fac.* Good? a *bona roba?*
Dru. But Nineteen at the moſt.
Fac. Very good, *Abel.*
Dru. Marry, ſh'is not in faſhion yet; ſhe wears
A hood; but 't ſtands acop. *Fac.* No matter, *Abel.*
Dru. And I do now and then give her a *fucus* ——
Fac. What! doſt thou deal, *Nab?*
Sub. I did tell you, Captain.
Dru. And Phyſick too ſometime, Sir: for which ſhe truſts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpoſe
To learn the Faſhion.
Fac. Good (his match too!) on, *Nab.*
Dru. And ſhe do's ſtrangely long to know her fortune.
Fac. Gods lid, *Nab*, ſend her to the Doctor hither.
Dru. Yes, I have ſpoke to her of his Worſhip already:

But

But ſhe's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage. *Fac.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and ſought: *Nab*, thou ſhalt tell her this;
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your Widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their Honour is the multitude of Suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou doſt not know. *Dru.* No, Sir, ſhe'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.
Fac. What, and doſt thou deſpair, my little *Nab*,
Knowing what the Doctor has ſet down for thee,
And ſeeing ſo many of the City dubb'd?
One Glaſs o' thy water, with a *Madam*, I know
Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a Knight?
Dru. No, Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in his land, Sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern
His Siſter here; and is a Man himſelf
Of ſome three thouſand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the Countrey.
Fac. How! to quarrel?
Dru. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels,
As Gallants do, to manage 'em by Line.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab!* The Doctor is the only man
In *Chriſtendom* for him. He has made a Table,
With *Mathematical* Demonſtrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Inſtrumet to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his Siſter. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perſwade. Go to.
'Shat give his Worſhip a new Damask Suit
Upon the premiſſes.
Sub. O, good Captain. *Fac.* He ſhall,
He is the honeſteſt fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No Offers, bring the Damask, and the Parties.
Dru. I'll try my power, Sir.

Fac.

Fac. And thy will too, *Nab.*
Sub. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! what is't an Ounce?
Fac. He'll ſend you a pound, Doctor.
Sub. O, no. *Fac.* He will do't.
It is the goodeſt Soul. *Abel*, about it.
(Thou ſhalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
A miſerable Rogue, and lives with Cheeſe,
And has the worms, That was the Cauſe indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em.
Sub. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Fac. A wife, a wife for one on'us, my dear *Subtle*:
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, ſhall have
The more in Goods, the other has in Tail.
Sub. Rather the leſs. For ſhe may be ſo light
She may want Grains.
Fac. I, or be ſuch a burden,
A man would ſcarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, beſt let's ſee her firſt, and then determine.
Fac. Content. But *Dol* muſt ha' no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.
Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Sub. I fear it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Tri. THESE chaſtiſements are common to the Saints,
And ſuch rebukes we of the *ſeparation*.
Muſt bear, with willing ſhoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure Zeal
I do not like the man, He is a *Heathen*,
And ſpeaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.
Tri. I think him a prophane perſon indeed.
Ana. He bears

The

The visible mark of the Beast in his fore-head.
And for his *stone*, it is a work of darkness,
And with *Philosophy* blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good *Brother*, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the *holy Cause*.
Ana. Which his cannot: The *sanctified Cause*
Should have a *sanctified Course*.
Tri. Not always necessary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Instruments even of the greatest works.
Beside, we should give somewhat to mans nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to Passion.
Where have you greater *Atheists* than your Cooks?
Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your Glasmen?
More *Antichristian* than your Bell-founders?
What makes the Devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and *Arsnick*? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of Humours in the blood. It may be so.
When as the work is done, the *stone* is made,
This heat of his may turn into a Zeal,
And stand up for the beautious discipline,
Against the menstruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome*.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the *Brethrens* blessing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the *silenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosophers Stone*.
And so a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Assur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only Med'cine, for the civil Magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the Cause;
And must be daily us'd in the Disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:

And

And I am ſad my Zeal hath ſo offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the Spirit; I will knock firſt: Peace be within.

SCENE II.

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

Sub. O 'are you come? 'Twas time. Your threeſcore minutes
Were at laſt thread, you ſee; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, Turris circulatorius:
Lembek, Bolts-head, Retort, and *Pellicane*
Had all been cinders. Wicked *Ananias!*
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeaſed, he is come to humble
Himſelf in Spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much Zeal hath carried him aſide
From the due path. *Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie!
Tri. The *Brethren* had no purpoſe, verily,
To give you the leaſt Grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The Spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful elſe to the holy work,
It ſhall be numbred; here, by me, the *Saints*
Throw down their Purſe before you.
Sub. This qualifies moſt!
Why, thus it ſhould be, now you underſtand.
Have I diſcours'd ſo unto you of our *Stone,*
And of the good that it ſhall bring your Cauſe?
Shew'd you (beſide the main of hiring Forces
Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders,* your Friends,
From th' *Indies,* to ſerve you, with all their Fleet)
That even the med'cinal uſe ſhould make you a Faction,
And Party in the Realm? As put the caſe,
That ſome great man in State, he have the Gout,
Why, you but ſend three drops of your *Elixir,*
You help him ſtraight: there you have made a friend.

Another has the Palſie, or the Dropſie,
He takes of your incombuſtible ſtuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A Lady that is paſt the feat of Body,
Tho' not of mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all cure of Paintings, you reſtore
With the Oil of *Talek*; there you have made a friend:
And all her friends. A Lord that is a *Leper*,
A Knight that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire
That hath both theſe, you make 'em ſmooth and ſound,
With a bare *fricace* of your Med'cine: ſtill
You increaſe your friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Chriſtmaſs* ——

Ana. Chriſt-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet *Ananias?*

Ana. I have done. *Sub.* Or changing
His parcel gilt to maſſie Gold. You cannot
But raiſe your friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an Army in the field, to buy
The King of *France* out of his Realms, or *Spain*
Out of the *Indies*. What can you not do
Againſt Lords ſpiritual and temporal,
That ſhall oppone you? *Tri.* Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal Lords our ſelves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to mak
Long-winded Exerciſes, or ſuck up
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
But ſuch as are not graced in a State,
May, for their Ends, be adverſe in Religion,
And get a tune to call the Flock together:
For (to ſay ſooth) a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatick people, it is your Bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane: a tune may be religiou

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewel m
patience.
'Slight, it ſhall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, Sir.

Sub. All ſhall periſh. I have ſpoke it.

Tri. Let me find Grace, Sir, in your eyes; the man
He ſtands corrected: neither did his zeal
(But as your ſelf) allow a tune ſomewhere;
Which now being to'ard the Stone, we ſhall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy Vizard, to win widows
To give you Legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the *Common Cauſe:*
Nor take the ſtart of Bonds broke but one day;
And ſay, *they were forfeited by Providence.*
Nor ſhall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next days Faſt the better:
The whilſt the *Brethren* and the *Siſters* humbled,
Abate the ſtiffneſs of the fleſh. Nor caſt
Before your hungry Hearers ſcrupulous Bones;
As whether a Chriſtian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether *Matrons of the Holy Aſſembly*
May lay their Hair out, or wear Doublet;
Or have that Idol Starch about their Linnen.
Ana. It is indeed an Idol.
Tri. Mind him not, Sir.
I do command thee, Spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
To Peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.
Sub. Nor ſhall you need to libel 'gainſt the *Prelates,*
And ſhorten ſo your Ears againſt the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor of neceſſity
Rail againſt Plays, to pleaſe the Alderman,
Whoſe daily Cuſtard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous Rage till you are hoarſe. Not one
Of theſe ſo ſingular Arts. Nor call your ſelves
By Names of *Tribulation, Perſecution,*
Aſtraint, Long-Patience, and ſuch like affected
By the whole family, or wood of you,
Only for Glory, and to catch the Ear
Of the *Diſciple. Tri.* Truly, Sir, they are
Ways that the *Godly Brethren* have invented
For propagation of the *Glorious Cauſe,*
As very notable means, and whereby alſo
Themſelves grow ſoon, and profitably famous.
Sub. O, but the *Stone,* all's idle to't! nothing!
The Art of Angels, Natures Miracle,

The

The Divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From *East* to *West*; and whose Tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits
Ana. I hate *Traditions:*
I do not trust them——*Tri.* Peace.
Ana. They are *Popish*, all.
I will not peace. I will not——*Tri. Ananias.*
Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly, I may not.
Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou shalt over-come.
Tri. It is an ignorant Zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, else, a very faithful *Brother*,
A Botcher: and a Man, by Revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the Truth.
Sub. Has he a competent Sum there i' the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And must, for Charity and Conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor Orphan:
Tho' I desire the *Brethren* too, good Gainers,
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em.
And tane the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more
To do: Cast on the *Med'cine*, so much Silver
As there is Tin there, so much Gold as Brass,
I'll gi'lt you in by weight. *Tri.* But how long time,
Sir, must the *Saints* expect yet? *Sub.* Let me see,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be *Silver Potate*; then three days
Before he *Citronise*: some fifteen days
The *Magisterium* will be perfected.
Ana. About the second Day of the third Week,
In the ninth Month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias.*
Tri. What will the Orphans Goods arise to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as fill'd three Cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six Millions of 'em.
But I must ha' more Coals laid in.
Tri. How? *Sub.* Another Load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our

Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are paſt
Fimus equinus, *Balnei Cineris*,
And all thoſe lenter heats. If the holy Purſe
Should with this draught fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a preſent ſum, I have a trick
To melt the Pewter, you ſhall buy now, inſtantly,
And with a Tincture make you as good *Dutch* Dollars
As any are in *Holland*. *Tri.* Can you ſo?
Sub. I, and ſhall 'bide the third Examination.
Ana. It will be joyful Tidings to the *Brethren*.
Sub. But you muſt carry it ſecret. *Tri.* I, but ſtay,
This act of coining, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?
We know no Magiſtrate. Or, if we did,
This 's foreign Coin.
Sub. It is no coining, Sir.
It is but caſting. *Tri.* Ha? you diſtinguiſh well.
Caſting of Money may be lawful. *Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it ſo.
Sub. There is no ſcruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
This Caſe of Conſcience he is ſtudied in.
Tri. I'll make a queſtion of it to the *Brethren*.
Ana. The *Brethren* ſhall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where ſhall it be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon [*Knock without.*
There's ſome to ſpeak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the Parcels. That's the Inventory.
I'll come to you ſtraight. Who is it? *Face!* Appear.

SCENE III.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. How now? Good Prize?
Fac. Good Pox! Yond' cauſtive Cheater
Never came on. *Sub.* How then?
Fac. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no ſuch thing
Sub. And ha' you quit him?
Fac. Quit him? an hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight would you have me ſtalk like a Mill-Jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us Grains?

I know him of old. *Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a maiſtry. *Fac.* Let him go, black Boy,
And turn thee, that ſome freſh News may poſſeſs thee.
A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear
Delicious Compeer, and my Party-bawd)
Who is come hither, private for his Conſcience,
And brought Munition with him, ſix great Sloops,
Bigger than three *Dutch* Hoys, beſide round Trunks,
Furniſh'd with Piſtolets, and Pieces of Eight,
Will ſtraight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath,
(That is the Colour) and to make his Battry
Upon our *Dol*, our Caſtle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover* Pire, or what thou wilt. Where is ſhe?
She muſt prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,
The Bath in chief, a Banquet, and her Wit,
For ſhe muſt milk his *Epididymis*.
Where is the *Doxy*? *Sub.* I'll ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again my ſelf. *Fac.* Are they within then?
Sub. Numbring the Sum. *Fac.* How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy.
Fac. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of *Mammon!*
Three o' my Clark! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the *Brethren!* beſide Reverſions,
And States to come i' the Widow, and my *Count?*
My ſhare to day will not be bought for forty ——
Dol. What?
Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou ſo near?
Dol. Yes, ſay Lord General, how fares our Camp?
Fac. As with the few that had intrench'd themſelves
Safe, by their Diſcipline, againſt a World, *Dol.*
And laugh'd within thoſe Trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the Booties, *Dol*, brought in
Daily by their ſmall Parties. This dear hour
A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou maiſt make his Ranſom what thou wilt,
My *Donſabel*: He ſhall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair Looks before he ſees thee; and thrown
In a Down-bed, as dark as any Dungeon;
Where thou ſhalt keep him waking with thy Drum;

Thy

Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be tame,
As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Froſt,
Or Bees are with a Baſon; and ſo hive him
I' the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,
Till he work Honey and Wax, my little *Gods-gift*.
Dol. What is he, General? *Fac.* An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?
Dol. No. *Fac.* Nor my *Drugger?*
Dol. Neither. *Fac.* A Pox on 'em,
They are ſo long a furniſhing! Such Stinkards
Would not be ſeen upon theſe feſtival days.
How now! ha' you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* ſhall do't againſt he ha' the Widow,
To furniſh Houſhold. *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come. *Fac.* I pray he keep away
Till our new Buſineſs be o'er paſt. *Sub.* But, *Face*,
How cam'ſt thou by this Secret, *Don?* *Fac.* A Spirit
Brought me th' Intelligence in a Paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*, I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my means. Sweet *Dol*,
You muſt go tune your Virginal, no loſing
O' the leaſt time. And do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a Flounder; kiſs like a Scallop, cloſe;
And tickle him with thy Mother Tongue. His great
Verdugoſhip has not a jot of Language:
So much the eaſier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obſcure,
And our own Coach-man, whom I have ſent as Guide,
No Creature elſe. Who's that? (*One knocks.*
Sub. It is not he!
Fac. O, no, not yet this Hour.
Sub. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper*,
Your Clerk. *Fac.* God's will then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tyre; and Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's diſpatch him for God's ſake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.
Fac. I warrant you, take but the *Cues* I give you,
It ſhall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the Widow? *Fac.* No,
Not that I ſee. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

SCENE. IV.

Face, Dapper, Drugger, Kaſtril.

Fac. The Doctor is within moving for you;
(I have had the moſt ado to win him to it)
He ſwears you'll be the dearling of the Dice:
He never heard her Highneſs dote till now (he ſays)
Your Aunt has giv'n you the moſt gracious words
That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I ſee her Grace?
Fac. See her, and kiſs her too. What, honeſt *Nab!*
Ha'ſt brought the Damask? *Nab.* No, Sir, here's *Tobacco.*
Fac. 'Tis well done, *Nab:* Thou'lt bring the Damask too?
Dru. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Maſter *Kaſtril*,
I have brought to ſee the Doctor.
Fac. Where's the Widow?
Dru. Sir, as he likes, his Siſter (he ſays) ſhall come.
Fac. O, is it ſo? Good time. Is your Name *Kaſtril*, Sir?
Kaſ. I, and the beſt of the *Kaſtrils*, I'ld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor?
My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any Skill? *Fac.* Wherein, Sir?
Kaſ. To carry a buſineſs, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. *Fac.* It ſeems, Sir, yo' are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Queſtion
Kaſ. Sir, not ſo young, but I have heard ſome Speech
Of the angry Boys, and ſeen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practiſe i'the Country. *Fac.* Sir, for the *Duelle*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall inform you,
To the leaſt ſhadow of a hair: and ſhew you
An Inſtrument he has of his own making,

Where-

Wherewith no ſooner ſhall you make report
Of any Quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Moſt inſtantly, and tell in what degree
Of Safety it lies in, or Mortality.
And how it may be born, whether in a *Right Line*,
Or a *Half Circle*; or may elſe be caſt
Into an *Angle blunt*, if not *acute*:
All this he will demonſtrate. And then, Rules
To give and take the Lie by. *Kaſ.* How? to take it?
Fac. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll ſhew you, or in *Circle*
But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town
Study his *Theorems*, and diſpute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*. *Kaſ.* But does he teach
Living by the Wits too? *Fac.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a ſtark Pimp,
Juſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two Months ſince. I'll tell you his Method:
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome Ordinary
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me.
Fac. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's gaming there, and Tricks.
Fac. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game? *Kaſ.* I, 'twill ſpend a Man.
Fac. Spend you? It will repair you when you are ſpent.
How do they live by their Wits there, that have vented
Six times your Fortunes?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a year!
Fac. I, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch? *Fac.* I, Sir.
And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a *ſlye* o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unreſiſtable luck, within this Fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Barony*. They will ſet him
Upmoſt at the Groom-Porters all the *Chriſtmas!*
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is Play, preſent him with the Chair;
The beſt Attendance, the beſt Drink; ſometimes

Two Glaſſes of *Canary*, and pay nothing;
The pureſt Linen, and the ſharpeſt Knife,
The Patridge next his Trencher: and ſomewhere
The dainty Bed, in private with the dainty.
You ſhall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,
As Play-houſes for a Poet; and the Maſter
Pray him aloud to name what Diſh he affects,
Which muſt be butter'd Shrimps: and thoſe that drink
To no Mouth elſe, will drink to his, as being
The goodly *preſident* Mouth of all the Board.

Kaſ. Do you not gull one?

Fac. 'Od's my life! Do you think it?
You ſhall have a caſt Commander, (can but get
In credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
For ſome two pair of either's Ware, aforehand)
Will, by moſt ſwift Poſts dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himſelf,
His Punk, and naked Boy, in excellent faſhion,
And be admir'd for't. *Kaſ.* Will the Doctor teach this?

Fac. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone.
(As Men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
In a Vacation, when ſmall Money is ſtirring,
And Ordinaries ſuſpended till the Term,
He'll ſhew a Perſpective, where on one ſide
You ſhall behold the Faces and the Perſons
Of all ſufficient young Heirs in Town,
Whoſe Bonds are currant for Commodity;
On th' other ſide, the Merchants Forms, and others,
That without help of any ſecond Broker,
(Who would expect a Share) will truſt ſuch Parcels.
In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign
Where the Commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Sope,
Hops, or Tobacco, Oat-meal, Woad, or Cheeſes.
All which you may ſo handle, to enjoy
To your own uſe, and never ſtand oblig'd.

Kaſ. I'faith! Is he ſuch a Fellow?

Fac. Why, *Nab* here knows him.
And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'ſt Man!

He's

He's ſent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counſel, and to know their Fortunes.
Kaſ. Gods will, my Suſter ſhall ſee him.
Fac. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange thing!
(By the way, you muſt eat no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breeds Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breeds Worms) but paſs it,
He told me, honeſt *Nab*, here was ne'er at Tavern
But once in's life! *Dru.* Truth, and no more I was not.
Fac. And then he was ſo ſick——
Dru. Could he tell you that too?
Fac. How ſhould I know it?
Dru. In troth we had been a ſhooting,
And had a piece of fat Ram-mutton to ſupper,
That lay ſo heavy o' my Stomach——
Fac. And he has no Head
To bear any Wine; for what with the Noiſe o' the Fidlers,
And care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servants——
Dru. My Head did ſo ake——
Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good *Old Woman*——
Dru. (Yes, faith, ſhe dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me,
With ſodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:
Coſt me but Two-pence. I had another Sickneſs
Was worſe than that. *Fac.* I, that was the Grief
Thou took'ſt for being ſeſs'd at Eighteen-pence,
For the Water-work. *Dru.* In truth, and it was like
T' have coſt me almoſt my Life. *Fac.* Thy Hair went off?
Dru. Yes, 'twas done for ſpight.
Fac. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suſter,
I'll ſee this learned Boy before I go:
And ſo ſhall ſhe. *Fac.* Sir, he is buſie now:
But if you have a Siſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own Pains may command her ſooner;

And he by that time will be free. *Kaſ.* I go.
Fac. Druger, ſhe's thine: the Damask. (*Subtle* and I
Muſt wraſtle for her.) Come on, Maſter *Dapper*.
You ſee how I turn Clients here away,
To give your Cauſe diſpatch. Ha' you perform'
The Ceremonies were enjoyn'd you?
Dap. Yes, o' the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt.
Fac. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
More worſhip than you think. Your Aunt's afire,
But that ſhe will not ſhew it, t' have a ſight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Grace's Servants?
Dap. Yes, here are ſix ſcore *Edward* Shillings.
Fac. Good.
Dap. And an old *Harry*'s Soveraign. *Fac.* Very good.
Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth* Groat,
Juſt twenty Nobles. *Fac.* O, you are too juſt.
I would you had the other Noble in *Maries*.
Dap. I have ſome *Philip* and *Maries*. *Fac.* I thoſe ſame
Are beſt of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle *diſguis'd like a Prieſt of* Fairy.

Sub. Is yet her *Graces* Couſin come? *Fac.* He is come.
Sub. And is he faſting? *Fac.* Yes.
Sub. And hath cry'd *Hum?*
Fac. Thrice, you muſt anſwer. *Dap.* Thrice.
Sub. And as oft *Buz?*
Fac. If you have, ſay. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then, to her Cuz,
Hoping that he hath Vinegar'd his Senſes,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* diſpenſes,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of *Fortune*;
Which that he ſtraight put on, ſhe doth importune.
And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,
Yet ne arer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:

And

And therefore, even of that a piece ſhe hath ſent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much Love as then her *Grace* did tear it)
About his Eyes, to ſhew he is fortunate.
[*They blind him with a Rag.*
And, truſting unto her to make his State,
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, ſhe doth not doubt him.
Fac. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her *Graces* word (Throw away your Purſe.)
As ſhe would ask it: (Handkerchiefs and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, caſt it off,
Or a ſilver Seal at your Wriſt; her *Grace* will ſend
Her *Fairies* here to ſearch you, therefore deal
Directly with her *Highneſs*. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Fac. All what? *Dap.* My Money, truly.
Fac. Keep nothing that is tranſitory about you.
(Bid *Dol* play Muſick.) Look, the *Elves* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Adviſe you.
[Dol *enters with a Cittern; they pinch him.*
Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't.
Fac. Ti, ti.
They knew't, they ſay. *Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the t'other Pocket?
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.
They muſt pinch him, or he will never confeſs, they ſay.
Dap. O, o.
Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *Graces* Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you ſhall care.
Deal plainly, Sir, and ſhame the *Fairies*. Shew
You are an Innocent.
Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, ſhe ſays

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and ſwears by the Light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good Dark, I ha' nothing but a Half-Crown
Of Gold, about my Wriſt, that my Love gave me;
And a Leaden Heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.

Fac. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur
Your Aunts diſpleaſure for theſe Trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns,
You may wear your Leaden Heart ſtill. How now?

Sub. What News, *Dol?*

Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon.*

Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. H's at the Door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol.* Get his Suit.
He muſt be ſent back. *Fac.* O, by no means.
What ſhall we do with this ſame Puffing here,
Now he's o' the Spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With ſome Device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her *Grace* ſpeak with me?
I come. Help, *Dol.* *Fac.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure,*
[*He ſpeaks through the Key-hole, the other knocking.*
My Maſter's i' the way. Pleaſe you to walk
Three or four Turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her *Grace*
Commends her kindly to you, Maſter *Dapper.*

Dap. I long to ſee her *Grace.* *Sub.* She now is ſet
At Dinner in her Bed, and has ſent you
From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouſe,
And a piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And ſtay your Stomach, leſt you faint with faſting:
Yet if you could hold out till ſhe ſaw you (ſhe ſays)
It would be better for you. *Fac.* Sir, he ſhall
Hold out, and 'twere this two Hours, for her *Highneſs*;
I can aſſure you that. We will not loſe
All we ha' done —— *Sub.* He muſt not ſee, nor ſpeak
To any body, till then. *Fac.* For that we'll put, Sir,
A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Fac.* Of Gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace*

Thus

Thus far, ſhall not now crinkle for a little.
Gape Sir, and let him ſit you. *Sub.* Where ſhall we now
Beſtow him? *Dol.* I' the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir,
I now muſt ſhew you *Fortune*'s Privy Lodgings.
Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All.
Only the Fumigation's ſomewhat ſtrong.
Fac. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face, Mammon, Dol.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only fineſt time? —
Mam. Where's Maſter?
Fac. Now prepairing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will b' all chang'd ſhortly.
Mam. Into Gold?
Fac. To Gold and Silver, Sir. *Mam.* Silver I care not for.
Fac. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.
Mam. Where's the Lady?
Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her ſuch brave things o' you,
Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit —
Mam. Haſt thou?
Fac. As ſhe is almoſt in her Fit to ſee you.
But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,
For fear of putting her in rage — *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Fac. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man ſhould hear or ſee you — *Mam.* Fear not.
Fac. The very Houſe, Sir, would run mad. You know it,
How ſcrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainſt the leaſt act of Sin. *Phyſick*, or *Mathematicks*, *Poetry*, *State*, or *Bawd'ry* (as I told you)
She will endure, and never ſtartle: But
No word of Controverſie. *Mam.* I am ſchool'd, good ULEN.
Fac. And you muſt praiſe her Houſe, remember that,

And

And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:
No *Herald*, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,
Shall do it better. Go. *Fac.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern Happineſs, to have
Dol Common for a great Lady. *Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thy ſelf, talk to her, all in Gold;
Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
Unto his *Danae*: Shew the *God* a Miſer,
Compar'd with *Mammon*. What the *Stone* will do't.
She ſhall feel Gold, taſte Gold, hear Gold, ſleep Gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my talk to her. Here ſhe comes.
Fac. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him. This is the noble Knight,
I told your Ladyſhip —— *Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,
I kiſs your Veſture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady.
Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.
Fac. (Well ſaid, my *Guiny*-bird.)
Mam. Right noble Madam ——
Fac. (O, we ſhall have moſt fierce Idolatry.)
Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.
Dol. Rather your Courteſie.
Mam. Were there nought elſe t'enlarge your Vertues to me,
Theſe Anſwers ſpeak your Breeding, and your Blood.
Dol. Blood we boaſt none, Sir, a poor Barons Daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? Prophane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of my Life
After that Act, lien but there ſtill, and panted,
H' had done enough to make himſelf, his Iſſue,
And his Poſterity Noble. *Dol.* Sir, although
We may be ſaid to want the Gilt and Trapings,
The Dreſs of Honour, yet we ſtrive to keep
The Seeds and the Materials. *Mam.* I do ſee

The

The old Ingredient, Vertue, was not loſt,
Nor the Drug Money us'd to make your Compound.
There is a ſtrange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do reſemble
One o' the *Auſtriack* Princes. *Fac.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Iriſh* Coſtarmonger.
Mam. The Houſe of *Valois* juſt had ſuch a Noſe,
And ſuch a Forehead, yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boaſt. *Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all theſe Princes. *Fac.* I'll be ſworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features.
Fac. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam.* A certain Touch, or Air,
That ſparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.
Mam. Good Lady, gi' me leave ——
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. *Mam.* To burn in this ſweet Flame;
The *Phœnix* never knew a nobler Death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier, and deſtroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole Faith in queſtion. *Mam.* By my Soul ——
Dol. Nay Oaths are made o' the ſame air, Sir.
Mam. Nature
Never beſtow'd upon Mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces elſe.
Sweet Madam, le' me be particular ——
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your Diſtance.
Mam. In no ill ſenſe, ſweet Lady, but to ask
How you fair Graces paſs the Hours? I ſee
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the Houſe of a rare Man,
An excellent Artiſt; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir; I ſtudy here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Diſtillation*. *Mam.* O, cry you pardon.
He's a Divine Inſtructor, can extract
The Souls of all things by his Art; call all
The Vertues, and the Miracles of the Sun,
Into a temperate Furnace; teach dull Nature

What

What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emp'ror
Has courted, above *Kelley*; ſent his Medals
And Chains, t' invite him.
Dol. I, and for his Phyſick, Sir——
Mam. Above the Art of *Æſculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir.
Whole with with theſe Studies, that contemplate Nature,
Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to ſo dark a uſe.
Had you been crooked, foul, of ſome courſe Mold,
A Cloyſter had done well; but ſuch a Feature
That might ſtand up the Glory of a Kingdom,
To live Recluſe! is a meer *Solœciſm*,
Though in a Nunnery. It muſt not be.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my Land firſt, were I he.
Does not this Diamant better on my Finger,
That i' the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt Pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In Chains of Adamant?
Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt Bands.
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth ſtand, this Hour, the happieſt Man in *Europe*.
Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.
Dol. Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure!*
Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have caſt mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Styles. *Dol.* You mean no Treaſon, Sir!
Mam. No, I will take away that Jealouſie.
I am the Lord of the *Philoſophers Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?
Mam. I am the Maſter of the *Maſtery*.
This day the good old Wretch here o' the Houſe

Has

Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection.*
Think there thy firſt Wiſh now; let me hear it:
And it ſhall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the Ambition of our Sex.
Mam. I'm pleas'd the Glory of her Sex ſhould know,
This Nook, here, of the *Friers* is no Climate
For her to live obſcurely in, to learn
Phyſick and Surgery, for the Conſtables Wife
Of ſome odd Hundred in *Eſſex:* but come forth,
And taſte the Air of Palaces; eat, drink
The Toils of *Emp'ricks,* and their boaſted Practice;
Tincture of Pearl, and Corral, Gold and Amber;
Be ſeen at Feaſts and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
What Miracle ſhe is? Set all the Eyes
Of Court a fire, like a Burning-glaſs,
And work 'em into Cinders, when the Jewels
Of twenty Stars adorn thee, and the Light
Strikes out the Stars; that when thy Name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but ſhewing our Love,
Nero's Poppæa may be loſt in Story!
Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well conſent, Sir.
But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoon take notice, and both ſeiſe
You and your *Stone,* it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject. *Mam.* If he knew it.
Dol. Your ſelf do boaſt it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my Life.
Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your Days in a loath'd Priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my Girl, and live
In a Free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High-Country Wines, ſup Pheaſants Eggs,
And have our Cockles, boil'd in Silver Shels,
Our Shrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whoſe Cream does look like Opals; and with theſe
Delicate Meats ſet our ſelves high for Pleaſure,
And take us down again, and then renew

Our

Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And ſo enjoy a Perpetuity
Of Life and Luſt. And thou ſhalt ha' thy Wardrobe
Richer than *Natures*, ſtill to change thy ſelf,
And vary oftner, for thy Pride, than ſhe,
Or *Art*, her wiſe and almoſt-equal Servant.

Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you ev'ry word
Into the Laboratory. Some fitter place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you
her?

Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee.

Fac. But do you hear?
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

Fac. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

SCENE II.

Face, Subtle, Kaſtril, Dame, Pliant.

Fac. Doſt though not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Fac.* All's clear.

Sub. The Widow is come.

Fac. And your quarrelling Diſciple?

Sub. I. *Fac.* I muſt to my Captainſhip again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.

Fac. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-bell? Sub.* I know not. *Fac.* We'll draw Lots,
You'll ſtand to that?

Sub. What elſe? *Fac.* O, for a Suit,
To fall now like a Curtain, flap. *Sub.* To th' Door,
Man.

Fac. You'll have the firſt Kiſs, 'cauſe I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Noſtrils.

Fac. Who would you ſpeak with?

Kaſ. Where's the Captain? *Fac.* Gone, Sir,
About ſome Buſineſs.

Kaſ. Gone? *Fac.* He'll return ſtraight.
But Maſter Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worſhipful Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Lane; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Luſt, and thy Deſires,
And I will ſerve and ſatisfie 'em. Begin,

Charge

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. *Kaſ.* You lie.
Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud Lie?
For what, my ſudden Boy? *Kaſ.* Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick!* You muſt render Cauſes, Child,
Your firſt and ſecond *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Diviſions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,
Your *Predicaments*, *Subſtance*, and *Accident*,
Series extern and *intern*, with their *Cauſes*,
Efficient, *Material*, *Formal*, *Final*,
And ha' your *Elements* perfect — *Kaſ.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in? *Sub.* That *falſe Precept*
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Againſt their Wills. *Kaſ.* How muſt I do then, Sir?
Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: She ſhould firſt
Have been ſaluted. I do call you Lady,
Becauſe you are to be one, ere't be long,
My ſoft and buxom Widow. [*He kiſſes her.*
Kaſ. Is ſhe, i' faith?
Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Liar.
Kaſ. How know you?
Sub. By inſpection on her Forehead,
And ſubtlety of her Lip, which muſt be taſted
Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, ſhe melts
[*He kiſſes her again.*
Like a *Myrabolane!* Here is yet a Line,
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.
Pli. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me ſee your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*:
But, moſt of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady;
But ſhall have ſome great Honour ſhortly. *Pli.* Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me! *Kaſ.* Hold your peace.
Here comes the t'other rare Man. 'Save you, *Captain*.
Fac. Good Maſter *Kaſtril*. Is this your Siſter? *Kaſ.*
I, Sir. Pleaſe

Pleaſe to kuſs her, and be proud to know her?
Fac. I ſhall be proud to know you Lady. *Pli.* Brother,
He calls me Lady too. *Kaſ.* I, peace. I heard it.
Fac. The *Count* is come.
Sub. Where is he? *Fac.* At the Door.
Sub. Why, you muſt entertain him. *Fac.* What'll you do
With theſe the while?
Sub. Why, have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some fuſtian Book, or the dark Glaſs. *Fac.* 'Fore God,
She is delicate Dab-chick! I muſt have her.
Sub. Muſt you? I, if your Fortune will, you muſt.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently:
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonſtrations*,
Where I'll ſhew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling; my whole Method
Drawn out in Tables; and my Inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral Scales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a Straws-breadth by Moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glaſs,
Some half an hour, but to clear your Eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me.

SCENE III.

Face, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Where are you, Doctor?
Sub. I'll come to you preſently.
Fac. I will ha' this ſame Widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any Compoſition. *Sub.* What do you ſay?
Fac. Ha' you diſpos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha' ſent 'em *up*.
Fac. Subtle, in troth, I needs muſt have this *Widow*.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Fac. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,
If you rebel once, *Dol* ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.
Fac. Nay, thou art ſo violent now—Do but *conceive*.
Thou art old, and canſt not ſerve——
Sub. Who, cannot I?

'Slight,

light, I will ſerve her with thee, for a — *Fac.* Nay,
t underſtand: I'll gi' you Compoſition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, ſell my Fortune?
is better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
in her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol* nows it directly. *Fac.* Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
ill you go help to fetch in *Don* in ſtate?
Sub. I follow you, Sir; We muſt keep *Face* in awe, r he will over-look us like a Tyrant.
ain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John*?
[*Surly like a Spaniard.*
Sur. Sennores, beſo las manos, a vueſtras mercedes.
Sub. Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſt our *anos*.
Fac. Peace, *Subtle*. *Sub.* Stab me; I ſhall never hold, man.
e looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter, rv'd in by a ſhort Cloke upon two Treſſils.
Fac. Or, what do you ſay to a Collar of Brawn, cut down
neath the Souſe, and wriggled with a Knife?
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Spaniard*.
Fac. Perhaps ſome *Fleming*, or ſome *Hollander* got him
d' *Alva*'s time; *Count Egmont*'s Baſtard. *Sub. Don*, our ſcurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia. Sub. He ſpeaks out of a Fortification.
ray God, he ha' no Squibs in thoſe deep Sets.
Sur. Por dios, Sennores, muy linda caſa!
Sub. What ſays he? *Fac.* Praiſes the Houſe, I think
know no more but's Action. *Sub.* Yes, the *Caſa*,
y precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
o cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
e cozen'd *Diego*. *Fac.* Cozen'd do you ſee?
y worthy *Donzel* cozen'd. *Sur. Entiendo.*
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don*.
ave you brought Piſtolets, or Portagues,
y ſolemn *Don*? Doſt thou feel any? *Fac.* Full.
[*He feels his Pockets.*
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*, pumped and drawn ry, as they ſay. *Fac.* Milked, in troth, ſweet *Don*.

Sub,

Sub. See all the Monſters; the great Lion of all, *Don*
Sur. Con licentia, ſe puede ver a eſt a Sennora?
Sub. What talks he now?
Fac. O'the *Sennora.* *Sub.* O, *Don.*
That is the Lioneſs, which you ſhall ſee
Alſo, my *Don.* *Fac.* 'Slid, *Subtle*, how ſhall we do?
Sub. For what?
Fac. Why *Dol*'s employ'd, you know. *Sub.* That's true.
'Fore Heaven, I know not: He muſt ſtay, that's all.
Fac. Stay! That he muſt not by no means.
Sub. No! Why?
Fac. Unleſs you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll ſuſpect it:
And then he will not pay, not half ſo well.
This is a travell'd Punk-maſter, and do's know
All the Delays; a notable hot Raſcal,
And looks already rampant. *Sub.* 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*
Muſt not be troubled. *Fac. Mammon!* in no caſe.
Sub. What ſhall we do then?
Fac. Think: you muſt be ſudden.
Sur. Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermoſa, que [illegible] *dicio tan*
a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.
Fac. Mi vida? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind of the Widow.
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha?
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our Venture
Now lies upon't, It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beſide
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt,
What doſt thou think on't, *Subtle.*
Sub. Who. I, Why?
Fac. The Credit of our Houſe too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an offer for my Share ere-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith? *Fac.* O, by that Light
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then,
Fac. It is the *Cammon Cauſe*; therefore bethink you
Dol

Dol elſe muſt know it, as you ſaid. *Sub.* I care not.
Sur. Sennores, por que ſe tarda tanta?
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Fac. That's now no Reaſon, Sir.
Sur. Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.
Fac. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call,
And looſe the Hinges: *Dol. Sub.* A Plague of Hell—
Fac. Will you then do? *Sub.* Yo'are a *terrible Rogue*,
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?
Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my heart, Sir;
Am I diſcharg'd o'the Lot? *Fac.* As you pleaſe.
Sub. Hands.
Fac. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch firſt.
Sur. Por eſtas honrada's barbas———
Sub. He ſwears by his Beard.
Diſpatch, and call the Brother too.
Sur. Tiengo, duda, Sennores,
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.
Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *præſto Sennor*. Pleaſe you
Enthratha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don?*
Where if you pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,
And ſcrub'd, and fub'd, dear *Don*, before you go.
You ſhall in faith, my ſcurvy Baboon *Don*,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punck ſo much the ſooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
The quickly doing of it, is the grace.

SCENE IV.

Face, Kaſtril, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Come, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her Fortune.
Kaſ. To be a *Counteſs*, ſay you? A *Spaniſh Counteſs*, Sir?
Pli. Why, is that better than an *Engliſh Counteſs*?
Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Queſtion, Lady?

Kaſ.

Kaſ. Nay, ſhe is a Fool, Captain, you muſt pardon her.
Fac. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns-of-Court-man,
To your meer Millener? they will tell you all,
Your *Spaniſh* Gennet is the beſt Horſe; your *Spaniſh*
Stoup is the beſt Garb; your *Spaniſh* Beard
Is the beſt Cut; your *Spaniſh* Ruffs are the beſt
Wear; your *Spaniſh Pavin* the beſt Dance;
Your *Spaniſh* Titillation in a Glove
The beſt Perfume. And for your *Spaniſh* Pike,
And *Spaniſh* Blade, let your poor Captain ſpeak.
Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtyle you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very ſhortly)
What will you ſay now, if ſome——
Fac. I had told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful Brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A *Counteſs*; do not delay 'em, Sir: a *Spaniſh Counteſs*.
Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir,
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge.
Sub. Well then: Nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her Love now to her Fortune.
Pli. Truly I ſhall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Sub.* No?
Pli. Never ſin' *Eighty-eight* could I abide 'em,
And that was ſome three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you muſt love him, or be miſerable;
Chuſe which you will.
Fac. By this good Ruſh, perſuade her,
She will cry Strawberries elſe, within this Twelve-month.
Sub. Nay, Shads and Mackarel, which is worſe.
Fac. Indeed, Sir?
Kaſ. God's lid, you ſhall love him, or I'll kick you.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. *Kaſ.* Do,
Or by this Hand I'll maul you. *Fac.* Nay, good Sir,
Be not ſo fierce. *Sub.* No, my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when ſhe comes to taſte

The

The Pleaſures of a Counteſs! to be courted——
Fac. And kiſt, and ruffled! *Sub.* I, behind the Hangings.
Fac. And then come forth in Pomp!
Sub. And know her State!
Fac. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber
Barer to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is ſerv'd
Upon the Knee! *Fac.* And as her Pages, Uſhers,
Footmen, and Coaches——
Sub. Her ſix Mares——*Fac.* Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*,
Bet'lem, the *China-houſe*——*Fac.* Yes, and have
The Citizens gape at her, and praiſe her Tires!
And my Lords Gooſe-turd Bands, that rides with her!
Kaſ. Moſt brave! By this Hand, you are not my Siſter,
If you refuſe. *Pli.* I will not refuſe, Brother.
Sub. Que es eſto, Senxores, que non ſe venga?
Eſta tardanza me mata! Fac. Is it the *Count* come?
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.
Sub. Engallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!
Sur. Por todos los dioſes, le mas acabada
Hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
Fac. Is't not a gallant Language that they ſpeak?
Kaſ. An admirable Language! Is't not *French*?
Fac. No, *Spaniſh*, Sir. *Kaſ.* It goes like Law-*French*?
And that, they ſay, is the Courtlieſt Language. *Fac.* Liſt, Sir.
Sur. El Sol haperdido ſu lumbre, con el
Reſplandor, que trae eſta dama. Valga me dios!
Fac. He admires your Siſter
Kaſ. Muſt not ſhe make Curt'ſie?
Sub. 'Ods will, ſhe muſt go to him, Man, and kiſs him!
It is the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, for the Women
To make firſt Court. *Fac.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir:
His Art knows all. *Sur. Por que no ſe acude?*
Kaſ. He ſpeaks to her, I think. *Fac.* That he does, Sir.
Sur. Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?
Kaſ. Nay, ſee: ſhe will not underſtand him! Gull.
Noddy. *Pli.* What ſay you, Brother? *Kaſ.* Aſs, Suſter,
Go kuſs him, as the cunning Man would ha' you,
I'll thruſt a Pin i' your Buttocks elſe. *Fac.* O, no Sir,

Sur.

Sur. Sannora mia, mi perſona muy indigna eſta
Allegar a tanta Hermoſura.
Fac. Does he not uſe her bravely? *Kaſ.* Bravely, i
faith!
Fac. Nay, he will uſe her better. *Kaſ.* Do you
think ſo?
Sur. Sennora, ſi ſera ſervida, entremus.
Caſ. Where does he carry her?
Fac. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no thought: I muſt interpret for her.
Sub. Give *Dol* the word. Come, my fierce Child,
advance,
We'll to our quarrelling Leſſon again. *Kaſ.* Agreed,
I love a *Spaniſh* Boy with all my Heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this means, Sir, you ſhall be Brother
To a great *Count*. *Kaſ.* I, I knew that at firſt.
This Match will advance the Houſe of the *Kaſtrils*.
Sub. 'Pray God your Siſter prove but pliant.
Kaſ. Why,
Her Name is ſo, by her other Husband. *Sub.* How!
Kaſ. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?
Sub. No faith, Sir:
Yet, by erection of her Figure, I gueſt it.
Come, let's go practiſe. *Kaſ.* Yes, but do you think,
Doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you.

SCENE V.

Dol, Mammon, Face, Subtle.

Dol. For, after Alexanders *Death*---[*In her fit of talking*
Mam. Good Lady——
Dol. That Perdiccas *and* Antigonus *were ſlain,*
The two that ſtood, Seleuc', *and* Ptolmee——
Mam. Madam. *Dol. Made up the two Legs, and the*
fourth Beaſt,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: which after
Was call'd Gog-Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg--Mam. La--
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg——
Mam. Sweet Madam.
Dol. And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall
In

In the laſt Link of the fourth Chain. And theſe
Be Stars in Story, which none ſee or look at———
Mam. What ſhall I do? *Dol. For, as he ſays, except*
We call the Rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks———
Mam. Dear Lady. *Dol. To come from* Salem, *and from*
Athens,
And teach the People of great Britain
Fac. What's the matter, Sir?
Dol. To ſpeak the Tongue of Eber, *and* Javan——*Mam.* O,
She's in her fit. *Dol. We ſhall know nothing*--*Fac.* Death, Sir,
We are undone. *Dol. Where then a learned Linguiſt*
Shall ſee the ancient us'd communion
Of Vowels and Conſonants — *Fac.* My Maſter will hear!
Dol. A Wiſdom, which Pythagoras *held moſt high*——
Mam. Sweet honourable Lady. *Dol. To comprize*
All ſounds of Voyces, in few marks of Letters ——
Fac. Nay, you muſt never hope to lay her now.
Dol. And ſo we may arrive by *Talmud* Skill,
And prophane Greek, to raiſe the building up
Of *Helens* Houſe againſt the *Iſmaelite*,
King of *Thogarma*, and his *Habergions*
Brimſtony, blue, aud fiery; and the Force
Of King *Abaddon*, and the Beaſt of *Cittim*;
Which *Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos*,
And *Aben Ezra* do interpret *Rome*.
Fac. How did you put her into't? *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth *Monarchy* I would erect, [*They ſpeak together.*
With the *Philoſophers* (by chance) and ſhe
Falls on the other four ſtraight. *Fac.* Out of *Broughton*
I told you ſo. 'Slid ſtop her Mouth. *Mum.* Is't beſt?
Fac. She'll never leave elſe. If the old Man hear her,
We are but *faces*, Aſhes. *Sub.* What's to do there?
Fac. O, we are loſt. Now ſhe hears him, ſhe is quiet.
Mam. Where ſhall I hide me?
[*Upon* Subtle's *entry they diſperſe.*
Sub. How! what ſight is here!
Cloſe deeds of Darkneſs, and that ſhun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? what, my Son!
O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay good, dear Father,
There was no unchaſte purpoſe. *Sub.* Not? and flee me
When I come in? *Mam.* That was my Error. *Sub.* Error?
Guilt, guilt, my Son. Give it the right name. No marvel,

If I found cheek in our *great work* within,
When ſuch affairs as theſe were managing!
Mam. Why, have you ſo?
Sub. It has ſtood ſtill this half Hour:
And all the reſt of our *leſs Works* gone back.
Where is the Inſtrument of Wickedneſs,
My lewd falſe Drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him
Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more ſin,
T' excuſe a Varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your Fortunes. *Mam.* Why Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *work*, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our Purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the Reward will prove. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?
[*A great Crack and Noiſe within.*
Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the *Works*
Are flown *in fumo*: every Glaſs is burſt.
Fornace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, Receivers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers,! Help, good Sir! alas,
[Subtle *falls down as in a ſwoon.*
Coldneſs and death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,
Do the fair offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs?*
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his ſight,
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad. [*One knocks.*
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.
Mam. Is all loſt *Lungs*? Will nothing be preſerv'd,
Of all our coſt? *Fac.* Faith very little, Sir.
A Peck of Coals, or ſo, which is cold comfort, Sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am juſtly puniſh'd.
Fac. And ſo am I, Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my Hopes——— *Fat.*

Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. O, the curſt Fruits of Vice and Luſt!
[Subtle *ſeems to come to himſelf.*
Mam. Good Father,
It was my Sin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O Juſtice,
Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam.* I'll go,
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may ha't yet,
A hundred Pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*——*Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their Wits.
Mam. I'll do't
Fac. I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *projection* left? *Fac.* All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shardes,
Will cure the Itch, tho' not your itch of mind, Sir.
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you. *Sub. Face.*
Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
Fac. Now to our *Don.*
Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſs*, *Face*: Sh' has been in travail
Of a young Heir for you.
Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir,
Would *Dol* were in her Place, to pick his Pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
I pray you prove your Vertue. *Sub.* For your ſake, Sir.

SCENE VI.

Surly, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Face.

Sur. Lady, you ſee into what Hands you are faln;
'Mongſt what a neſt of Villains! and how near
Your Honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap
(Thro' your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other Circumſtances would ha' made a Man:
For yo'are a handſome Woman, would you were wiſe too.
I am a Gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the Knaveries of this *Citadel*,
And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha 'not,
I claim ſome Intereſt in your Love. You are,
They ſay, a widow, rich: and I am a Batchellor,
Worth nought: your Fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preſerv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deſerv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for theſe Houſhold-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

Sub. How doth my noble *Diego?*
And my dear Madam *Counteſs*? Hath the *Count*
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donſel, methinks you look melancholick,
After your *coitum*, and ſcurvy! True-ly,
I do not like the dullneſs of your Eye,
It hath a heavy caſt, 'tis *upſee-Dutch*,
And ſays you are a lumpiſh Whore-maſter.
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets ſo.

[*He falls to picking of them.*

Sur. Will you, *Don* Bawd, and pick-purſe? How now! Reel you?
Stand up Sir, you ſhall find ſince I am ſo heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight. *Sub.* Help, murder!

Sur. No, Sir,. There's no ſuch thing intended. A good Cart,
And a clean Whip ſhall eaſe you of that fear.
I am the *Spaniſh Don*, that ſhould be cozened.
Do you ſee? cozened? where's your Captain *Face*?
That Parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all Raskal.

Fac. How, *Surly*! *Sur.* O, make your approach, good Captain.

I have found from whence your Copper Rings and Spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t'anoint your Boot with Brimſtone,
Then rub Mens Gold on't, for a kind of Touch,
And ſay 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the Colour,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,
Your ſooty, ſmoky-bearded compeer, he
Will cloſe you ſo much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i' the ſtead) another
With *ſublim'd Mercury*, that ſhall burſt i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo?* Then weeps *Mammon:*
Then ſwoons his Worſhip. Or, he is the *Fauſtus*,
That caſteth Figures, and can Conjure, cures
Plagues, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds Intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires? while you ſend in——
Captain, (what is he gone?) Dam'ſels with Child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting Maid
With the Green Sickneſs? Nay, Sir, you muſt tarry
Tho' he be ſcap'd; and anſwer, by the Ears, Sir.

SCENE III.

Face, Kaſtril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame, Pliant, Dol.

Fac. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they ſay) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor, and your Siſter both are abus'd.
Kaſ. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave
What e'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? *Sur.* I ſhould be loth, Sir,
To confeſs ſo much. *Kaſ.* Then you lie i' your Throat?
Sur. How?
Fac. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would croſs him,
If he knew how—*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd. *Kaſ.* You lye:
And 'tis no matter. *Fac.* Well ſaid, Sir. He is
The impudent'ſt Raskal——
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir?
Fac. By no means: Bid him be gone. *Kaſ.* Be gone,
Sir, quickly.
Sur. This's ſtrange! Lady, do you inform your Brother.

Fac. There is not ſuch a foiſt in all the Town,
The Doctor had him preſently: and finds yet,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle.*
Sub. Yes, Sir, he muſt appear within this hour.
Fac. And yet this Rogue will come in a diſguiſe,
By the Temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, tho he could not hurt it. *Kaſ.* I,
I know—Away, you talk like a fooliſh Mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is truth, ſhe ſays. *Fac.* Do not believe him, Sir.
He is the lying'ſt Swabber! Come your ways, Sir,
Sur. You are valiant out of Company. *Kaſ.* Yes, How then, Sir?
Fac. Nay, here's an honeſt Fellow too, that knows him,
And all his Tricks. (Make good what I ſay, *Abel*)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the Widow.
He owes this honeſt *Drugger*, here, ſeven Pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tobacco.*
Dru. Yes, Sir. And he has damn'd himſelf three Terms to pay me.
Fac. And what does he owe for *Lotium?* *Dr.* Thirty Shillings, Sir.
And for ſix *Syringes.* *Sur.* *Hydra* of Villany!
Fac. Nay, Sir, you muſt quarrel him out o' the Houſe.
Kaſ. I will.—Sir, if you get not out o' Doors, you lye:
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why, this is Madneſs, Sir,
Not Valor in you: I muſt laugh at this.
Kaſ. It is my Humour: you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot.*
Dru. Or a Knight o' the *curious Coxcomb.* Do you ſee?
Ana. Peace to the Houſhold. *Kaſ.* I'll keep Peace for no Man.
Ana. Caſting of Dollers is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the Conſtable? *Sub.* Peace, *Ananias.* *Fac.* No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim.* *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir? *Kaſ.* I will not.
Ana. What is the Motive? *Sub.* Zeal in the young Gentleman,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* Slops—*Ana.* They are Prophane,
Lewd, Superſtitious, and Idolatrous Breeches.
Sur. New Raskals! *Kaſ.* Will you be gone, Sir? *Ana.* Avoid *Satan.* Thou

Thou art not of the Light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: 'and is the ſame
With that which the unclean Birds, in *ſeventy-ſeven*,
Were ſeen to prank it with, on divers Coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like *Anti-chriſt*, in the lewd Hat.
Sur. I muſt give way. *Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir. *Sur.* But I'll take
A courſe with you—*Ana.* Depart, proud *Spaniſh* Fiend.
Sur. Captain, and Doctor—*Ana.* Child of Perdition.
Kaſ. Hence, Sir.
Did I not quarrel bravely? *Fac.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Fac. O, you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again elſe. *Kaſ.* I'll return him then.
Fac. Drugger, this Rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determin'd that thou ſhould'ſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* Suit, and ha' carry'd her ſo; and he
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himſelf.
Haſt'brought the Damask? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Fac.* Thou muſt borrow
A *Spaniſh* Suit. Haſt thou no credit with the Players?
Dru. Yes, Sir: did you never ſee me play the Fool?
Fac. I know not, *Nab*: thou ſhalt, if I can help it.
Hieronomy's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will ſerve,
[Subtle *hath whiſpered with him this while.*
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt 'em. *Ana.* Sir, I know
The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies
Upon their Actions: and that this was one
I make no ſcruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer, and Meditation for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of Money is moſt lawful. *Sub.* True:
But here I cannot do it; if the Houſe
Shou'd chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole Company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. (*Sub.* And Faſting)
Ana. Yea, for ſome fitter Place. The Peace of Mind

Reſt with theſe Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.
Fac. What did he come for? *Sub.* About caſting Dollers,
Preſently out of hand. And ſo I told him,
A *Spaniſh* Miniſter came here to Spie,
Againſt the faithful——*Fac.* I conceive. Come *Subtle*,
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt Diſaſter!
How wouldſt tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, *Face*, for the angry Boy, i-faith.
Fac. Who would ha' lookt it ſhould ha' been that Raskal
Surly? He had dy'd his Beard and all. Well, Sir,
Here's Damask come to make you a Suit. *Sur.* Where's *Drugger?*
Fac. He's gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* Habit;
I'll be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the Widow?
Fac. Within, with my Lord's Siſter: Madam *Dol*
Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your favour, *Face*,
Now ſhe is honeſt I will ſtand again.
Fac. You will not offer it? *Sur.* Why? *Fac.* Stand to your Word
Or——here comes *Dol*. She knows——*Sub.* Yo'are tyrannous ſtill.
Fac. Strict for my Right. How now, *Dol?* Haſt'told her,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come? *Dol.* Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for! *Fac.* Who's that? *Dol.* Your Maſter: (lies,
The Maſter of the Houſe. *Sub.* How, *Dol*. *Fac.* She
This is ſome Trick. Come, leave your Quiblins, *Dorothee*.
Dol. Look out and ſee. *Sub.* Art thou in earneſt? *Dol.* 'Slight.
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good Day. *Dol.* 'Twill prove ill Day.
For ſome on us. *Fac.* We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I'm afraid. *Sub.* You ſaid he would not come,
While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.
Fac. No: 'twas within the Walls. *Sub.* Was't ſo? Cry'you mercy.

I thought the Liberties. What ſhall we do now, *Face*?
Fac. Be ſilent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old ſhape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I'the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the Goods, and purchaſe,
That we can carry i'the two Trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to Day, if I cannot longer: and then
At Night, I'll ſhip you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet to Morrow, and there we'll ſhare.
Let *Mammon*'s Braſs and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,
'Pr'y thee go heat a little Water quickly,
Subtle muſt ſhave me. All my Captains Beard
Muſt off, to make me appear ſmooth *Jeremy*.
You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll ſhave you, as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my Throat, but trim me? *Sub.* You ſhall ſee, Sir.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Love-Wit, Neighbours.

Lov. HAS there been ſuch reſort, ſay you? *Nei.* 1. Daily, Sir.
Nei. 2. And Nightly, too. *Nei.* 3. I, ſome as brave as Lords.
Nei. 4. Ladies, and Gentlewomen. *Nei.* 5. Citizens Wives.
Nei. 1. And Knights. *Nei.* 6. In Coaches.
Nei. 2. Yes, and Oyſter-women.
Nei. 1. Beſide other Gallants. *Nei.* 3. Sailors Wives.
Nei. 4. *Tobacco-men.* *Nei.* 5. Another *Pimlico!*
Lov. What ſhould my Knave advance,
To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners
Of a ſtrange Calf, with five Legs, to be ſeen?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſix Claws? *Nei.* 6. No, Sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, Sir. *Lov.* He has no Gift
Of teaching i'the Noſe, that e'er I knew of.
You ſaw no Bills ſet up that promis'd Cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? *Nei.* 2. No ſuch thing, Sir.
Lov. Nor heard a Drum ſtrook, for Baboons, or Puppets?
Nei. 5. Neither, Sir.

Lov. What Device ſhould he bring forth now?
I love a teeming Wit as I love my Nouriſhment:
'Pray God he ha' not kept ſuch open Houſe,
That he hath ſold my Hangings, and my Bedding:
I left him nothing elſe: If he have eat 'em,
A Plague o' the Mouth, ſay I: Sure he has got
Some bawdy Pictures, to call this ging;
The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*
Of the Knights Courſes, covering the Parſons Mare;
The Boy of ſix Year old, with the great Thing:
Or't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt,
Upon a Table, or ſome Dog to dance?
When ſaw you him? *Nei.* 1. Who, Sir, *Jeremy*?
Nei. 2. *Jeremy* Butler?
We ſaw him not this Month. *Lov.* How!
Nei. 4. Not theſe five Weeks, Sir.
Nei. 6. Theſe ſix Weeks, at the leaſt.
Lov. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours!
Nei. 5. Sure, if your Worſhip know not where he is,
He's ſlipt away. *Nei.* 6. Pray God, he be not made away. [*He knocks.*
Lov. Ha? It's no time to queſtion, then, *Nei.* 6. About
Some three Weeks ſince, I heard a doleful Cry,
As I ſate up, a mending my Wives Stockings.
Lov. This's ſtrange! that none will anſwer!
Didſt thou hear
A Cry, ſaiſt thou? *Nei.* 6. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
That had been ſtrangled an Hour, and could not ſpeak.
Nei. 2. I heard it too, juſt this Day three Weeks, at Two o' Clock
Next Morning. *Lov.* Theſe be Miracles, or you make 'em ſo?
A Man an Hour ſtrangled, and could not ſpeak,
And both you heard him cry? *Nei.* 3. Yes, downward, Sir.
Lov. Thou art a wiſe Fellow: Give me thy Hand I pray thee.
What Trade art thou on?
Nei. 3. A Smith, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Lov. A Smith? Then lend me thy help to get this Door open.

Nei.

Nei. 3. That I will preſently, Sir, but fetch my Tools—
Nei. 1. Sir, beſt to knock again, afore you break it.

SCENE II.

Love-wit, Face, Neighbour.

Lov. I will. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir? *Nei.* 1, 2, 4. O, here's *Jeremy!*
Fac. Good Sir, come from the Door.
Lov. Why! what's the matter?
Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
Lov. I' the name of-Wonder! What means the Fellow?
Fac. The Houſe, Sir, has been viſited. (ther.
Lov. What? with the Plague? ſtand thou then far-
Fac. No, Sir, I had it not. *Lov.* Who had it then? I left
None elſe, but thee, i' the Houſe! *Fac.* Yes, Sir, my Fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttery, had it on her
A Week before I ſpied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the Night. And ſo I ſhut
The Houſe up for a Month——
Lov. How! *Fac.* Purpoſing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Roſe-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar,
And ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' known it;
Becauſe I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.
Lov. Breathe leſs, and farther off. Why this is ſtranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have ſtill been open—*Fac.* How, Sir!
Lov. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all ſorts, tag-rag, been ſeen to flock here
In threaves, theſe ten Weeks, as to a ſecond *Hogs-den*,
In Days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright!* *Fac.* Sir,
Their Wiſdoms will not ſay ſo! *Lov.* To Day, they ſpeak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French*-hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was ſeen
In a Velvet Gown at the Window! divers more
Paſs in and out! *Fac.* They did paſs thro' the Doors then,
Or Walls, I aſſure their Eye-ſights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now above twenty Days!
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the Afternoon,

I ſhould believe my Neighbours had ſeen double
Thro' the black-pot, and made theſe Apparitions!
For, on my Faith to your Worſhip, for theſe 3 Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd. *Lov.* ſtrange!
Nei. Good faith, I think I ſaw a Coach! *Nei.* 2. And I too,
I'ld ha' been ſworn! *Lov.* Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? *Nei.* 4. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honeſt Fellow. *Fac.* Did you ſee me at all?
Nei. 1. No; that we are ſure on. *Nei.* 2. I'll be ſworn o' that.
Lov. Fine Rogues to have your Teſtimonies built on!
Nei. 3. Is *Jeremy* come? *Nei.* 1. O, yes. you may leave your Tools,
We were deceiv'd, he ſays. *Nei.* 2. He has had the Keys:
And the Door has been ſhut theſe three Weeks. *Nei.* Like enough.
Lov. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. *Fac.* *Surly* come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How ſhall I beat them off? What ſhall I do!)
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conſcience.

SCENE IV.

Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours, Kaſtril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great Phyſician. This,
It was no Bawdy-houſe: but a meer *Chancel*.
You knew the Lord, and his Siſter. *Mam.* Nay, good *Surly*-
Sur. The happy Word, *Be Rich*--*Mam.* Play not the Tyran--
Sur. Should be to day pronounc'd to all your Friends,
And where be your Andirons now? and your braſs Pots,
That ſhould ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedge?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' ſhut their Doors,
Me-thinks! *Sur.* I, now 'tis Holy-day with them.
Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, Impoſtors, Bawds. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir?
[Mammon *and* Surly *knock.*
Mam. To enter if we can. *Fac.* Another Man's Houſe?
Here is the Owner, Sir. Turn you to him,

And

And ſpeak your Buſineſs. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?
Lov. Yes, Sir.
Mam. And are thoſe Knaves within your Cheaters?
Lov. What Knaves? what Cheaters? *Mam. Subtle*, and his *Lungs*.
Fac. The Gentleman is diſtracted, Sir! No Lungs,
Nor Lights ha' been ſeen here theſe three Weeks, Sir,
Within theſe Doors, upon my Word! *Sur.* Your Word,
Groom arrogant? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, I am the Houſe-keeper,
And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.
Sur. This's a new *Face*.
Fac. You do miſtake the Houſe, Sir!
What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raskal! This is one
O' the Confederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Lov.* 'Pray you ſtay, Gentlemen.
Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with warrant.
Mam. I, and then
We ſhall ha' your Doors open. *Lov.* What means this?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir.
Nei. 1. Theſe are two o' the Gallants,
That we do think we ſaw. *Fac.* Two of the Fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good-faith, Sir,
I think the *Moon* has cras'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too? He'll make a noiſe,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)
Kaſ. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the Door anon, [Kaſtril *knocks*.
Punk, Cocatrice, my Suſter. By this light
I'll fetch the Marſhal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Caſtle——
Fac. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?
Kaſ. The Bawdy Doctor, and the Cozening Captain,
And Pus my Suſter. *Lov.* This is ſomething, ſure!
Fac. Upon my truſt, the Doors were never open, Sir.
Kaſ. I have heard all their Tricks told me twice over,
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.
Lov. Here comes another. *Fac. Ananias* too?
And his *Paſtor*? *Tri.* The Doors are ſhut againſt us.
[*They beat too at the Door.*
Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your ſtench is broke forth: Abomination
Is in the Houſe. *Kaſ.* I, my Suſter's there. *Ana.* The Place, Is

It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.

Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Conſtable.

Tri. You ſhall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kaſ. You will not come then? Punk, device my Suſter!

Ana. Call her not Siſter. She's a Harlot, verily.

Kaſ. I'll raiſe the Street.

Lov. Good Gentlemen, a Word.

Ana. *Satan* avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.

Lov. The World's turn'd *Bet'lem.*

Fac. Theſe are all broke looſe,
Out of St. *Kather'nes,* where they uſe to keep
The better ſort of Mad-folks. *Nei.* 1. All theſe Perſons
We ſaw go in and out here. *Nei.* 2. Yes, indeed, Sir.

Nei. 3. Theſe were the Parties. *Fac.* Peace, you Drunkards, Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me leave
To touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.

Lov. It mazes me! *Fac.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no ſuch thing: 'Tis all *deceptio viſus.*
Would I could get him away. [Dapper *cries out within.*

Dap. Maſter Captain, Maſter Doctor. *Lov.* Who's that?

Fac. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.

Dap. For God's ſake, when will her Grace be at leiſure?

Fac. Ha!
Illuſions, ſome Spirit o' the Air: (his Gag is melted,
And now he ſets out the Throat.) *Dap.* I'm almoſt ſtifled—

Fac. (Would you were altogether.)

Lov 'Tis i' the Houſe.
Ha! Liſt. *Fac.* Believe it, Sir, i' the Air!

Lov. Peace, you——

Dap. Mine Aunts *Grace* does not uſe me well.

Sub. You Fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.

Fac. Or you will elſe, you Rogue.

Lov. O, is it ſo? Then you converſe with Spirits!
Come Sir. No more o' your Tricks, good *Jeremy,*
The truth, the ſhorteſt way. *Fac.* Diſmiſs this Rabble, Sir.
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd.

Lov. Good Neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir.
You know that I am an indulgent Maſter:
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeveral ſorts of wild Fowl?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect Mirth and Wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the Street.)
Give me but leave to make the beſt of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' Abuſe of your Houſe:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a Widow,
In recompence, that you ſhall give me Thanks for,
Will make you ſeven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spaniſh* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the Houſe,
It was not viſited. *Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Fac.* It is true, Sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Let's ſee your Widow.

SCENE VI.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your Gag?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my Mouth.
Sub. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.
Sub. Your Annt's a gracious Lady: but in troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The fume did over-come me,
And I did do't to ſtay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So ſatisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Captain.
Fac. How now! Is his Mouth down?
Sub. I! he has ſpoken!
Fac. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone then.
(I have been fain to ſay, the Houſe is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.
Sub. And haſt thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and ſing
Of *Face* ſo famous, the precious King
Of preſent wits. *Fac.* Did you not hear the coil,
About the Door? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd;
I'll ſend her to you. *Sub.* Well Sir, your Aunt her *Grace*,
Will give you Audience preſently, on my ſute,
And the Captains word, that you did not eat your Gag
In any Contempt of her *Highneſs*
Dap. Not I, in troth, Sir.
[Dol *like the Queen of* Fairy.
Sub. Here ſhe is come. Down o' your Knees and wriggle:
She has a ſtately preſence. Good. Yet nearer
And bid, God ſave you. *Dap.* Madam.
Sub. And your Aunt.
Dap. And my moſt gracious Aunt, God ſave you *Grace.*
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:
But that ſweet Face of yours hath turn'd the Tide,
And made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.
Ariſe, and touch our Velvet Gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,
And kiſs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now ſtroke that Head.
Much, Nephew, ſhalt thou win; much ſhalt thou ſpend;
Much ſhalt thou give away; much ſhalt thou lend.
Sub. (I, much indeed.) Why do you not thank her Grace?
Dap. I cannot ſpeak for joy.
Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your *Graces* Kinſman right. *Dol.* Give me the *Bird.*
Here is your *Fly* in a Purſe, about your Neck, Couſin,
Wear it, and feed it about this Day ſev'night,
On your right Wriſt — *Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,
And let it ſuck but once a week: till then,
You muſt not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, Kinſman,
Bear your ſelf worthy of the Blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolſack* Pies,
Nor *Dagger* Frume'ty. *Dol.* Nor break his faſt,
In *Heaven* and *Hell.* *Sub.* She's with you every where!
Nor play with Coſtar-mongers, at *mum-chance, tray-trip.*
God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it:) but keep
The gallant'ſt Company, and the beſt Games — *Dap.*
Yes, Sir.

Sub:

Sub. *Gleek* and *Primero*: and what you get, be true to us.

Dap. By this Hand, I will.

Sub. You may bring's a thouſand Pound
Before to morrow night, (if but three thouſand
Be ſtirring) an' you will. *Dap.* I ſwear, I will then.

Sub. Your *Grace* will command him no more duties?

Dol. No:
But come, and ſee me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred Cheſts of Treaſure,
Add ſome twelve thouſand Acres of *Fairy* Land,
If he game well, and comely, with good Gameſters.

Sub. There's a kind Aunt! kiſs her departing part.
But you muſt ſell your forty Mark a year, now.

Dap. I, Sir, I mean. *Sub.* Or, gi't away: Pox on't.

Dap. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the Writings.

Sub. 'Tis well, away. *Fac.* Where's *Subtle?*

Sub. Here. What news?

Fac. *Drugger* is at the Door, go take his Sute,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently:
Say, he ſhall marry the widow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred pound by the ſervice! Now Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant?* *Dol.* A good dull innocent.

Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo*'s Cloke, and Hat.

Fac. Give me 'em. *Sub.* And the Ruff too?

Fac. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.

Sub. Now he is gone about his project *Dol*,
I told you of, for the widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct
Againſt our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub.* Soon at night, my *Dolly*,
When we are ſhipt, and all our Goods aboard,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our courſe
To *Brainford*, weſtward, if thou ſaiſt the word,
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening Raskal,
This peremptory *Face*. *Dol.* Content, I'am weary of him.

Sub. Thou 'haſt cauſe, when the ſlave will run a wiving, *Dol*, Againſt

Againſt the Inſtrument that was drawn between us.'
Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. *Sub.* Yes, tell her,
She muſt by any means addreſs ſome preſent
To th' cunning Man; make him amends for wronging
His Art with her Suſpicion; ſend a Ring,
Or Chain of Pearl; ſhe will be tortur'd elſe
Extremely in her ſleep, ſay: and ha' ſtrange things
Come to her. Wilt thou, *Dol.* Yes. *Sub.* My fine flitter-mouſe,
My Bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we have all, and may unluck the Trunks,
And ſay, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.
[*They kiſs.*
Fac. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good paſſage of our ſtock affairs.
Fac. Drugger has brought his Parſon; take him in, *Subtle*,
And ſend *Nab* back again to waſh his Face.
Sub. I will: and ſhave himſelf. *Fac.* If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, what e'er it is!
Fac. A trick, that *Dol* ſhall ſpend ten pound a Month by.
Is he gone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir.
Fac. I'll go beſtow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her, inſtantly.
Sub. He cannot, yet he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her all thou canſt. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but Juſtice, that would break
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him. *Fac.* Come, my ventures,
You ha' packt up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.
Sub. Here. *Fac.* Let's ſee 'em. Where's the Money?
Sub. Here.
The *Brethrens* money, this. *Druggers*, and *Dappers*,
What Papers that? *Dol.* The Jewel of the waiting Maids,
That ſtole it from her Lady, to know certain ——
Fac. If ſhe ſhould have precedence of her Miſtris?
Dol. Yes;

Fac.

Fac. What Box is that? *Sub.* The Fiſh-wives Rings, I think.
And th' Ale-wives ſingle money. Is't not *Dol?*
Dol. Yes: and the whiſtle, that the Sailors Wife
Brought you to know an' her Husband were with *Ward.*
Fac. We'll wet it to morrow: and our Silver-beakers,
And Tavern Cups. Where be the *French* Peti-coats,
And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i' the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Fac.* Is *Druggers* Damask there?
And the *Tobacco? Sub.* Yes. *Fac.* Give me the Keys.
Dol. Why you the Keys! *Sub.* No matter, *Dol:* becauſe
We ſhall not open 'em, before he comes.
Fac. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you ſee? Not forth, *Dol. Dol.* No!
Fac. No, my ſmock-rampant. The right is my Maſter
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I ſent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and ſhe, be ſatisfied: for here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite,*
'Twixt *Subtle, Dol* and *Face.* All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back ſide;
Or lend you a Sheet to ſave your Velvet Gown, *Dol.*
Here will be Officers preſently, bethink you,
Of ſome courſe ſuddainly to ſcape the Dock:
For thither you'll come elſe. Hark you, Thunder.
[*Some knock.*
Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.
Fac. Dol, I am ſorry for thee i'faith. But heareſt thou?
It ſhall go hard, but I will place thee ſome where:
Thou ſhalt ha' my Letter to Miſtris *Amo. Dol.* Hang you—
Fac. Or Madam *Cæſarean. Dol.* Pox upon you, Rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee. *Fac. Subtle,*
Let's know where you ſet up next: I'll ſend you
A cuſtomer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new courſe ha' you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my ſelf:
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kaſtril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Da. Pliant.

What do you mean, my Maſters? *Mam.* Open your Door,
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers. *Off.* Or we'll break it open.
Lov. What Warrant have you? *Off.* Warrant enough, Sir, *doubt not.*
If you'll not open it. *Lov.* Is there an Officer, there?
Off. Yes, two or three for failing. *Lov.* Have but patience,
And I will open it ſtraight. *Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect? *Lov.* Yes, my Brain.
Fac. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your ſelf, Sir.
Sur. Down with the Door. *Kaſ.* Slight, ding it open.
Lov. Hold,
Hold, Gentlemen, what means this violence?
Mam. Where is this Colliar? *Sur.* And my Captain *Face?*
Mam. Theſe day-Owls, *Sur.* That are birding in Mens Purſes.
Mam. Madam *Suppoſitory.* *Kaſ. Doxey*, my Siſter.
Ana. Locuſts
Of the foul Pit. *Tri.* Prophane as *Bel* and the *Dragon.*
Ana. Worſe than the Graſhoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt.*
Lov. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot ſtay this violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.
Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you ſeek?
Mam. The *Chimical* cozener. *Sur.* And the Captain *Pander.*
Kaſ. The *Nun* my Suſter. *Mam.* Madam *Rabbi.*
Ana. Scorpions,
And Caterpillars. *Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you,
Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my ſtaff —— *Ana.* They are the veſſels
Of Pride, Luſt, and the Cart. *Lov.* Good Zeal, lie ſtill,
A little while. *Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias.*
Lov. The Houſe is mine here, and the Doors are open:

If

If there be any ſuch Perſons you ſeek for,
Uſe your authority, ſearch on o' God's Name.
I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat maz'd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
My more diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent part, let out my Houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my known averſion
From any Air o' the Town, while there was Sickneſs)
To a Doctor, and a Captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they
gone? [*They enter.*
Lov. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Fornace;
The Ceiling fill'd with *Poeſies* of the Candle:
And *Madam*, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the Walls.
Only one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a widow ——
Kaſ. I, that's my Suſter. I'll go thump her. Where
is ſhe?
Lov. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?
Lov. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You ſwore, and told her, you had tane the pains
To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
Borrowed a Sute, and Ruff all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an Over ſight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
Well fare an old Harquebuzier, yet,
Could prime his Powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinckling. *Mam.* The whole neſt are fled!
Lov. What ſort of Birds were they?
[Mammon *comes forth.*
Mam. A kind of Choughs,
Or thieviſh, Daws, Sir, that have pickt my Purſe
Of eight-ſcore and ten pounds, within theſe five Weeks,
Beſide my firſt Materials; and my Goods,

That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left,
I may have home yet. *Lov.* Think you ſo, Sir? *Mam.* I,
Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine own ſtuff? *Lov.* Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours but by publick means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen your ſelf, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loſe 'em. *Lov.* That you ſhall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon theſe terms they are yours.
What ſhould they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then;
Lov. What a great loſs in Hope have you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has. *Fac.* I, he would ha' built
The City new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Silver, ſhould have run with Cream from *Hogſden*;
That every Sunday in *Moorfields*, the younkers,
And tits, and tom-boys ſhould have fed on, *gratis*.
Mam. I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within theſe two months. *Surly*,
What! in a dream? *Sur.* Muſt I needs cheat my ſelf,
With that fooliſh vice of Honeſty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Fac. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your Lodging; for in troth, they were ſtrangers
To me, I thought 'em honeſt, as my ſelf, Sir.
[*They come forth.*
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not loſe all yet. Go,
And get ſome Carts —— *Lov.* For what, my zealous Friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Lov.* What is that portion?
Ana. The Goods, ſometimes the Orphans, that the *Brethren*.
Bought with their Silver Pence. *Lov.* What, thoſe i' the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims? *Ana.* I do defie
The

The wicked *Mammon*, ſo do all the *Brethren*.
Thou prophane Man, I ask thee, with what conſcience
Thou canſt advance that Idol againſt us,
That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings numbred,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the ſecond day of the fourth week,
In the eigth month, upon the Table dormant,
The Year of the laſt patience of the *Saints*,
Six hundred and ten?
Lov. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you,
But if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.
Tri. Be patient, *Ananias*. *Ana.* I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,
That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Lov.* I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
Againſt thy Houſe: may Dogs defile thy Walls,
And Waſps, and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This ſeat of falſhood, and this cave of coz'nage.
Lov. Another too? *Dru.* Not I Sir, I am no *Brother*.
[Drugger *enters, and he beats him away.*
Lov. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?
Fac. No, this was *Abel Drugger*. Good Sir, Go.
[*To the Parſon.*
And ſatisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He ſtaid too long a waſhing of his Face.
The Doctor, he ſhall hear of him at *Weſtcheſter*;
And of the Captain, tell him, at *Yarmouth*, or
Some good Port-town elſe, lying for a wind.
If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir——
Kaſ. Come on, you yew, you have march'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Siſter.*
Did not I ſay, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady *Tom?*
'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun'you marry with a Pox? *Lov.* You lye, Boy;
As ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. *Kaſ.* Anon?
Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, Sirrah.
Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kaſ.* Gods light!
This

This is a fine old Boy, as ere I ſaw!
Lov. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,
Here ſtands my Dove: ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! I cannot chuſe i'faith!
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Suſter, I proteſt,
I honour thee for this match. *Lov.* O, do you ſo, Sir.
Kaſ. Yes, an' thou canſt take *Tobacco*, and drink old Boy,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her marriage,
Than her own State. *Lov.* Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.
Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir. *Lov.* We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.
Kaſ. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a *Jovy*' Boy!
Come let's in, I pry'thee, and take our whifs.
Lov. Whiff in with your Siſter, brother Boy. That Maſter
That had receiv'd ſuch happineſs by a Servant,
In ſuch a Widow, and with ſo much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servants wit,
And help his Fortune, though with ſome ſmall ſtrain
Of his own Candor. Therefore, Gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I have out-ſtript,
An old Man's gravity, or ſtrict Cannon, think
What a Young Wife, and a good Brain may do:
Stretch ages truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy ſelf, Knave. *Fac.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my ſelf
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new Gueſts.

THE END.

EPICOENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A

COMEDY,

First Acted in the Year 1609. By the King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

Ut sis tu similis Cœli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulcî: Cur metuas me?
Horat.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Walthoe, G. Conyers, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, D. Midwinter* and *A. Ward, A. Betesworth* and *C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J. Tonson, W. Innys, J. Osborn and T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton,* and *B. Motte:* And sold by *W. Feales,* at *Rowe's Head,* over-against *Clement's-Inn Gate.* 1732.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Moroſe, *a Gentleman that loves not Noiſe.*
Daup Eugene, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
Clerimont, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
True-wit, *another Friend.*
Epicœne, *A young Gentlewoman, ſuppos'd the Silent Woman.*
Joh. Daw, *A Knight, her Servant.*
Amorous La-Fool, *A Knight alſo.*
Thom. Ottor, *A Land and Sea-Captain.*
Cutberd, *a Barber.*
Mute, *One of* Moroſe *his Servants.*
Mad. Haughty, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
Mad. Centaure, }
Mad. Mavis, }
Mrs. Mavis, *the Lady* Haughties *Woman.*
Mrs. Otter, *the Captain's Wife.*
Pretenders.

PERSONS.
PAGES.
SERVANTS.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Principal COMOEDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.
GIL. CARIE.
HUG. ATTAWEL.
JOHN SMITH.
WILL. BARKSTED.
WILL. PEN.
RICH. ALLIN.
JOH. BLANEY.

EPI-



EPICOENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

PROLOGUE.

Truth ſays, of Old, the Art of making Plays,
Was to content the People; and their Praiſe
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular Likings care,
And will Taſte nothing that is Popular.
With ſuch we mingle neither Brains nor Breaſts;
Our Wiſhes, like to thoſe make Publick Feaſts,
Are not to pleaſe the Cooks Taſte, but the Gueſts.
Yet, if thoſe cunning Palates hither come
They ſhall find Gueſts Entreaty, and good Room;
And though all Reliſh not, ſure there will be ſome,
That, when they leave their Seats, ſhall make 'em ſay,
Who wrote that Piece, could ſo have wrote a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to preſent all Cuſtard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or want to Bread, and Salt, were but courſe Art.

The Poet prays you then, with better Thought
To ſit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,
Be fit for Ladies: Some for Lords, Knights, 'Squires;
Some for your Waiting-Wench, and City Wires;
Some for your Men, and Daughters of White-Friers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
Here, that his Feaſt will laſt; but you ſhall eat
A Week at Ordinaries, on his broken Meat:
If his Muſe be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER.

The Ends of all, who for the Scene do Write,
Are, or ſhould be, to Profit and Delight.
And ſtill't hath been the Praiſe of all beſt Times,
So Perſons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we preſent to Night,
And make the Object of your Ear and Sight,
On forfeit of your ſelves, think nothing True:
Leſt ſo you make the Maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd
By writing Truths, but Things (like Truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet will (with particular Slight
Of Application) wreſt what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will ſay:
They make a Libel, which he made a Play.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Clerimont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect, I ga' you, Boy?
[*He comes out making himſelf ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You ſhall, Sir; but i' faith let no Body elſe.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy.

Boy. It will get you the dangerous Name of a Poet in Town, Sir: beſides, me a perfect deal of Ill-will at the Manſion you wot of, whoſe Lady is the Argument of it, where now I am the welcomeſt Thing under a Man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a Man too, if the Truth were Rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confeſs before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the Bed; and carry me in to my Lady, and ſhe Kiſſes me with her Oil'd Face; and puts a Perruke o' my Head; and asks me an' I will wear her Gown? And I ſay, No: And then ſhe hits me a Blow o' the Ear, and calls me Innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel, if the Door be kept ſhut againſt your Maſter, when the Entrance is ſo eaſie to you—— well, Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſeek your Voice in my Lady's Ruſhes, a Fortnight hence. Sing, Sir. [*Boy Sings.*

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away his Time, and never feels it! What between his Miſtreſs Abroad, and his Engle at Home, high Fare, ſoft Lodging, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hours ha' no Wings, or the Day no Poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the Plague this Minute, or condemn'd to any capital Puniſhment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your Time, eſteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why, what ſhould a Man do?

Tru. Why, Nothing: Or, that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horſe-Race, or Hunting-Match; Lay Wagers, Praiſe Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; Swear upon Whitemains Party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; Viſit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Better o' the Green. Theſe be the Things, wherein your faſhionable Men Exerciſe themſelves, and I for Company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are Conſiderations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moiſt Eyes, and ſhrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll Pray and Faſt.

Tru. I, and deſtine only that time of Age to Goodneſs, which our want of Ability will not let us employ in Evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes, as if a Man ſhould Sleep all the Term, and think to effect his Buſineſs the laſt Day: O, *Clerimont*, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal Thing, and not ſubject to Senſe, we mock our ſelves the fineſt out of it, with Vanity and Miſery indeed: Not ſeeking an end of Wretchedneſs, but only changing the Matter ſtill.

Cler. Nay, thou'l not leave no——

Tru. See but our common Diſeaſe! with what Juſtice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at leiſure to give our Affairs ſuch Diſpatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our ſelves: Not Hear, nor Regard our ſelves.

Cler. Foh, thou haſt read *Plutarch*'s Morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious Fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'Fore God, 'twill ſpoil thy Wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Ruſhes, and ſuch Things: And leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'ſt Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to looſe as little of my Kindneſs, as I can. I'll do Good to no Man againſt his Will, certainly. When were you at the College?

Cler. What College?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from Court Yeſterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the News? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town, of Ladies, that call themſelves the Collegiates, an order between Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Husbands; and give Entertainment to all the Wits,

Wits, and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: Cry down, or up, what they like, or diſlike in a Brain or a Faſhion, with moſt *Maſculine*, or rather *Hermaphroditical* Authority; and every Day gain to their Colledge ſome new Probationer.

Cler. Who is the Preſident?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughty*.

Cler. A Pox of her autumnal Face, her piec'd Beauty: There's no Man can be admitted till ſhe be ready, now-a-days, till ſhe has Painted, and Perfum'd, and Waſht, and Scour'd, but the Boy here; and him ſhe wipes her Oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have made a Song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the Subject.

SONG.

Still to be Neat, ſtill to be Dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt;
Still to be Powder'd, ſtill Perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be Preſum'd,
Though Arts hid Cauſes are not found,
All is not Sweet, all is not Sound.

Give me a Look, give me a Face,
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes looſely Flowing, Hair as Free:
Such ſweet Neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' Adulteries of Art;
They ſtrike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other ſide: I love a good Dreſſing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a Woman is then like a delicate Garden; nor is there one kind of it; ſhe may vary every hour; take often counſel of her Glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good Ears, ſhow 'em; good Hair, lay it out; good Legs, wear ſhort Clothes: a good Hand, diſcover it often; practiſe any Art to mend Breath, cleanſe Teeth, repair Eye-brows, Paint, and Profeſs it.

Cler. How? Publickly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: That muſt be private. Many things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A Lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her Face, when we think ſhe Sleeps; Nor when the Doors are ſhut, ſhould Men be inquiring; all is Sacred within, then. Is it for us to ſee their Perrukes put on, their falſe Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails? you ſee Guilders will not work, but inclos'd. They muſt not diſcover, how little ſerves, with the help of Art, to Adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Aldgate?* Were the People ſuffer'd to ſee the Cities Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were Painted and Burniſh'd? No: No more ſhould Servants approach their Miſtreſſes but when they are compleat, and finiſh'd.

Cler. Well ſaid, my *True-wit.*

Tru. And a wiſe Lady will keep a Guard always upon the Place, that ſhe may do things Securely. I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for haſte, and troubled, ſnatch'd at her Perruke, to cover her Baldneſs: And put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O Prodigie!

Tru. And the unconſcionable Knave held her in Compliment an Hour with that reverſt Face, when I ſtill look'd when ſhe ſhould Talk from the t'other ſide.

Cler. Why? Thou ſhouldſt ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this Argument, if you pleaſe, and paſs to another. When ſaw you *Dauphine Eugene?*

Cler. Not theſe three Days. Shall we go to him this Morning? He is very Melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? Is he? I met that ſtiff Piece of Formality, his Uncle, yeſterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cler. O, that's his Cuſtom when he walks abroad. He can endure no Noiſe, Man.

Tru.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the Diſeaſe ſo ridiculous in him as it is made? They ſay he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fiſh-wives, and Orange-women; and Articles propounded between them: Marry, the Chimney-ſweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the Broom-men: They ſtand out ſtifly. He cannot endure a Coſtard-monger, he Swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith ſhould be ominous.

Cler. Or any Hammer-man. A Braſier is not ſuffer'd to dwell in the Pariſh, nor an Armorer. He would have hang'd a Pewterer's 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tueſdays* Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the reſt were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his Senſes. The Waights of the City have a Penſion of him not to come near that Ward. This Youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword: And there left him flouriſhing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? He hath choſen a Street to lie in, ſo narrow at both ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of theſe common Noiſes: And therefore, we that love him, deviſe to bring him ſuch as we may, now and then, for his exerciſe, to Breathe him. He would grow Reſty elſe in his Eaſe: His Vertue would Ruſt without Action. I intreated a Bareward, one Day to come down with the Dogs of ſome four Pariſhes that way; and I thank him he did; and cried his Games under Maſter *Moroſe*'s Window: Till he was ſent crying away, with his Head made a moſt bleeding Spectacle to the Multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum moſt Tragically run through, for taking that Street in his way, at my requeſt.

Tru. A good Wag. How does for he the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on

Holy-day Eves. But now, by reaſon of the ſickneſs, the perpetuity of ringing has made him deviſe a Room, with double Walls, and treble Cielings; the Windows cloſe ſhut and chalk'd: and there he lives by Candlelight. He turn'd away a Man, laſt Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And this Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, or Slippers ſoald with Wool: and they talk to each other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

SCENE II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Dau. How now! what ail you Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almoſt, I am here, with Tales o'thine Uncle! There was never ſuch a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once loſe this Subject, my Maſters, for my ſake. They are ſuch as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will diſinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that Purpoſe deſerves it: it gives the Law of plagueing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a falſe Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronotion Day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noiſe of the Ordnance. Diſinherit thee! he cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Siſter's Son?

Dau. I, but he will thruſt me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noiſe, and will venture on a Wife?

Cle. Yes, why, thou art a Stranger, it ſeems, to his beſt trick, yet. He has imploy'd a Fellow this half year, all over *England*, to hearken him out a dumb Woman

Woman; be ſhe of any Form, or any Quality, ſo ſhe be able to bear Children: her ſilence is Dowry enough, he ſays.

Tru. But I truſt to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly ſoft ſpoken; thrifty of her Speech; that ſpends but ſix Words a day. And her he's about now, and ſhall have her.

Tru. Is't poſſible! who is his Agent i' the buſineſs?

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honeſt Fellow, one that tells *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why you oppreſs me with wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no noiſe!

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him ſilently, and has not the knack with his Sheers or his Fingers: and that Continency in a Barber he thinks ſo eminent a Vertue, as it has made him chief of his Counſel.

Tru. Is the Barber to be ſeen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee, *Dauphine*, let's go thither.

Dau. I have ſome Buſineſs now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You ſhall have no buſineſs ſhall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if ſhe will not, we can give out, at leaſt ſo much as ſhall interrupt the Treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in Conſcience, when he ſuſpects thee without cauſe, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no ſuffrage to't. He ſhall never have that Plea againſt me, that I oppos'd the leaſt Phant'ſie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, Innocent: when ſome Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himſelf cannot. Innocent. I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where lies ſhe? let him be innocent ſtill.

Cle. Why right over againſt the Barbers; in the Houſe where Sir *John Daw* lies.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know ſo much?

Cle.

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw*! And he teach her not to ſpeak, God b' w' you. I have ſome Buſineſs too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the Danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping diſtance.

Cle. They ſay, he is a very good Scholar.

Tru. I, and he ſays it firſt. A pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing elſe of Books in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am ſorry, the World ſhould ſo conſpire to belye him.

Cle. Good Faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none ſo deſperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b' w' you Gentleman.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III.

Dauphine, Cleremont, Boy.

Dau. Come, you are a ſtrange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wits* a very honeſt Fellow.

Dau. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for ſecrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are miſtaken, *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well truſted, and diſcharg'd the truſt very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not; *Ned*, but, with the fewer a buſineſs is carried, it is ever the ſafer. Now we are alone, if

if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Laſt Night: and ſuch a *decameron* of ſport fallen out; *Boccace* never thought of the like, *Daw* does nothing but court her: and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praiſes her modeſty; deſires that ſhe would talk, and be free, and commends her ſilence in Verſes; which he reads, and ſwears, are the beſt that ever Man made. Then rails at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutines why he is not made a Counſellor, and call'd to Affairs of State.

Cle. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, *Boy.*

Dau, We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole.*

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too; if ere he ſaw you but once, tho' you ſhould meet him at Church in the midſt of Prayers. He is one of the *Braveries,* tho' he be none o' the *Wits.* He will Salute a Judge upon the Bench, and a Biſhop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when ſhe is dancing in a Maſque, and put her out. He does give Plays, and Suppers, and invites his Gueſts to 'em, aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the Strand for the Purpoſe: or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* Houſes, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em Preſents, ſome two or three hundred Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is never without a Spare-banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Chamber, their Women to alight at, and come up to for a Bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine Youth laſt Night, but now he is much finer! what is his Chriſten Name? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I hold my Life.

Dau.

Dau. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marſhal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beſeech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Gueſts; and, the whole courſe of his Fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Cleremont, Dauphine.

Dau. Save dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Maſter *Clemont.*

Cle. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honeſted my Lodging, with your Preſence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine Lodging! almoſt, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not ſo, Sir.

La-F. Excuſe me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I aſſure you. I am come, Maſter *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever ſee me carry Diſhes?

La-F. No, Sir, diſpenſe with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulneſs o' your Phraſe, believe it, Sir, would breed you a Quarrel once an Hour, with the terrible Boys, if you ſhould keep 'em fellowſhip a day.

La-F. It ſhould be extreamly againſt my Will, Sir, if I conteſted with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feaſt?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otters? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gameſter, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-Woman, that the Courtiers viſited ſo often; that gave he rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle.

Cle. Then, ſhe is Captain *Otter.*

La-F. You ſay very well, Sir; ſhe is my Kinſwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-ſide, and will invite, any great Ladies, for my ſake.

Dau. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Eſſex?*

La-F. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London.*

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our Houſe, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the Weſt, the *La-Fooles* of the Eaſt and South —— we are as ancient a Family as any is in *Europe* — but I my ſelf am deſcended lineally of the *French La-Fooles* —— and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or; *Or,* checker'd *Azure,* and *Gules,* and ſome three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, ſometimes, been ſolemnly worn by divers Nobility of our Houſe — but let that go, antiquity is not reſpected now — I had a Brace of fat Does ſent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheaſants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and ſome other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company —— there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty,* my Lady *Centaure,* Miſtris *Del Mavis* —— and they come a' purpoſe, to ſee the ſilent Gentlewoman, Miſtris *Epicœne,* that honeſt Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither — and then, Miſtris *Truſty,* my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine,* with your ſelf Maſter *Clerimont* — and we'll be very merry, and have Fiddlers, and dance —— I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have ſpent ſome Crowns ſince I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty,* and after, my Ladies Gentleman Uſher, who got me Knighted in *Ireland,* ſince it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye —— I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Iſland-Voyage, or at *Cadiz,* none diſprais'd, and I came over in it hither, ſhow'd my ſelf to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Countrey, and ſurvey'd my Lands, let new Leaſes, took their Money, ſpent it in the Eye o' the Land here,

here, upon Ladies —— and now I can take up at my pleaſure.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that Commodity.

Cle. No, Sir, excuſe me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Gueſt, or two, to invite, and ſay as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail— Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*; but ſhe ſhall, that your Ladies come to ſee: if I have credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear ſuch a Wind-ſucker, as this?

Dau. Or ſuch a Rook as the other! that will betray his Maſter to be ſeen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Moroſe, Mute.

Mor. CAN not I, yet, find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to ſave my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the diſcord of ſounds? Let me ſee: all Diſcourſes but my own afflict me, they ſeem harſh, impertinent, and irkſom. Is it not poſſible, that thou ſhouldſt anſwer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? ſpeak not tho' I queſtion you. You have taken the Ring off from the Street Door, as I bade you? anſwer me not by ſpeech, but by ſilence; unleſs it be otherwiſe (———) very good. And, you have faſtened on a thick Quilt, or Flock-bed, on the outſide of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no noiſe? but with your

At the breaches ſtill the Fellow makes Legs or Signs.

your Leg, you anſwer, unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. This is not only fit modeſty in a Servant, but good ſtate and diſcretion in a Maſter. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come preſently? anſwer me not with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your Head, or ſhrug. (——) So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? ſtay, if an hour hold up your whole Hand; if half an hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one; (——) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? (——) good. And, is the Lock oyl'd, and the Hinges to day? (——) good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare?. (——) very good. I ſee, by much Doctrine, and Impulſion, it may be effected; ſtand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; ſtill waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands ſo executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his marches, moſt of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with ſilence: an exquiſite Art! and I am heartily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Chriſtendom*, ſhould ſuffer a Barbarian, to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a Point of Felicity. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Divel can this be? [*One winds a Horn without again.*

Mut. It is a Poſt from the Court——

Mor. Out Rogue, and muſt thou blow thy Horn, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a Poſt from the Court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of Death——

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be ſilent.

SCENE

SCENE. II.

True-wit, Moroſe, Cutberd.

By your leave, Sir, I am a ſtranger here: Is your Name Maſter *Moroſe?* is your Name Maſter *Moroſe?* Fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all? This is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his Club, among you? well, Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court Commend 'em to you, Sir ——

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! Was there ever ſuch an Impudence?)

Tru. And are extremely ſollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe Knave are you!

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword ——

Tru. You ſhall taſte the one half of my Dagger, if you do (Groom) and you the other, if you ſtir, Sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the King's Name, and hear me without Inſurrection. They ſay, you are to Marry? To Marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder', Sir, the *Thames* being ſo near, wherein you may drown, ſo handſomly; or *London-Bridge*, at a low Fall, with a fine Leap to hurry you down the Stream; or ſuch a delicate Steeple in the Town, as *Bow*, to Vault from; or, a braver height, as *Pauls*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a ſhorter-way, an excellent Garret-window into the Street; or, a Beam, in the ſaid Garret, with this Halter, which they have ſent, and deſire, that you would ſooner commit your Grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Nooſe, or, take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World, like a Rat; or, a Fly (as one ſaid) with a Straw i' your Arſe: Any way, rather than to follow this goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaſte Wife, in theſe

He ſhews him a Halter.

theſe times? Now? When there are ſo many Maſques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other ſtrange Sights to be ſeen, daily private and publick? if you had liv'd in King *Ethelred*'s time, Sir, or *Edward* the Confeſſor's, you might, perhaps, have found in ſome cold Country Hamlet, then, a dull froſty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: Now, they will as ſoon be pleas'd with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monſtrous hazards you ſhall run with a Wife.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Poſſeſſions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? beg'd a Reverſion from 'em? baſtarded their Iſſue? what have I done, that may deſerve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an aſſaſſinate upon your Father? vitiated your Mother: raviſhed your Siſters ——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do ——

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Meſſenger: I but tell you, what you muſt hear. It ſeems, your Friends are careful after your Souls Health, Sir, and would have you know the Danger (but you may do your Pleaſure for all them; I perſuade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him that dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his skill at his Weapon; why it is not their Fault, they have diſcharged their Conſciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, Sir, for I muſt tell you, all the Perils that you are obnoxious to. If ſhe be fair, young and vegetous, no Sweet-meats ever drew more Flies; all the yellow Doublets, and great Roſes i' the Town will be there. If foul and crooked, ſhe'll be

be with them, and buy thoſe Doublets and Roſes, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; ſhe'll raign in your Houſe, as imperious as a Widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your Tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; ſhe muſt have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurſes, her Lodgings every hour: though it be for the deareſt Morſel of Man. If learned, there was never ſuch a Parrat; all your Patrimony will be too little for the Gueſts that muſt be invited, to hear her ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*: and you muſt lye with her in thoſe Languages too, if you will pleaſe her. If preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd Brethren, once in three days; ſalute the Siſters; entertain the whole Family, or Wood of 'em; and hear long winded Exerciſes, Singings and Catechiſings, which you are not given to, and yet muſt give for; to pleaſe the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy Cauſe, will cozen you over and above. You begin to ſweat, Sir, But this is not half i' faith: you may do your pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before, I come not to perſwade you. Upon my faith, Maſter Serving-man, if you do ſtir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is ſtealing away.*

Mor. O, what is my Sin! what is my Sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather dote on her, Sir: O, how ſhe'll torture you! and take pleaſure i' your Torments! You ſhall lye with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it muſt be for that Jewel, or that Pearl when ſhe does; every half hours Pleaſure muſt be bought anew, and with the ſame pain and charge you woo'd her at firſt. Then you muſt keep what Servants ſhe pleaſe; What Company ſhe will; that Friend muſt not viſit you without her Licenſe; and him ſhe loves moſt, ſhe will ſeem to hate eagerlieſt, to decline your Jealouſie; or, faign to be jealous of you firſt; and for that cauſe go live with her ſhe-friend, or Couſin at the College, that can inſtruct her in all the Myſteries of writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies; where

where ſhe muſt have that rich Gown for ſuch a great Day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be ſerv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with a Succeſſion of Grooms, Footmen, Uſhers, and other Meſſengers; beſides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tire-women, Semſters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while ſhe feels not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt; nor foreſees the Change, when the Mercer your Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Pride coſts, Sir: ſo ſhe may kiſs a Page, or a ſmooth Chin, that has the deſpair of a Beard; be a Stateſwoman, know all the News, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what a Court, what in Progreſs; or, ſo ſhe may cenſure *Poets*, and Authors, and Stiles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnſon* with the t'other Youth, and ſo forth; or be thought cunning in Controverſies, or the very Knots of Divinity; and have often in her Mouth, the ſtate of the Queſtion: and then skip to the *Mathematicks*, and Demonſtration and Anſwer, in Religion to one; in State to another; in Baud'ry to a Third.

Mor. O, O!

Tra. All this is very true Sir. And then her going in diſguiſe to that Conjurer, and this cunning Woman: where the firſt queſtion is, how ſoon you ſhall dy? next, if her preſent Servant love her? next, that if ſhe ſhall have a new Servant? and how many? which of her Family would make the beſt Baud, Male or Female? what precedence ſhe ſhall have by her next Match? and ſets down the Anſwers, and believes 'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps ſhe'll ſtudy the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your Pleaſure o' me? I'll think of theſe things.

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of Vapour and Sweat, with going a Foot, and lies in a Mouth of a new Face, and Oyl, and Birdlime; and riſes in Aſſes Milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almoſt forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may

may have made a Conveyance of her Virginity afore-hand, as your wiſe Widows do of their States, before they marry, in truſt to ſome Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if ſhe have not done it yet, ſhe may do, upon the Wedding-day, or the Night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impoſſible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute.*

Mor. Come, ha' me to my Chamber: but firſt ſhut the Door. O, ſhut the Door: Is he come again? *The Horn again.*

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd!* here has been a Cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed and give me Phyſick with thy Counſel.

SCENE III.

Daw, Cleriment, Dauphine, Epicœne.

Daw. Nay, an' ſhe will, let her refuſe at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But ſhe will not be invited to the like Feaſts or Gueſts every day.

Cle. O, by no means, ſhe may not refuſe —— to ſtay at home, if you love your Reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpoſe to be ſeen, and laught at by the Lady of the College, and her Shadows. This Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. *They diſſwade her privately.*

Dau. You ſhall not go; let him be laught at in your ſtead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfy the Company.

Cle. He will ſuſpect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, let's ſee your Verſes, we have Sir *John Daw's* leave: do not conceal your Servants Merit, and your own Glories.

Epi. They'll prove my Servants Glories, if you have his leave ſo ſoon.

Dau

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, ſhew 'em, Miſtris, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my ſelf, too: an Author muſt recite his own Works. It is a *madrigal* of Modeſty.

Modeſt, and fair, for fair and good are neer
Neighbours, how ere.——

Dau. Very good.

Cler. I, is't not?

Daw. No noble vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir *John.*

Dau. It has ſomething in't like rare Wit and Senſe.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. No noble Vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.
Then, when I praiſe ſweet modeſty, I praiſe
Bright Beauties Rais:
And having prais'd both Beauty and Modeſtee,
I have prais'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and crys think i' the cloſe, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca.*

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch.*

Daw. The *Dor* on *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that light. I wonder thoſe Fellows have ſuch credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw. Grave Aſſes! meer *Eſſayiſts!* a few looſe Sentences, and that's all. A Man would talk ſo, his whole Age; I do utter as good things every Hour, if they were co lected and obſerv'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed Sir *John?*

Cle. He muſt needs, living among the *Wits* and *Braveries* too.

Dau.

Dau. I, and bring Preſident of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Ariſtotle*, a meer Common-place Fellow; *Plato*, a diſcourſer; *Thucydides*, and *Livie*, tedious and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire knot: ſometimes worth the untying, very ſeldom.

Cle. What do you think of the *Poets*, Sir *John?*

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Aſs, talks of Curriers, and Chines of Beef. *Virgil*, of Dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I think ſo.

Daw. And ſo *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catullus*, *Seneca* the Tragœdian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Auſonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the reſt ——

Cle. What a Sack full of their names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! *Politian*, with *Valerius Flaccus!*

Cle. Was not the Character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And *Perſius*, a crabbed Cockſcom, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why? whom do you account for Authors, Sir *John Daw?*

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the King of *Spain*'s Bible.

Dau. Is the King of *Spain*'s Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma.*

Dau. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a *Spaniard.*

Dau. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch* man,

Cle. I, both the *Corpuſſes*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a Scholler.

Daw. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Counſellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cle

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to ſay truth, the State wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muſe a Miſtreſs can be ſo ſilent to the dotes of ſuch a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her ſilence too.

Dau. In Verſe, Sir *John?*

Cle. What elſe?

Dau. Why? how can you juſtifie your own being of a *Poet*, that ſo ſlight all the old *Poets?*

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verſe, is not a Poet, you have of the Wits that write Verſes; and yet are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verſes, Sir *John?*

Cle. No, 'twere pity he ſhould. A Knight live by his Verſes! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dau. And yet the Noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the Noble Family not aſham'd:

Cle. I, he profeſt himſelf; but Sir *John Daw* has more Caution: He'll not hinder his own riſing i' the State ſo much! Do you think he will? Your Verſes, good Sir *John*, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man;*
Deny't who can.

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reaſon, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,*
That Female Vice ſhould be a Vertue Male,
Or Maſculine Vice a Female Vertue be:
You ſhall it ſee
Prov'd with increaſe;
I know to ſpeak, and ſhe to hold her Peace.

Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with increaſe, Sir *John?*

Daw. Why, with increaſe is, when I court her for the Common Cauſe of Mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida.*

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?
Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you miſtake.
Epi. 'Pray give me my Verſes again, Servant.
Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you ſhall.
Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again.

SCENE IV.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw, Epicœne.

Cle. Where haſt thou been, in the name of Madneſs! thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your Senſes with Gladneſs, had you been in Ear-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall down and worſhip me; I have forbid the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy vertuous Uncle, and have broke the Match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhould repent me: This Horn got me Entrance; kiſs it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a Poſt; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Poſt, or a Stone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundring into him the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miſeries of Marriage. If ever *Gorgon* were ſeen in the ſhape of a Woman, he hath ſeen her in my Deſcription. I have put him off o' that Scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? Why ſtand you mute? Are you ſtupid? You are not worthy o' the Benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief!

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit ſomewhere elſe.

Tru. Why ſo?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the moſt inconſiderate, raſh, weak thing that ever Man did to his Friend.

Dau. Friend! If the moſt malicious Enemy I have, had ſtudied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru.

Tru. Wherein, for Gods-ſake? Gentlemen, come to your ſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my Lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Maſters do not put on this ſtrange Face to pay my Courteſie: off with this Vizor. Have good Turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four Months, you have blaſted in a Minute: Now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate Silence for my ſake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the Requital of ſuch a Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miſcarried by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch poſſeſt you! You never did abſurder Part i' your Life, nor a greater Treſpaſs to Friendſhip or Humanity.

Dau. Faith you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your Cauſe principally.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutberd?* what News?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this Morning, (I think this be the Gentleman) that has almoſt talk'd him out of his Wits, with threatning him from Marriage——

Dau. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your Procurement; therefore he will ſee the Party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he ſwears he will marry her to day, inſtantly, and not defer it a Minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, ſweet *True-wit,* forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the abſurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou aſcribe that to Merit now, was meer Fortune?

True. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had not a Finger in't. I ſaw it muſt neceſſarily in Nature fall out ſo: My *Genius* is never falſe to me in theſe things. Shew me how it could be otherwiſe.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconſiderate, and raſh, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou ſtrange Juſtifier of thy ſelf, to be wiſer than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou ſhalt never perſuade me, but I foreſaw it, as well as the Stars themſelves.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with Diſcourſe, while I ſend her away with Inſtructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her firſt, by your Favour.

Cle. Maſter *True-wit,* Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am ſorry I have not known you ſooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come ſooner, you ſhould ha' ſeen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw*'s Madrigals,

Tru. Jack Daw, God ſave you; when ſaw you *La-Foole?*

Daw. Not ſince laſt Night, Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you had been inſeparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Gueſts.

Tru. God ſo! 'tis true, What a falſe Memory have I towards that Man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horſe, rid into a Foam,

a Foam, with poſting from place to place, and Perſon to Perſon, to give 'em the *Cue* ———

Cle. Leſt they ſhould forget?

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muſter to ſhew Men, than he, at this Meal, to ſhew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feaſt, Sir.

Cle. What? do you ſay ſo, Sir *John?*

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the beſt Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: Where's his Miſtreſs, to hear and applaud him? Is ſhe gone?

Daw. Is Miſtreſs *Epicœne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore! with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifeſt Injury, a Diſgrace and a half; to refuſe him at ſuch a Feſtival-time as this, being a Bravery, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll ſwallow it like Cream: He's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to eſteem any thing a Diſgrace, is offer'd him from a Miſtreſs.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; ſhe ſhall ſit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: Does ſhe refuſe me.

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it ſo to heart: ſhe does not refuſe you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True-wit*, you were to blame to put it into his Head, that ſhe does refuſe him.

Tru. Sir, ſhe does refuſe him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would ſwear to ſpeak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Not to any body elſe, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not ſay ſo, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-louſe: I wou'd roll my ſelf up for this day in troth, they ſhould not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, ſo I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you muſt walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir *John.*

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever ſuch a two Yards of Knighthood meaſur'd out by Time, to be ſold to Laughter?

Tru. A meer talking Mole! hang him: No Muſhroom was ever ſo freſh. A Fellow ſo utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: but firſt, let's go to *Dauphine*, he's hovering about the Houſe, to hear what News.

Tru. Content.

SCENE V.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Cutberd, Mute,

Mor. Welcome *Cutberd*; draw near with your fair Charge: and in her Ear, ſoftly intreat her to unmask (——) So. Is the Door ſhut? (——) Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the ſame Diſcipline I uſe to my Family, I will queſtion you. As I conceive, *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought, in hope ſhe will fit me in the Place and Perſon of a Wife? Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: (——) Very well done, *Cutberd.* I conceive beſides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weighty Conſequence of Marriage. (——) This I conceive, *Cutberd.* Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (————) Very well done, *Cutberd.* Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examine her Condition, and Aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good Favour; a ſweet Compoſition,

He goes about her, and views her.

poſition, or Harmony of Limbs; her temper of Beauty has the true height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour ſeem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange. (——) Nay, Lady, you may ſpeak, though *Cutberd* and my Man might not; for of all Sounds, only the ſweet Voice of a fair Lady has the juſt length of mine Ears. I beſeech you, ſay Lady, out of the firſt fire of meeting Eyes (they ſay) Love is ſtricken: Do you feel any ſuch Motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any Part you ſee in me? ha, Lady? (——) Alas, Lady, theſe Anſwers by ſilent Curtſies from, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and ſhe that ſhall be my Wife, muſt be accompliſh'd with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

She curtſies.

She curteſi

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Speak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, forſooth.

Mor. O' my Judgment, a Divine Softneſs! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin theſe by Doctrine and Induſtry, refer your ſelf to the ſearch of my Judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your Tongue, which is a Womans chiefeſt Pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent Geſtures, ſo long as my Speeches jump right with what you conceive? (——) Excellent! Divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this Felicity have laſting: but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt have mine Ears banquetted with pleaſant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuſe for my Bed-pheere. The Ladies in Court think it a moſt deſperate impair to their quickneſs of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occaſion for a

Curteſie.

Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter as good Matter to continue it, as himſelf: and do you alone ſo much differ from all them, that what they (with ſo much Circumſtance) affect and toil for, to ſeem learn'd, to ſeem judicious, to ſeem ſharp and conceited, you can bury in your ſelf with Silence, and rather truſt your Graces to the fair Conſcience of Vertue, than to the Worlds or your own Proclamation.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Good Lady, ſpeak out.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladneſs. O *Moroſe!* thou art happy above Mankind! Pray that thou maiſt contain thy ſelf. I will only put her to it once more, and it ſhall be with the utmoſt Touch and Teſt of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do alſo love to ſee her whom I ſhall chuſe for my Heifer, to be the firſt and principal in all Faſhions, precede all the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Council of Taylors, Lineners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, and ſit with 'em ſometimes twice a day upon *French* Intelligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, or oftner than ſhe, and better, by the help of Art, her emulous Servant. This do I affect; and how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to give the manifold (but neceſſary) Inſtructions, for that Bodies, theſe Sleeves, thoſe Skirts, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, thoſe Knots, that Ruff, thoſe Roſes, this Girdle, that Fan, the t'other Scarf, theſe Gloves? Ha! what ſay you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you riſe a Note.

Epi. I leave it to Wiſdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not ſin againſt ſo ſweet a Simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on thoſe divine Lips the Seal of being mine. *Cutberd,* I give thee the Leaſe of thy Houſe free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. (——) I know what thou would'ſt ſay, ſhe's poor, and her Friends

Friends deceaſed; ſhe has brought a wealthy Dowry in her Silence, *Cutberd*; and in reſpect of her Poverty, *Cutberd*. I ſhall have her more loving and obedient, *Cutberd*. Go thy ways, and get me a Miniſter preſently, with a ſoft low Voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: ſoftly, *Cutberd*. Sirrah, conduct your Miſtreſs into the Dining-room, your now Miſtreſs. O my Felicity! How ſhall I be reveng'd on mine inſolent Kinſman, and his Plots, to fright me from marrying! This Night I will get an Heir, and thruſt him out of my Blood, like a Stranger. He would be knighted, forſooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his Title muſt do it: No, Kinſman, I will now make you bring me the tenth Lords, and the ſixteenth Ladies Letter, Kinſman; and it ſhall do you no good, Kinſman. Your Knighthood it ſelf ſhall come on its Knees, and it ſhall be rejected; it ſhall be ſued for its Fees to Execution, and not be redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the Twelvepenny Ordinary, it Knightood for its Diet all the Term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the Hoſteſs; or it Knighthood ſhall do worſe, take Sanctuary in *Coleharbour*, and faſt. It ſhall fright all it Friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the fourſcore hath brought it Knighthood ten Shillings, it Knighthood ſhall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunk in fear; it ſhall not have Money to diſcharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it Knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity of Pipkins and Stone-Jugs; and the part thereof ſhall not furniſh it Knighthood forth for the attemp:ing of a Bakers Widow, a Brown Bakers Widow. It ſhall give it Knighthoods Name for a Stallion, to all Gameſom Citizens Wives, and be refus'd, when the Maſter of a Dancing-School, or (*How* do you call him) the worſt Reveller in the Town is taken: It ſhall want Clothes, and by reaſon of that, Wit, to fool Lawyers. It ſhall not have hope to repair it ſelf by *Conſtanti-*

nople, Ireland, or *Virginia*; but the beſt and laſt Fortune to it Knighthood ſhall be, to make *Dol Tear-ſheet,* or *Kate-Common* a Lady, and ſo it Knighthood may eat.

SCENE VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd.

Tru. Are you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the Shop ever ſince.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the Lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian it is to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his Charge left behind him, which is a very good Sign, *Dauphine.*

Dau. How now, *Cutberd,* ſucceeds it, or no?

Cut. Paſt Imagination, Sir, *omnia ſecunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it ſo well: *Saltat ſenex,* as it is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admires the Party! He has given me the Leaſe of my Houſe too! and I am now going for a ſilent Miniſter to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the ſilenc'd Miniſters; a zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: When 'tis done and finiſh'd, I am for you, for any Device of Vexation.

Cut. And that ſhall be within this half hour, upon my Dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus.*

Cle. How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jeſt to Poſterity, Sirs, this days Mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beſhrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To tranſlate all *La-Fool*'s Company, and his Feaſt thither, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

Tru.

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the Lady-gueſts thither, and then the Meat muſt follow.

Cle. For God's ſake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent Comedy of Affliction, ſo many ſeveral Noiſes.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the College-honours: one o' their Faces has not the Priming-Colour laid on yet, nor the other her Smock ſleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll riſe earlier than ordinary to a Feaſt.

Tru. Beſt go ſee, and aſſure our ſelves.

Cle. Who knows the Houſe?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter!*

Cle. No: For God's ſake, what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La-Fool*, if not tranſcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your Barber: He is his Wifes Subject, he calls her Princeſs, and at ſuch times as theſe follows her up and down the Houſe like a Page, with his Hat off, partly for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this inſtant he is marſhalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horſe.

Dau. What be thoſe, in the Name of *Sphinx?*

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that ſubtle Sport has tane the wity Denomination of his chief carow-ſing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear, another his Horſe. And then he has his leſſer Glaſſes, that he calls his Deer and his Ape; and ſeveral Degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any Entertainment perfect, till theſe be brought out, and ſet o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's Love! we ſhould miſs this, if we ſhould not go.

Tru.

Tru. Nay, he has a thouſand things as good, that will ſpeak him all day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain Common Places, behind her back; and to her Face——

Dau. No more of him. Let's go ſee him, I Petition you.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Otter, Mrs. *Otter*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont Dauphine.*

NAY, good Princeſs, hear me *pauca Verba.*

Mrs. *Ott.* By that Light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you be not Civil the ſooner. I'll ſend you to Kennel, i' faith. You were beſt bait me with your Bull, Bear and Horſe? Never a time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come to the Houſe, but you make it a *Shrove-tueſday!* I would have you get your *Whit-ſontide*-Velvet-Cap, and your Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not ſo, Princeſs, neither; but, under correction, ſweet Princeſs, gi' me leave —— Theſe things I am known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to them for my Humour, and they receive it ſo, and do expect it. *Tom Otter*'s Bull, Bear, and Horſe, is known all over *England, in rerum natura.*

Mrs. *Ott.* 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden,* and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beaſt, or a Bull, to mix in Society with great Ladies? Think i' your Diſcretion, in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horſe then, good Princeſs.

Mrs. *Ott.* Well, I am contented for the Horſe; they Love to be well Hors'd I know I: Love it my ſelf.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horſe, this *Poetarum Pegaſus.* Under correction, Princeſs, *Jupiter* did turn himſelf into a —— *Taurus,* or Bull, under correction, good Princeſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* By Integrity, I'll ſend you over to the Bank-ſide, I'll commit you to the Maſter of the Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Muſt my Houſe or my Roof be polluted with the ſcent of Bears and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the Inſtrument, when I married you? That I would be Princeſs, and reign in mine own Houſe; and you would be my Subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, ſhould make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a day, to ſpend where you will, among your Gameſters, to vex and torment me at ſuch times as theſe? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horſe-meat and Mans-meat? Your three Sutes of Apparel a Year? Your four pair of Stockins, one Silk, three Worſted? Your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis mar'le you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Perſonages, to ſpeak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your Houſe? Were you ever ſo much as look'd upon by a Lord or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Eaſter* or *Whitſon* Holy-days? and then out at the Banquetting-houſe Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tru. (For God's ſake, let's go ſtave her off him.)

Mrs. *Ott.* Anſwer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greaſie Buff-Doublet, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. *Ott.* O, here are ſome o' the Gallants! Go to, behave your ſelf diſtinctly, and with good Morality; or, I proteſt, I'll take away your Exhibition.

SCENE II.

True-wit, Mrs. *Otter,* Cap. *Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, Cutberd.*

By your leave, fair Miſtreſs *Otter,* I'll be bold to enter theſe Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* I ſhall not be obnoxious, or difficil, Sir.

Tru. How does my noble Captain? Is the Bull, Bear, and Horſe in *rerum natura* ſtill?

Ott. Sir, *Sic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs. *Ott.* I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get Toſts and Butter made for the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province for you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow married to!

Tru. O, but the ſport will be anon, when we get him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

Tru. No *Anabaptiſt* ever rail'd with the like Licence: but mark her Language in the mean time, I beſeech you.

Mrs. *Ott.* Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My Couſin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. *Ott.* I cannot aſſure you, Mr. *True-wit.* Here was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that demanded my Subject for ſome body, a Gentleman, I think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* But he departed ſtraight, I can reſolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice Phraſe this Lady expreſſes in!

Tru. O, Sir! ſhe is the only authentical Courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the City.

Mrs. *Ott.* You have taken that report upon truſt, Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I aſſure you, the Court governs it ſo, Lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. *Ott.* I am the Servant of the Court and Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. *Ott.* Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd?* Any Croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene.* 'Twas never better o' the Hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a Curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the delight he hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can ſcarce be heard ſix Inches off; as if he ſpoke out of a Bulruſh that were not pickt, or his Throat were full of Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they ſay) be ready with your Vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt *Cutberd*; be thereabouts with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.*

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll ſend *Daw* to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. *Ott.* Is Mr. *True-wit* gone?

Dau. Yes, Lady, there is ſome unfortunate Buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs. *Ott.* So I judg'd by the Phiſiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream laſt Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome *China* Stuffs; and ſhe expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. *Ott.* Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It ſtain'd me a Damask Table-cloth, coſt me eighteen Pound, at one time; and burnt me a black Satten Gown, as I ſtood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure*'s Chamber, in the College, another time. A third time, at the Lord's Maſque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax-candle, that I could not go up to the Banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Ware*, to meet a Friend, it daſh'd me a new Sute all over (a Crimſen Satten Doublet,

Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewers Horſe, that I was fain to go in and ſhift me, and kept my Chamber a Leaſh of Days for the anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire Miſchances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs. *Ott.* Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Miſtreſs *Otter.*

Mrs. *Ott.* Will it pleaſe you to enter the Houſe farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your Favour, Lady: But we ſtay to ſpeak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw,* who is here come. We ſhall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* At your own time, Sir. It is my Couſin Sir *Amorous* his Feaſt ——

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Dau. You are a bounteous Kinſwoman.

Mrs. *Ott.* Your Servant, Sir.

SCENE III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter.

Why, do you know it, Sir *John Daw?*

Daw. No, I am a Rook if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; ſhe's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that ſhe was gone with Sir *Dauphine,* I aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the nobleſt, honeſteſt Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boaſt of. He has diſcover'd the whole Plot, and made your Miſtreſs ſo acknowledging, and indeed, ſo aſhamed of her Injury to you, that ſhe deſires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your preſence to day —— She is to be married to a very good Fortune, ſhe ſays, his Uncle old *Moroſe:* and ſhe will'd me in private to tell

tell you, that ſhe ſhall be able to do you more Favours, and with more Security now than before.

Daw. Did ſhe ſay ſo, i' faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John!* ask Sir *Dauphine.*

Dau. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine,* did ſhe deſire me to forgive her?

Cle. I aſſure you, Sir *John,* ſhe did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my Heart, and I'll be *jovial.*

Cle. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the Injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feaſt to honour her Bridal day, and made you the Property to invite the College Ladies, and promiſe to bring her; and then at the time, ſhe would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Dor.* Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of Satisfaction, that you ſhall bring all the Ladies to the place where ſhe is, and be very *jovial*; and there, ſhe will have a Dinner, which ſhall be in your name: and ſo diſappoint *La-Foole,* to make you good again, and (as it were) a ſaver i' the Man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then preſently. *True-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with ſo much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagoniſt,* but take you no notice, but be very *jovial.*

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw,* and your Miſtreſs? Sir *Dauphine!* you are exceeding welcome, and honeſt Maſter *Clerimont.* Where's my Couſin? did you ſee no Collegiats, Gentlemen?

Dau. 'Collegiats! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous,* how you are abus'd?

La-F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you ſpeak ſo kindly to Sir *John Daw,* that has done you ſuch an affront.

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a ſuitor to you to know, I beſeech you!

Cle.

Cle. Why Sir, his Miſtriſs is married to Day to Sir *Dauphine*'s Uncle, your Couſin's Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to fruſtrate your Proviſion, and ſtick a Diſgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have intic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think,

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me ſo inhumanly?

Dru. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, moſt maliciouſly and treacherouſly: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you ſhall quit him i'faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dau. Marry Sir, get me your Pheaſants, and your Godwits, and your beſt Meat, and diſh it in Silver Diſhes of your Couſin's preſently, and ſay nothing, but clap me a clean Towel about you, like a Sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good Confidence ('tis but over the Way, hard by) and we'll ſecond you, where you ſhall ſet it o' the Board, and bid 'em welcom to't which ſhall ſhow 'tis yours, and diſgrace his Preparation utterly: and for your Couſin, whereas ſhe ſhould be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, ſhe ſhall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal Gueſt her ſelf, ſit rank'd with the College Honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the beſt of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her preſently. It ſhall be done, that's reſolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be Gueſts, and Meat now, how ſhall we do for Muſick?

Cle. The ſmell of the Veniſon, going thro' the Street, will invite one noiſe of Fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thither.

Cle. Faith there is hope, they have Intelligence of all Feaſts. There's good correſpondence betwixt them and the *London* Cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dau

Dau. 'Twill be a moſt ſolemn day for my Uncle, and an excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expoſtulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* ſays) and you may take their Underſtandings in a Purſenet. They'll believe themſelves to be juſt ſuch Men as we make 'em, neither more nor leſs. They have nothing, not the uſe of their Senſes, but by Tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you perſuaded your Couſin?

[*He enters like a Sewer.*

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feaſible: ſhe'll do any thing, ſhe ſays, rather than the *La-Fooles* ſhall be diſgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinſwoman. It will be ſuch a peſt'ling device, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your Enemies Practiſes to Powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own Train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give Fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you muſt carry it privately, without any noiſe, and take no notice by any means———

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princeſs ſays you ſhall have all her Silver Diſhes, *feſtinate*: and ſhe's gone to alter her Tire a little, and go with you———

Cle. And your ſelf too, Captain *Otter*.

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my Couſin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be ſuitors to my Princeſs, that I may carry my Bull and my Bear, as well as my Horſe.

Cle. That you ſhall do, Captain *Otter*.

La-F. My Couſin will never conſent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She muſt conſent, Sir *Amorous*, to reaſon.

La-F. Why, ſhe ſays they are no *decorum* among Ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, ſhe muſt hear Argument. Did not *Paſiphae*, who was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Caliſto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a Star, Miſtriſs *Urſula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott.

Ott. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will have theſe Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphoſi.*

Dau. Where is your Princeſs, Captain? pray' be our Leader.

Ott. That I ſhall, Sir.

Cle. Make haſte, good Sir *Amorous.*

SCENE IV.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Parſon, Cutberd.

Mor. Sir, there's an Angel for your ſelf, and a brace of Angels for your Cold. Muſe not at this manage of my Bounty. It is fit we ſhould thank Fortune, double to Nature, for any benefit ſhe confers upon us; beſides, it is your Imperfection, but my Solace.

[*The Perſon ſpeaks has having a Cold.*

Par. I thank your Worſhip; ſo it is mine, now.

Mor. What ſays he, *Cutberd?*

Cut. He ſays, *præſto,* Sir, whenſoever your Worſhip needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this Cold with ſitting up late, and ſinging Catches with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worſhip, and give you much Joy with your fair Spouſe. (Umph, umph.)

[*He coughs.*

Mor. O, O, ſtay *Cutberd*! let him give me Five Shillings of my Money back. As it is bounty to reward Benefits, ſo it is equity to mulct Injuries. I will have it. What ſays he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It muſt be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What ſays he?

Cut. He will cough out the reſt, Sir.

Par. (Umph, umph, umph.) [*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, ſtop his Mouth, away, I forgive it——

Epi.

Epi. Fye, Maſter *Moroſe*, that you will uſe this violence to a Man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breeding (as you pretend in Court) to have offer'd this outrage on a Water-man, or any more boiſtrous Creature, much leſs on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can ſpeak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I, Sir, Why, did you think you had married a Statue? or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets, with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or ſome Innocent out of the Hoſpital, that would ſtand with her Hands thus, and a Plaiſe-mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O Immodeſty! a manifeſt Woman! what *Cutberd*.

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too late now. I confeſs it doth bate ſomewhat of the Modeſty I had, when I writ ſimply Maid, but I hope I ſhall make it a Stock ſtill competent to the Eſtate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impoſtor, *Cutberd*?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, ſpeak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbneſs in my Houſe, in a Family where I govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Pentheſilea*, a *Semiramis*, ſold my Liberty to a Diſtaff.

SCENE V.

True-wit, Moroſe, Epicœne.

Tru. Where's Maſter *Moroſe*?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wiſh you all joy, Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, with your grave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Maſter *True-wit*, ſo friendly a wiſh deſerves.

Mor.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God ſave you, Sir, and give you all content ment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was th Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am th Meſſenger of Peace, a Dove, and bring you the gla wiſhes of many Friends to the celeberation of this goo Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your marriage Hour, Sir. I commend you Reſolution, that (notwitſtanding all the dangers I lai afore you, in the Voice of a Nightcrow) would yet g on, and be your ſelf. It ſhews you are a Man conſtan to your own Ends, and upright to your Purpoſes, tha would not be put off with Left-handed Cries.

Mor. How ſhould you arrive at the Knowledge o ſo much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing th ſecrecy of it to a Barber, that leſs than the whol Town ſhould know it? you might as well ha' told i the Conduit, or the Bake-houſe, or the Infant'ry tha follow the Court, and with more ſecurity. Could you Gravity ſo old and noted a Remnant, as, *lippis & ton ſoribus notum?* Well Sir, forgive it your ſelf now, th Fault, and be communicable with your Friends. Her will be three or four faſhionable Ladies from the Col lege to viſit you preſently, and their Train of Minion and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are a my Eaters? my Mouths now? bar up my Doors, yo Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet that ſtirs to ſuch an office. L 'em ſtand open. I would ſee him that dares move h Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *barricado* made again my Friends, to be barr'd of any Pleaſure they ca bring in to me with honourable Viſitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, Sir, ſhe ſpeaks but reaſon and me-thinks is more continent than you. Would yo go to Bed ſo preſently, Sir, afore Noon? a Man o your Head and Hair, ſhould owe more to that Rev ret

rend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but ſtay the due Seaſon; and aſcend it then with Religion and Fear. Thoſe delights are to be ſteep'd in the Humour, and ſilence of the Night? and give the day to other open Pleaſures, and Jollities of Feaſting, of Muſick, of Revels, of Diſcourſe: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you indure the firſt half Hour, Sir, ſo tediouſly, and with this irkſomeneſs; what comfort, or hope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to her ſelf hereafter, in the conſideration of ſo many Years as are to come——

Mor. Of my Affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir,

Mor. That curſed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a curſed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to all Men. Some Plague, above the Plague——

Tru. (All *Ægypt*'s ten Plagues)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a Curſe or two more I'll aſſure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the Pox with ſeeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another Man's Hair, his own may drop off? Or, for burning ſome Male-bawds Lock, he may have his Brain beat out with the Curling-iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he get the Itch, and his Shop ſo louſie, as no Man dare come at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would ſwallow all his Balls for Pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual Froſt underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to ſee Fire again.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Sciſſars ruſt, and his Combs mould in their Caſes.

Tru.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he loſe the Invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper.)

Mor. Let there be no Bawd Carted that Year, to employ a Baſon of his: but let him be glad to eat his Sponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of Bread——

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir, I'll help you. Or, draw his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-ſtring.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and make Tread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make, make Meal o' the Mill-ſtones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the Cure of 'em in himſelf, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd all his Linnen into a Lint for't, and have not a Rag left him to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the Gout in his Hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that laſt was too high ſet! you might go leſs with him i'faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to New-paint his Pole——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my ſelf.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a Comb-maker———

Mor. No more, Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glaſs in a former deſpair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another———

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be truſted with triming of any but Chimney-Sweepers———

Mor. Sir———

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his Raſor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beſeech you, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Daw, Moroſe, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Truſty.

Daw. This way, Madam.

Mor. O, the Sea breaks in upon me! another Flood! an Inundation! I ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with noiſe. It beats already at my Shores. I feel an Earthquake in my ſelf for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, Miſtris.

Mor. Has ſhe Servants too!

Daw. I have brought ſome Ladies here to ſee and know you. My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtris *Dol Mavis*, Miſtris *Truſty* my Lady *Haughty*'s Woman. Where's your Husband? let's ſee him: can he endure no noiſe? let me come to him. *She kiſſes them ſeverally as he preſents them.*

Mor. What *nomenclator* is this!

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wives Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' ſhe have ſuch Servants.

Tru. Nay, Sir, you muſt kiſs the Ladies, you muſt not go away, now; they come toward you to ſeek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Maſter *Moroſe*, would you ſteal a Marriage thus, in the midſt of ſo many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiſs you, notwithſtanding the juſtice of my Quarrel: you ſhall give me leave, Miſtris, to uſe a becoming familiarity with your Huſband.

Epi. Your Ladyſhip do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is ſo worthy your Favour: as, you have done both him and me Grace, to viſit ſo unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement?

Epi. But I muſt lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Hau. It ſhall not need, Miſtris *Moroſe*; we will all bear, rather than one ſhall be oppreſt.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if ſhe be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the ſilent Woman?

Cen. Nay, ſhe has found her Tongue ſince ſhe was married, Maſter *True-wit* ſays.

Hau. O, Maſter *True-wit!* 'ſave you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? ſhe ſpeaks me-thinks!

Tru. Yes Madam, believe it, ſhe is a Gentlewoman of very abſolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Hau. And *Jack Daw* told us, ſhe could not ſpeak.

Tru. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Follow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of us: but ſhe is a Woman of an excellent aſſurance, and an extraordinary happy Wit and Tongue. You ſhall ſee her make rare ſport with *Daw* ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himſelf the Maſter-wit, is the Maſter-Fool. I aſſure your Ladyſhip ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the College: an' ſhe have Wit, ſhe ſhall be one of us! ſhall ſhe not, *Centaure?* we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, Madam, and *Mavis*; and ſhe will ſet up a ſide.

Tru. Believe it, Madam, and Miſtris *Mavis*, ſhe will ſuſtain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Uſe her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Bleſſed minute! that they would whiſper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, Madam, would but your Ladyſhip help to vex him a little: you know his Diſeaſe, talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloves, or ———

Hau.

Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure*, help me. Maſter Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculouſly good to laſt!

Hau. We ſee no Enſigns of a Wedding here; no Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarves and our Gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your Bride's Colours, and yours at leaſt.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladyſhip's Painter I would.

Hau. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But, do you hear, M. *Moroſe*, a Jeſt will not abſolve you in this manner. You that have ſuck'd the Milk of the Court, and from thence have been brought up to the very ſtrong Meats and Wine of it; been a Courtier from the Biggen to the Night-cap: (as we may ſay) and you to offend in ſuch a high Point of Ceremony as this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of Solemnity! How much Plate have you loſt to day (if you had but regarded your Profit,) what Gifts, what Friends, thro' your meer ruſticity?

Mor. Madam ——

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your Errours to you, No Gloves? no Garters? no Skarves? no *Epithalamium?* no Maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promiſe my Miſtris, I have begun it already: will your Ladyſhip hear it?

Hau. I, good *Jack Daw*.

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip command a Chamber, and be private with your Friend? you ſhall have your choice of Rooms to retire after: my whole Houſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyſhip's Errand, into the City at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I ſhall be loth to break any honourable Cuſtom of your Ladyſhip's. And therefore, good Madam ——

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain Ladies of Honour in this faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed.

Tru. By that light you deſerve to be grafted, and have your Horns reach from one ſide of the Iſland to the other. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give the Ladies ſome heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Bravo,* Ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter ſuch another word, I'll take Miſtris Bride in, and begin to you in a very ſap Cup; do you ſee? Go too, know your Friends, and ſuch as love you.

SCENE VII.

Clerimont, Moroſe, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Miſtris Otter, &c.

Cle. By your leave, Ladies. Do you want any Muſick? I have brought you variety of noiſes. Play, Sirs, all of you. [*Muſick of Sorts.*

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me! This day I ſhall be their Anvile to work on, they will grate me aſunder. 'Tis worſe than the noiſe of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Roſin, and Guts. I can give you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I ſay.

Tru Peace, Raſcals. You ſee who's your Friend now, Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyr's reſolution. Mock down all their attemptings with Patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would ſuffer Heroically. Should an Aſs exceed me in Fortitude? No. You betray your Infirmity with your hanging dull Ears, and make them inſult: bear up bravely, and conſtantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight-ſewer before it, for the more Reputation: and fine Mrs. *Otter,* your Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it.

[*La-Foole paſſes over ſewing the Meat.*

Mor. Is that *Gorgon,* that *Meduſa* come? Hide me, hide me.

Tru.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, ſhe will not transform you. Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your Gueſs in. No, Miſtris Bride, will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is ſo ſhame-fac'd, here ———

Epi. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your Company, Miſtris.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Miſtris.

Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis?*

Mav. Very prettily, abſolutely well.

M. *Ot.* 'Tis my Place.

Mav. You ſhall pardon me, Miſtris *Otter.*

M. *Ot.* Why, I am a Collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

M. *Ot.* But I am.

Mav. We'll diſpute that within.

Cle. Would this had laſted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had ſent for the Heralds. Captain *Otter*, what News?

Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horſe, in private, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and the Drum Gentlemen.

[*The Drum and Trumpets Sound.*

Mor. O, O, O.

Ott. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, for bold *Britons* i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. WAS there ever poor Bridegroom ſo tormented? or Man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Cronicles* of the Land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to place of reſt, after all this Purgatory.

Cle. He may preſume it, I think.

Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the Neeſing, the Farting, Dancing, noiſe of the Muſick, and her maſculine and loud Commanding, and urging the whole Family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Cle. And ſhe carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, ſhe takes any occaſion to ſpeak: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how ſoberly *Dauphine* labours to ſatisfie him, that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almoſt brought him to the faith, i' the Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, *Dauphine?*

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I ſhall go away i' the Jeſt elſe. He has got on his whole neſt of Night-caps, and lock'd himſelf up i' the top o' the Houſe, as high as ever he can climb from the noiſe. I peep'd in at a Crany, and ſaw him ſitting over a croſs Beam o' the Roof, like him o' the Sadler's Horſe in *Fleet-ſtreet*, upright: and he will ſleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are inſtructing her i' the College-Grammar. If ſhe have grace with them, ſhe knows all their ſecrets inſtantly.

Cle. Me-thinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to day, for all my diſpraiſe of her i' the Morning. I think, I ſhall come about to thee again, *True-wit.*

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the loſſes, time and years have made i' their Features, with dreſſings. And an intelligent Woman, if ſhe know by her ſelf the leaſt defect, will be moſt curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If ſhe be ſhort, let her ſit much, leſt when ſhe ſtands, ſhe be thought to ſit. If ſhe have an ill Foot, let her wear her Gown the longer, and her Shooe the thinner. If a fat Hand, and ſcald Nails, let her carve the leſs,

and

and act in Gloves. If a ſowre Breath let her never diſcourſe faſting; and always talk at her diſtance. If ſhe have black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the leſs at laughter, eſpecially if ſhe laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you ſhall have ſome Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is ſo rude and ——

Tru. I, and others, that will ſtalk i' their Gate like an *Eſtrich*, and take huge ſtrides. I cannot endure ſuch a ſight. I love meaſure i' the Feet, and number i' the Voice: they are gentleneſſes, that oftentimes draw no leſs than the Face.

Dau. How cam'ſt thou to ſtudy theſe Creatures ſo exactly? I would thou would'ſt make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you muſt leave to live i' your Chamber then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publick Shows, and Feaſts, to Plays, and Church ſometimes: thither they come to ſhew their new Tyres too, to ſee, and to be ſeen. In theſe Places a Man ſhall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arreſts his Judgment. A Wench to pleaſe a Man comes not down dropping from the Ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a Tobacco-pipe. He muſt go where ſhe is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neer.

Tru. Out Heretick. That difference makes thee worthy it ſhould be ſo.

Cle. He ſays true to you, *Dauphine*.

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man ſhould not doubt to overcome any Woman. Think he can vanquiſh 'em, and he ſhall: for tho' they deny, their deſire is to be tempted. *Penelope* her ſelf cannot hold out long. *Oſtend*, you ſaw, was taken at laſt. You muſt perſevere, and hold to your purpoſe. They would ſollicite us, but that they are afraid. Howſoever, they wiſh in their Hearts we ſhould ſollicite them. Praiſe 'em, flatter 'em, you ſhall never

want Eloquence or Truſt: even the chaſteſt delight to feel themſelves that way rub'd. With Praiſes you muſt mix Kiſſes too. If they take them, they'll take more. Tho' they ſtrive, they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man muſt beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has oft-times the place of the greateſt Courteſie. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then ſhe ſeem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is aſſuredly ſad at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fiſhes. If you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund to a ſad, or witty to a fooliſh, why ſhe preſently begins to miſtruſt her ſelf. You muſt approach them i' their own Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themſelves to Noble and Worthy Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Raſcal. If ſhe love Wit, give Verſes, tho' you borrow 'em of a Friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, tho' you be ſtaunch in fighting. If Activity, be ſeen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over Stools, for the credit of your Back. If ſhe love good Clothes or Dreſſing, have your Learned Council about you every Morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, *&c.* Let your Powder, your Glaſs, and your Comb be your deareſt Acquaintance. Take more care for the Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and wiſh the Common-wealth rather troubled, than a Hair about you. That will take her. Then if ſhe be covetous and craving, do you promiſe any thing, and perform ſparingly; ſo ſhall you keep her in appetite ſtill. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren Field, that yields little; or unlucky Dice to fooliſh and hoping Gameſters. Let your Gifts be ſlight and dainty, rather than precious. Let Cunning be above Coſt. Give Cherries at time of Year, or Apricots; and ſay, they were ſent you out of the Country,

try, tho' you bought 'em in *Cheapſide*. Admire her Tires; like her in all Faſhions; compare her in every Habit to ſome Deity; invent excellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if ſhe be a Great one, perform always the Second Parts to her; like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and fail not to make the Houſhold and Servants yours, yea the whole Family, and ſalute 'em by their Names, ('tis but light Coſt, if you can purchaſe 'em ſo) and make her Phyſician your Penſioner, and her chief Woman. Nor will it be out of your Gain to make Love to her too, ſo ſhe follow, not uſher her Ladies Pleaſure. All Blabbing is taken away, when ſhe comes to be a part of the Crime.

Dau. On what Courtly Lap haſt thou late ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I ſhould rather queſtion you, that are ſo hearkning after theſe Myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your Diligence, *Dauphine*. Speak, art thou in Love in earneſt?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the Stable, an' you be ſuch a Stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men ſhould love wiſely, and all Women; ſome one for the Face, and let her pleaſe the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her pleaſe the Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her pleaſe the Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senſes ſo too. Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'em all in Love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt *Philtre* i' the World, and couldſt do more than Madam *Medea*, or Doctor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my Meat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I ſay.

SCENE II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Moroſe, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. *Otter.*

Ott. O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I have miſt you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horſe to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his Dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's ſee your Courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my Couſin will be offended if ſhe come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the Sign when you are ready. Here's my Bull for my ſelf, and my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horſe for Sir *Amorous*. Now ſet your Foot to mine, and yours to his, and ——

La-F. Pray God my Couſin come not.

Ott. Saint *George* and Saint *Andrew!* Fear no Couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et rauco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well ſaid, Captain, i' faith; well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the Horſe has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods ſo, off with his Spurs, ſome body.

La-F. It goes againſt my Conſcience. My Couſin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Dau. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cle. You take no notice of the Buſineſs, I hope.

Daw,

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you ſee we are jovial.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you muſt not equivocate. It muſt be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, they'll think you are diſcontented with ſomething; you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You muſt pull the Horſe on his Knees, Sir, *Amorous*; fear no Couſins. *Facta eſt alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The leaſt hint given him of his Wife now, will make him rail deſperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dau. Captain He-*Otter*, your She-*Otter*, is coming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no ſuch thing in Nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I have a Cook, a Laundreſs, a Houſe-drudge, that ſerves my neceſſary turns, and goes under that Title: But he's an Aſs that will be ſo uxorious to tie his Affections to one Circle. Come, the Name dulls Appetite. Here, repleniſh again; another Bout. Wives are naſty ſluttiſh Animals.

Dau. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's Maſter *True-wit?*

Daw. He's ſlipt aſide, Sir.

Cle. But you muſt drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the Bear, Couſin, and Sir *John Daw* the Horſe, and I'll ha' the Bull ſtill. Sound *Tritons* O' the *Thames. Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero* ———

Mor. Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traitors, what do you there?

[Moroſe *ſpeaks from above, the Trumpets ſounding.*

Cle.

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his Company.

Ott. A Wife is a ſcurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foreſaid Bear-whelp, without any good Faſhion or Breeding; *mala beſtia.*

[*His Wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox — I married with Six Thouſand Pound, I. I was in Love with that. I ha' not kiſt my Fury theſe Forty Weeks.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. *Otter*, hear him a little firſt.

Ott. She hath a Breath worſe than my Grandmothers *Profecto.*

Mrs. *Ott.* O treacherous Liar. Kiſs me, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, and prove him a ſlandering Knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And ſhe has a Perruke, that's like a Pound of Hemp, made up in Shoe-threds.

Mrs. *Ott.* O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A moſt vile Face! and yet ſhe ſpends me Forty Pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-Friers*, both her Eye-brows i' the *Strand*, and her Hair in *Silver-ſtreet.* Every part o' the Town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. *Ott.* I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her ſelf aſunder ſtill when ſhe goes to Bed, into ſome twenty Boxes; and about next day Noon is put together again, like a great *German* Clock; and ſo comes forth, and Rings a tedious Larum to the whole Houſe, and then is quiet again for an Hour, but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, Sir, I'll do you right with my Quarters, with my Quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats him.*

Ott. O, hold, good Princeſs.

Tru. Sound, ſound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel,

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* You notorious ſtinkardly Bearward, does my Breath ſmell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princeſs. Look to my Bear and my Horſe, Gentlemen.

Mrs. *Ott.* Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, thou Bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, under Correction ——

Mrs. *Ott.* I, now you are under Correction, you proteſt: but you did not proteſt before Correction, Sir. Thou *Judas*, to offer to betray thy Princeſs! I'll make thee an Example ——

[Moroſe *deſcends with a long Sword.*

Mor. I will have no ſuch Examples in my Houſe, Lady *Otter.*

Mrs. *Ott*, Ah ——

Mor. Mrs. *Mary Ambree*, your Examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my Doors, your Sons of Noiſe and Tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foiſt is afloat to *Weſtminſter!* A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all my Windows aſunder, with their Brazen Throats.

Tru. Beſt follow him, *Dauphine.*

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw* and *La-Foole?*

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princeſs, and ſpeak to the Great Ladies for me. Now muſt I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal ſhe has taken. Did you not ſee my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a Courſe i' faith, for all theſe Diſaſters. There is *bona ſpes* left.

Tru.

Tru. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unleſs we had put his Wife upon him. His Humour is as tedious at laſt, as it was ridiculous at firſt.

SCENE III.

Haughty, Mrs. *Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, Epicœne, True-wit, Clerimont.*

Hau. We wonder'd why you ſhriek'd ſo, Mrs. *Otter.*

Mrs. *Ott.* O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, and look'd ſo dreadfully! Sure he's beſide himſelf.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. *Otter?*

Mrs. *Ott.* Alas, Mrs. *Mavis,* I was chaſtiſing my Subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Miſtris, you muſt do ſo too. Learn to chaſtiſe. Miſtris *Otter* corrects her Husband ſo, he dares not ſpeak, but under Correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 'twould do you good to ſee.

Hau. In ſadneſs, 'tis good and mature Counſel; practiſe it, *Moroſe.* I'll call you *Moroſe* ſtill now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the College, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at firſt, you ſhall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horſes, your Woman, your Chamber-maid, your Page, your Gentleman-Uſher, your *French* Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam,* to the *China* Houſes, and to the *Exchange.*

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her ſelf, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, ſhe has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi.

Epi. But, Ladies, do you count it lawful to have ſuch plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces?

Hau. Why not? Why ſhould Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer, or the worſe?

Dau. Is the *Thames* the leſs for the Dyers Water, Miſtris?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well ſaid, *La-Foole*; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty Loſſes Women fear in this kind.

Hau. Beſides, Ladies ſhould be mindful of the approach of Age, and let no time want his due Uſe. The beſt of our Days paſs firſt.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be call'd back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forſaken Beldam, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis:* And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? make *Anagrams* of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiſs our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours?

Hau. Not one.

Dau. Nay, my Miſtris is not altogether unintelligent of theſe things; here be in preſence have taſted of her Favours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horſe is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boaſt 'em again, Servant. And have you thoſe excellent Receits, Madam, to keep your ſelves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O yes, *Moroſe:* How ſhould we maintain our Youth and Beauty elſe? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

SCENE IV.

Moroſe, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicœne, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs *Otter, Truſty.*

Mor. O my curſed Angel, that inſtructed me to this Fate

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I ſhould be ſeduc'd by ſo fooliſh a Devil as a Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your Counſel; you ſhould never have truſted it to ſuch a Miniſter.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loſs of an Eye (Nephew), a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould geld your ſelf, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did ſupererogatory Penance in a Belfry at *Weſtminſter-hall*, i' the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower-wharf*, (what Place is there elſe?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-Garden*, *Bilings-gate*, when the Noiſes are at their height, and lowdeſt. Nay, I would ſit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Target!

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Take Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew, I foreſee it, for ever. Strife and Tumult are the Dowry that comes with a Wife.

Tru. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe Wounds, Maſter *True-wit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect of it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary Queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has diſtemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous Impertinences! Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

Tru.

Tru. Yes, Sir; but theſe are but Notes of Female Kindneſs, Sir; certain Tokens that ſhe has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come, and be no otherwiſe —— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconſcionable Terms; her Silence ——

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for Love, I aſſure you, of you; do you ſee?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's ſake. What ſhall I do? Who's his Phyſician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak; I'll ſend for one of my Doctors elſe.

Mor. What, to Poiſon me, that I might die Inteſtate, and leave you poſſeſt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you ſee what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake, Counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelſus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Ay me! what Fortune had I to marry a diſtracted Man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtris ——

Tru. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor. What means you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Diſeaſe in *Greek* is called Μανία, in *Latin*, *Inſania*, *Furor*, *vel Ecſtaſis Melancholica*, that is, *Egreſſio*, when a Man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus* yet, Miſtris; and *Phreneticus* is only *Delirium*, or ſo.

Epi.

Epi. I, that is for the Diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are ſure enough of the Diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her Peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Moroſe*, you muſt talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philoſophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philoſophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Beaſts call'd *Done*'s Philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Mor. O miſery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over to my Couſin here.

Mrs. *Ott.* I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, of the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not for this Diſeaſe.

Cle. Why, you diſcommend them too, to day, Sir *John.*

Daw. I, in ſome Caſes; but in theſe they are beſt, and *Ariſtotle*'s *Ethicks.*

Mav. Say you ſo, Sir *John?* I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Hau. Where's *Truſty*, my Woman? I'll end this Difference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an Exerciſe, I know, a Marriage-Ceremony, which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other with *Green*'s *Groat's-worth of Wit.*

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau.

Hau. I, it's very feaſible.

Mrs. *Ott.* My Lady call'd for you, Miſtris *Truſty*: you muſt decide a Controverſie.

Hau. O, *Truſty*, which was it you ſaid, your Father, or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve?*

Truſ. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve.*

Tru. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve.*

Truſ. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of Wit.* But there was other Means us'd: We had a Preacher that would preach Folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo they were preſcrib'd to go to Church, by an old Woman that was their Phyſician, thrice a Week——

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſ. Yes, forſooth: and every Night they read themſelves aſleep on thoſe Books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I would I knew where to procure thoſe Books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Miſtris *Meroſe*, the *Groats-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I ſhall diſfurniſh you, Sir *Amorous:* Can you ſpare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or ſo; I'll read it my ſelf to him.

Epi. No, I muſt do that, Sir; that muſt be my Office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could ſleep.

Mor. No, I ſhould do well enough, if you could ſleep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *Laudanum*, or *Opium?*

Tru. Why, Sir, ſhe talks ten times worſe in her ſleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you know that, Sir; never ceaſes all Night.

Tru. And ſnores like a *Porcpiſce.*

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For how many Cauſes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru.

Tru. Some Divine muſt reſolve you in that, Sir, or Canon-Lawyer.

Mor. I will not reſt, I will not think of any other Hope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you purſue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or ſo.

Cle. By my Faith, a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine Eugenie.*

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful Knight——

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a Penny in his Purſe, Madam——

Daw. He is ready to cry all this Day.

La-F. A very Shark; he ſet me i' th' nick t'other Night at *Primero.*

Tru. How theſe Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter*'s Wine has ſwell'd their Humours above a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Moroſe,* let's go in again. I like your Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have him as ſilent as Signs, and their Poſts too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Diſcourſe of *Dauphine* within; but praiſe him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the height of Affection thou can'ſt; (I have ſome purpoſe in't) and but beat off theſe two Rooks, *Jack Daw* and his Fellow, with any Diſcontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the Soul, to hear 'em begin to talk ſo malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'ſt me an Idolater to thee everlaſting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru.

Tru. No, I'll ſtay here. Drive 'em out of your Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have ſo ſlighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you ſhall expect one of 'em preſently.

Cle. What a Caſt of Caſtrils are theſe, to Hawk after Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and ſtrike at ſuch an Eagle as *Dauphine*.

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

Cle. O Sir, you are welcom.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Dau. Run out o' Doors in's Night-caps, to talk with a *Caſuiſt* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, an' thou had'ſt been here! the Ladies have laugh'd at thee moſt comically, ſince thou went'ſt, *Dauphine*.

Cle. And askt, if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons anſwer'd, Yes, and ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didſt live upon Poſts, and hadſt nothing but three Suits of Apparel, and ſome few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to Grand Madams Bed-poſts, and have 'em bated with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy Hand, *Dauphine*. I have an Execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my Plot.

Dau. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in Love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do not yet afore Night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the Mortgage of my Wit,

Cle.

Cle. 'Fore God, I'll be his Witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine*: Thou ſhalt be his Fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Eſtate. Do you obſerve this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act ſuch a *Tragicomedy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole* —— which of 'em comes out firſt, will I ſeiſe on: (You two ſhall be the *Chorus* behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and ſpeak.) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for this remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fail'd once ——— I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for God's ſake.

Dau. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack-Daw*! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I muſt have this Matter go no further between you: I muſt ha' it taken up.

Dau. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you diſguiſe it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you ſhall make uſe of your Philoſophy now, for this once, and deliver me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaures* were at, tho' there be a She-one here. The Bride has entreated me I will ſee no Blood ſhed at her Bridal; you ſaw her whiſper me ere-while.

Dau. As I hope to finiſh *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Dau. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru. And your Scholarſhip too?

Dau. And my Scholarſhip too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be aſſaulted. I underſtood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your Life contemptible, in regard of your Honour.

Daw. No, no; no ſuch thing, I aſſure you. He and I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Truſt not you to that Viſor. I ſaw him ſince Dinner

Dinner with another Face: I have known many Men in my time vex'd with Loſſes, with Deaths, and with Abuſes; but ſo offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never ſee or read of. For taking away his Gueſts, Sir, to day, that's the Cauſe; and he declares it behind your back with ſuch Threatnings and Contempts —— He ſaid to *Dauphine*, You were the errant'ſt Aſs ——

Daw. I, he may ſay his Pleaſure.

Tru. And ſwears, you are ſo proteſted a Coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or ſingle Right; and therefore he will take his courſe.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir —— but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirſts for, and Blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himſelf?

Daw. I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal your ſelf then in this Study 'till I return. Nay, you muſt be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own Reputation, I would not have you ſeen to receive a Publick Diſgrace, while I have the Matter in managing. Gods ſo, here he comes; keep your Breath cloſe, that he do not hear you ſigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Chriſtian, as good as you: You are arm'd as if you ſought a Revenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler ſo high, but he would ſpeak to his Friends, he would hear Reaſon. *Jack Daw*, *Jack*! aſleep?

He puts him up.

Daw. Is he gone, Maſter *True-wit*?

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he ſo arm'd, as you ſay?

Tru. Arm'd? Did you ever ſee a Fellow ſet out to take Poſſeſſion?

Daw.

Daw. I, Sir.

Tru. That may give you ſome light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some falſe Brother i' the Houſe has furniſh'd him ſtrangely; or, if it were out o' the Houſe, it was *Tom Otter.*

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his Kinſwoman.

Tru. He has got ſome bodies old two-hand Sword, to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword have ſpawn'd ſuch a Dagger! —— But then he is ſo hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronels, Callivers, and Muſkets, that he looks like a Juſtice of Peace's Hall: A Man of Two Thouſand a Year is not ſeſs'd at ſo many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fencer chalenge'd at ſo many ſeveral Foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. *Pulchres* Pariſh. If he could but Victual himſelf for half a Year in his Breeches, he is ſufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a Leg or an Arm; if not, you muſt die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loſe my Right Arm, for writing *Madrigals.*

Tru. Why, if he will be ſatisfied with a Thumb, or a Little-finger, all's one to me. You muſt think, I'll do my beſt.

Daw. Good Sir, do. [*He puts him up again, and then came forth.*

Cle. What haſt thou done?

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he does all afore me; he offers his left Arm.

Cle. His left Wing, for a *Jack Daw.*

Dau. Take it, by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jeſt? What a Conſcience haſt thou?

Dau. 'Tis no loſs to him; he has no employment for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beſide, as good maim his body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar, and a Wit, and yet he does not think ſo. But he loſes no Reputation with us; for

for we all reſolv'd him an Aſs before. To your Places again.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll ſpoil all; theſe be ever your Tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſs, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off elſe.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont.*

Tru. Sir *Amorous*!

La-F. Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make Water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you ſhall rather tempt your Breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Queſtion till your Throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. Daw it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been ſome Hope to atone you; but he ſeems ſo implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my ſelf.

Tru. Do, good Sir, But what have you done to him within, that ſhould provoke him thus? You have broke ſome Jeſt upon him afore the Ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my Life, broke Jeſt upon any Man. The Bride was praiſing Sir *Dauphine,* and he went away in ſnuff, and followed him; unleſs he took offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the Horſe full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the Round up and down, through every Room o' the Houſe, with a Towel in his Hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole?* Who ſaw *La-Foole?*

Foole? And when *Dauphine*, and I demanded the Cauſe we can force no Anſwer from him, but (O Revenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this Towel) Which leads us to conjecture, that the main Cauſe of his Fury is, for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about you, to his diſcredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll ſtay here till his Anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Reſolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the ſudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country preſently.

Tru. How will you go out o' the Houſe, Sir? He knows you are i' the Houſe, and he'll watch you this ſe'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll ſtay here.

Tru. You muſt think how to victual your ſelf in time then.

La-F. Why, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, will you entreat my Couſin *Otter* to ſend me a cold Veniſon Paſty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-Pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not adviſe you to ſleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another Fear———

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot ſure.

La-F. I'll ſet my Back againſt it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he ſhould batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Battry againſt him.

Tru. Caſt you the worſt. He has ſent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows: perhaps

perhaps blow up the Corner o' the Houſe where he ſuſpects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. I proteſt, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: What will you do? Before God you ſhall hang no *Petard* here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my Word? I never knew one but would be ſatisfied. Sir *Amorous*, there's no ſtanding out: He has made a *Petard* of an old Braſs Pot, to force your Door. Think upon ſome Satisfaction, or Terms, to offer him.

He feigns as if one were preſent, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himſelf.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, Sir: I'll ſtand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of theſe two fear'd moſt?

He calls forth Clerimont *and* Dauphine.

Cle. Yes, but this fears the braveſt: The other, a whinilling Daſtard, *Jack Daw!* But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a ſtout Accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity theſe two ſhould ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I muſt ſtrike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Cataſtrophe?*

Tru. Umph? I, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and err ſtill; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows, as they have done. 'Twere Sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpoſe of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and diſcourſe to 'em all that's paſt, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extream Vanity now: thou think'ſt thou wert undone, if every Jeſt thou mak'ſt were not publiſh'd.

Tru. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. *Clerimont*, ſay it was *Dauphine*'s Plot. Truſt me not, if the whole Driſt be not for thy good. There's a Carpet i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf over thy Face, and a Cuſhion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away——*John Daw*.

Daw. What good News, Sir.

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt, *magis patiendo quàm faciendo, magis ferendo quàm feriendo.*

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir?

Tru. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: So at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and ſix o' your Fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas reaſonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpare 'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two Butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

Tru. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The Concluſion is this, Sir: Becauſe you ſhall be very good Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has done any ſuch thing to you in his own Perſon, he is to come here in Diſguiſe, give you five Kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you, and lock you up in that Study during pleaſure: Which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to be Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you ſhall not over-ſhoot your ſelf, to ſend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it with all my heart, to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, upon theſe Terms, he ſhall have me to Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's ſix Kicks to a Man that reads *Seneca*.

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

Tru,

Tru. Sir *Amorous.* No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old Matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth, and kicks him,*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir *Amorous,* you ſhall have ſix.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. Come give him ſix, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now return to your ſafe Cuſtody; you ſhall preſently meet afore the Ladies, and be the deareſt Friends one to another ——— Give me the Scarf now, thou ſhalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous.*

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I ſhould take the Quarrel upon my ſelf. Here he has ſent you his Sword ——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to faſten it againſt a Wall, and break your Head in ſome few ſeveral places againſt the Hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to ſhed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it againſt a fair flat Wall, if that will ſatisfie him: If not, he ſhall beat it himſelf for *Amorous.*

Tru. Why, this is ſtrange ſtarting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another Condition; will you ſtand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru, Then you muſt ſubmit your ſelf to be Hoodwink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, *Gules,* and Tweaks by the Noſe, *ſans nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why muſt I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; becauſe if he ſhould grow Inſolent upon this, and publiſh it hereafter to your diſgrace, (which I hope he will not do)

you might ſwear ſafely, and proteſt, he never beat you, to your Knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Thought one of another in future.

La.F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he ſhould——Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *John*.

[Dauphine *enters to tweak him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John*. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh—

Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his Noſe off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s pleaſure, you ſhould retire into the Study. Why, now you are Friends. All Bitterneſs between you, I hope, is buried; you ſhall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the rankneſs of Friendſhip that can be. I truſt, we ſhall have 'em tamer i' their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worſhip thee. God's will, the Ladies have ſurpriz'd us.

SCENE VI,

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Epicœne, Truſty, Dauphine, True-wit,* &c.

Having diſcovered part of the paſt Scene above.

Hau. Centaure, how our Judgments were impos'd on by theſe adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam, *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam, and their Braveries. I never look'd toward their Valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it ſeems.

Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs. *Ott.* So Maſter *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, when you come to the College, will you bring him with you? He ſeems a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is ſo, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a Coach and Horſes.

Hau.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good *Moroſe*; *Centaure* ſhall ſend you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis.*

Mav. He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he ſhews he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not ſo ſuperlitively neat as ſome, Madam, that have their Faces ſet in a Bark.

Hau. I, and have every Hair in form,

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than our ſelves, and profeſs more Neatneſs than the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a Thouſand; and are the only Thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that Perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at us unconſcionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine*'s Careleſneſs becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for ſuch a Noſe!

Mav. Or ſuch a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Look!

Cen. Good *Moroſe*, bring him to my Chamber firſt.

Mrs. *Ott.* Pleaſe your Honours to meet at my Houſe, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our Brace of Knights here, Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine*'s ingine; who, if you have diſfurniſh'd your Ladyſhip of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himſelf.

Hau. There is no ſuſpicion of that, Sir.

Cen. God ſo, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is kiſſing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beſide the Diſcovery of two ſuch empty Caskets) to gain the Knowledge of ſo rich a Mine of Vertue as Sir *Dauphine.*

Cen. We would be all glad to ſtile him of our Friendſhip, and ſee him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter Society, I'll propheſie; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Dau. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine*? Why, all their Actions are govern'd by crude Opinion, without Reaſon or Cauſe; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now thou haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine*'s Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends, *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Maſter *True-wit*?

Daw. I; but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your Countenance, or outward Bearing to 'em, any diſcovery of their Follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what Aſſurance and Erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. Mav. Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack Daw*.

Daw. What ſay you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no Angeri' your Looks to your Adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw!* where ha' you been?

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in Peace, Man.

Dau. Where's your Sword, Sir *John*?

Cle.

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous?*

Daw. Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuſes meet.

Cle. What a conſent there is i' the Handles?

Tru. Nay, there is ſo i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. *Ott.* O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

SCENE VII.

Moroſe, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make theſe naked Weapons here, Gentlemen?

[*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*

Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to been Murder ſince you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Brides Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your Houſe had been begg'd by this time elſe——

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man-ſlaughter, Sir, as being Acceſſory.

Mor, And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not preſent. *Clerimont,* carry 'em their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you ſpoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is ſuch a noiſe i' the Court, that they have frighted me home with more Violence than I went! Such ſpeaking, and counter-ſpeaking, with their ſeveral Voices of *Citations, Appellations, Allegations, Certificates, Attachments, Interrogatories, References, Convictions* and *Afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noiſe here is Silence too't! a kind of calm Midnight!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be reſolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very ſufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that ſhall inquire into every leaſt Scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Maſter *True-wit?*

Tru. Yes, and are very ſober grave Perſons, that will diſpatch in a Chamber, with a Whiſper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, ſhall I hope this Benefit from you, and truſt my ſelf into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been aſham'd, and oft-times mad, ſince you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock your ſelf up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleaſure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and deſerve no Deluſion.———

Tru. You ſhall find none, Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit?*

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, preſently.

Daw. Why? to what purpoſe?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepeſt Divine, and graveſt Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou can'ſt not, Man; theſe are waking Dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a Civil Gown with the Welt o' the one, and a Canonical Cloke with Sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' the Mouths, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parſon, for this turn, as may be wiſh'd, truſt not my Election: And I hope, without wronging the Dignity of either Profeſſion, ſince they are but Perſons put on, and for Mirths ſake, to torment him. The Barber ſmatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then if I make 'em not wrangle out this Caſe, to his no comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or *La-Foole*, or any thing worſe. Go you to your Ladies, but firſt ſend for them.

Dau. I will.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

La-F. WHere had you our Swords, Maſter *Clerimont?*

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Maſter *Clerimont.* Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you ſó, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to tranſlate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furniſh you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his Box of Inſtruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon!

La-F. For the *Mathematicks:* his Square, his Compaſſes, his Braſs Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Perſon where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Perſons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia*, and of his Miſtris, Miſtris *Epicœne.*

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleaſant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggiſhly. Sir *John*, I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies where e'er you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will, Sir.

Cle.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do withal —— But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions ——

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Perſon.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Perſon, and the Diſcourſe too.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Diſcourſe —— and then you have Activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many Joyn'd Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it——

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the Kingdom, or Commonwealth of Ladies Affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a little how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell ſtrange Stories, my Maſters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have——Velvet Petticoats, and wrought Smocks, or ſo.

Daw. I, and——

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your Friend the pleaſure of Hearing, when you have had the delight of Taſting.

Daw. Why——a——do you ſpeak, Sir *Amorous?*

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw.*

Daw. I' faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I' faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our time. On, Sir *John.*

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous.*

Cle. And theſe Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter —— they were theſe, or others. Our Bath coſt us fifteen Pound when we came home.

Cle.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You ſhall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the ſame Houſe with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and converſt with her hourly, Sir.

Cle. And what Humour is ſhe of? Is ſhe coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard ſo much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Sir; we muſt not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, ſhe is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any Report; and therefore ſpeak plainly: How many times, i'faith? which of you led firſt? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleaſes him to ſay ſo, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Doſt thou, i' faith, *Amorous*?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows *Don* Bridegroom of this; nor ſhall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak ſoftly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty*: He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the Price and Eſtimation of your Vertue only, that hath embark'd me to this Adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you ſo: Nor can I repent me of the Act, ſince it is always an Argument of ſome Vertue in our ſelves, that we love and affect it ſo in others.

Dau.

Dau. Your Ladyſhip ſets too high a Price on my Weakneſs.

Hau. Sir, I can diſtinguiſh Gems from Pebbles ——

Dau. (Are you ſo skilful in Stones?)

Hau. And howſoever I may ſuffer in ſuch a Judgment as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Society with *Centaure* or *Mavis* ——

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer Foils.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehenſive of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty?*

Hau. I come preſently, *Centaure.* My Chamber, Sir, my Page ſhall ſhew you; and *Truſty*, my Woman, ſhall be ever awake for you: You need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for ſhe is a *Fidelia.* I pray you wear this Jewel for my ſake, Sir *Dauphine.* Where's *Mavis, Centaure?*

Cen. Within, Madam, a writing. I'll follow you preſently: I'll but ſpeak a word with Sir *Dauphine.*

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine,* do not truſt *Haughty*, nor make any Credit to her, what ever you do beſides. Sir *Dauphine,* I give you this Caution, ſhe is a perfect Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uſes; and for her Uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her Phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above Fifty too, and pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worſe Face than ſhe! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' theſe Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty, Mavis?*

Mav. Within, *Centaure.*

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine,* (you ſhall not ſee it i' faith, *Centaure.*) Good Sir *Dauphine,* ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine?* how doſt thou quit thy ſelf of theſe Females?

Dau. 'Slight, they haunt me like Fairies, and give me Jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em,

Cle. O, you muſt not tell tho'.

Dau. Maſs, I forgot that: I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this: Another loves me with Caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me: A third brings me a Riddle here: And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray le' me ſee't.

[*He reads the Paper.*

Sir Dauphine, *I choſe this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpoſe to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be ſo honour'd, as to appear at any end of ſo noble a Work, I would enter into a ſame of taking Phyſick to Morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Viſitation.* MAVIS.

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their Plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: His Knights *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vanity, ever confeſs'd ſuch Stories of themſelves. I would not give a Flies Leg in balance againſt all the Womens Reputations here, if they could be but thought to ſpeak truth: And for the Bride, they have made their *Affidavit* againſt her directly ——

Dau. What, they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times, and Circumſtances, with the Cauſe why, and the Place where. I had almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to Day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a ſooth or two or more I had effected it. They would ha' ſet it down under their Hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I ſee, ſtill whether we will or no.

SCENE III.

True-wit, Moroſe, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your Uncle preſently: I have fitted my Divine and my Canoniſt, dyed their Beards and all. The Knaves do not know themſelves, they are ſo exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Thou ſhalt keep one Door, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midſt, that he may have no means of eſcape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the Women (as I have given the Bride her Inſtructions) to break in upon him i' the *l'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, look to your Parts now, and diſcharge 'em bravely; you are well ſet forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confeſs it with ſtanding ſtill, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; uſe vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are ſafe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do ſo. But at firſt be very ſolemn and grave, like your Garments, tho' you loſe your ſelves after, and skip out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: Set your Faces, and look ſuperciliouſly, while I preſent you.

Mor. Are theſe the two Learned Men.

Tru. Yes, Sir; pleaſe you ſalute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time ſo unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how theſe common Forms, as *God ſave you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives! or, *I am glad to ſee you!* When I cannot ſee what the Profit can be of theſe Words, ſo long as it is no whit better with him, whoſe Affairs are ſad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, I have

have acquainted you ſufficiently with the Buſineſs for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your ſelves in the State of the Queſtion, I know. This is the Gentleman who expects your Reſolution, and therefore when you pleaſe, begin.

Ott. Pleaſe you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. Pleaſe you, good Maſter Parſon.

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law ſpeak firſt.

Cut. It muſt give place to poſitive Divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumſtances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, thoſe that are. Be ſwift in affording me my Peace, if ſo I ſhall hope any. I love not your Diſputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not ſtrange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to adviſe me, that I ſhould always collect and contain my Mind, not ſuffering it to flow looſely; that I ſhould look to what things were neceſſary to the Carriage of my Life, and what not, embracing the one, and eſchewing the other: In ſhort, that I ſhould endear my ſelf to reſt, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another Nature to me. So that I come not to your publick Pleadings, or your Places of Noiſe; not that I neglect thoſe things that make for the Dignity of the Common-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamours, and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be ſilent. And for the Cauſe of Noiſe, am I now a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a miſery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of Evil! My very Houſe turns round with the Tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The perpetual Motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Maſter Doctor, will you break the Ice? Maſter Parſon will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will preſume.

Ott. 'Tis no Preſumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Queſtion is, For how many Cauſes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce.

Firſt,

First, you must understand the Nature of the word Divorce, *a divertendendo* ——

Mor. No excursions upon Words, good Doctor; to the Question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, The Canon-Law affords Divorce but in few Cases; and the Principal is in the common Case, the Adulterous Case: But there are *duodecim impedimenta,* twelve Impediments (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum,* but *irritum reddere matrimonium,* as we say in the Canon-Law; *not take away the Bond, but cause a Nullity therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: Good Sir, avoid your Impertinency of Translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you must give the Learned Men leave, Sir, To your Impediments, Master Doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several *Species.*

Cut. I, as *error personæ.*

Ott. If thou contract your self to one Person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If she be a Beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? Is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam,* but not *post copulam,* Sir.

Cut. Master Parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia,* annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no obstancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *Conditio:* If thou thought her free-born, and she prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Estate and Condition.

Ott.

Ott. I, but, Maſter Doctor, thoſe Servitudes are *ſublata* now, among us Chriſtians.

Cut. By your favour, Maſter Parſon ——

Ott. You ſhall give me leave, Maſter Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Queſtion; it concerns not my Caſe: Paſs to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: If either Party have made a Vow of Chaſtity. But that Practice, as Maſter Parſon ſaid of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Diſcipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the Perſons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Queſtion, I am ſure.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment may, which is *cognatio ſpiritualis*: If you were her God-father, Sir, then the Marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is abſurd, and ſuperſtitious Maſter Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all Brothers and Siſters, and as much a Kin in that, as God-fathers and God-daughters.

Mor. O me! To end the Controverſie, I never was a God-father, I never was a God-father in my life, Sir. Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known Caſe. The ſixth *cultûs diſparitas*, difference of Religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion ſhe is of?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt: Shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes, he has done half, Sir. (On to the reſt.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulſion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have taken Holy Orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor.

Mor. No Matter, Maſter Parſon; would ſhe would go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt my ſelf too ſoon into theſe Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: And, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro* ——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Maſter Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat* ——

Ott. Et vere filius qui ſic generatur ——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum graviſſimum*: It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is Comfort come at length, Sir. Confeſs your ſelf but a Man unable, and ſhe will ſue to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & inſanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo ——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay troth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That *a Boy, or Child, under Years, is not fit for Marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes* ——

Tru.

Tru. Your *impotentes*, your whorſon Lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. Matrimonium? We ſhall have moſt un-matrimonial *Latin* with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a Doubt, Maſter Parſon, in our Caſe, *poſt matrimonium*: that *frigiditate præditus* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro ſorore.*

Ott. Abſurd, abſurd, abſurd, and meerly *apoſtatical.*

Cut. You ſhall pardon me, Maſter Parſon, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Maſter Doctor, you can prove nothing elſe. Does not the Verſe of your own *Canon* ſay, *Hæc ſocianda vetant connubia, facta retractant* ——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Maſter Parſon?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's falſe in Divinity, by your favour.

Ort. 'Tis falſe in Humanity, to ſay ſo. Is he not *prorſus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præſtare fidem datam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impoſſible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the Learned Men; they'll think you neglect 'em elſe.

Cut. Or, if he do *ſimulare* himſelf *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or ſo?

Ott. I ſay, he is *adulter manifeſtus* then.

Dau. (They diſpute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *proſtitutor uxoris*; and this is poſitive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me eſcape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, Sir.

Cut. I, if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, I grant you ——

Ott. Why, that was my Concluſion.

Cut.

Cut. And mine too.
Tru. Nay, hear the Concluſion, Sir.
Ott. Then *frigiditatis cauſa* ——
Cut. Yes, *cauſa frigiditatis* ——
Mor. O, mine Ears!
Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* againſt you.
Cut. I, *divortii libellum* ſhe will ſure have.
Mor. Good *Echo's*, forbear.
Ott. If you confeſs it ——
Cut. Which I would do, Sir——
Mor. I will do any thing——
Ott. And clear my ſelf in *foro conſcientiæ*——
Cut. Becauſe you want indeed ——
Mor. Yet more?
Ott. Exercendi poteſtate.

SCENE IV.

Epicœne, Moroſe, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.*

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a Wrong as never was offer'd to poor Bride before: upon her Marriage-day to have her Husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary Companions to be brought in for Forms ſake, to perſwade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch Earwigs about a Husband, or Scorpions to creep between Man and Wife——

Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of Doors by our Grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.

Mav. We'll have our Men Blanket them i' the Hall.

Mrs. *Ott.* As there was one at our Houſe, Madam, for peeping in at the Door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed? *Mav.*

Mav. I'll ha' the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him firſt.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my ſake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine*'s ſake.

Cen. He ſhall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, Madam, as any is about the Town, and wears as good Colours when he liſts.

Tru. Be brief, Sir, and confeſs your Infirmity; ſhe'll be a fire to be quit of you, if ſhe but hear that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay; ſhe'll fly you like one that had the Marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I muſt crave all your Pardons——

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your whole Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentlewoman.——

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmity, which before I conferr'd with theſe Learned Men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his Conſcience by them, he is to declare it, and give Satisfaction, by asking your publick Forgiveneſs.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reaſon of *frigidity*, to perform the Duties, or any the leaſt Office of a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentlewoman?

Mrs. *Ott.* A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, a Device, a Device, this; it ſmells rankly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you ſuſpect that, Ladies, you may have him ſearch'd.

Daw. As the Cuſtom is, by a Jury of Phyſicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that? Mrs,

Mrs. *Ott.* No, let Women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it our ſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cle. Why, then, 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if ſhe conſent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the ſame in *Theology*.

Mor. Worſe, worſe than worſt!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly diſheartned; we have yet a ſmall Relick of Hope left, as near as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Maſter Parſon, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whiſper the Bride, that ſhe carry it as if ſhe were guilty and aſham'd.

Ott. Marry Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Maſter Doctor did forbear to urge) if ſhe be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine deſponſa*, eſpous'd for a Maid——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that ſhall affirm ſo much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Maſter *Clerimont*.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Mr. *Clerimont*

Cle. Nay, you muſt make it good now, Knights; there is no Remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no Men: You know you ſpoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. *Jack Daw*, he's worſe than Sir *Amorous*; fiercer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Daws* in this *Clerimont*.

La-F. I'll confeſs it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound Reputation?

La-F. I am reſolv'd. *Tru.*

Tru. So ſhould you be too, *Jack Daw:* What ſhould keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in diſgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cle. You will diſpatch, Knights; it muſt be done, i'faith.

Tru. Why, an' it muſt, it ſhall, Sir, they ſay. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you aſſure me?

Daw. That we have known your Bride, Sir—

La-F. In good faſhion. She was our Miſtris, or ſo.

Cle. Nay, you muſt be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the Queſtion is, if you have *Carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter. What elſe, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *Nullity.*

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worſhip and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank theſe Knights. Maſter Parſon, let me thank you otherwiſe.

Cen. And ha' they confeſs'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You ſee what Creatures you may beſtow your Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except againſt 'em as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witneſſes in Law.

Mrs. *Ott.* Poor Gentlewoman, how ſhe takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Moroſe*, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I proteſt.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her ſince *Matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to Day, Maſter Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to Day.

Cut. Why, then, I ſay. For any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unleſs the Worſhipful Bridegroom did preciſely, before Witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *Virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I aſſure you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithſtanding the Premiſſes; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Maſter Doctor's Reſolution too, Sir; if you made not that Demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my Heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worſt of all worſt worſts that Hell could have devis'd! marry a Whore! and ſo much noiſe!

Dau. Come, I ſee now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parſon, to abuſe a Gentleman. You ſtudy his Affliction. I pray be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it pleaſe you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleaſure of dying in ſilence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I muſt ſpeak to you. I have been long your poor deſpis'd Kinſman, and many a hard Thought has ſtrengthned you againſt me: but now it ſhall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beſide. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match abſolutely, and inſtantly, after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpair, now ———

Mor. (It cannot be)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what ſhall I hope for, or deſerve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! Thou ſhalt deſerve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, and Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any Thing beſide. Make thine own Conditions. My whole Eſtate is thine; manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be ſo unreaſonable.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suitor to you, Uncle, that out of your Eſtate, which is Fifteen Hundred a Year, you would allow me but Five Hundred during

during Life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by my self and my Friends, tendred you a Writing to Sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now ——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not presently, and for ever of this Cumber, you shall have Power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your Act, and I will become whose Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will Seal to it, that, or to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched Gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have some Compassion on me.

Mor, O, my Nephew knows you be like; away, *Crocodile.*

Cen. He does it not sure without good Ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor, Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and Seal to what thou wilt, for my Deliverance. Thou art my Restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my Deed. If there be a Word in it lacking, or writ with false Orthography, I protest before——I will not take the *Advantage.*

He takes off Epicœne's Perruke.

Dau. Then here is your Release, Sir you have married a Boy, a Gentleman's Son, that I have brought up this half Year, at my great Charges, and for this Composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, Master Doctor? This is *justum Impedimentum,* I hope, *error personæ.*

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. In primo gradu.

Dau. I thank you, good Doctor *Cutberd,* and Parson *Otter.* You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Master *True-wit,* who enabled 'em for the Business. Now you may go in and

He pulls off their Beards in Disguise.

rest,

reſt, be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. *Cutberd*, I'll make your Leaſe good. Thank me not, but with your Leg, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me?

Cle. A Boy!

Dau. Yes, Miſtris *Epicœne*.

Tru. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deſerv'ſt it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to Confeſſion, wear my Part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you ſee the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the Woman-kind here, ſpecially for lying on her, tho' not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure. But that we have ſtuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd Perſons, and ſo lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from ſuch Cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of Fortune can make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lye with their Reputations, and make their Fame ſuffer. Away, you common Moths of theſe, and all Ladies Honours. Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come home with ſome new Matter to be laught at; you deſerve to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphoſis*! But here ſtands ſhe that has vindicated your Fames. Take heed of ſuch *inſectæ* hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have diſcover'd any Myſteries to this young Gentleman: He is (a' moſt) of Years, and will make a good viſitant within this Twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his Secrecy, that can ſpeak ſo well of his Silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*, riſe chearfully, and now *Moroſe* is gone in, clap your Hands. It may be, that Noiſe will cure him, at leaſt pleaſe him.

THE END.

A True and Exact

CATALOGUE

Of all the

PLAYS

And other

DRAMATICK PIECES,

That were ever yet Printed in the

ENGLISH TONGUE,

In ALPHABETICAL Order:

Continu'd down to *April* 1732.

LONDON:

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe*'s Head over-against *Clement*'s-Inn Gate. 1732. [Price 6d.]

Where may be had Variety of Plays.

A True and Exact

CATALOGUE

Of all the

PLAYS

And other Dramatick Pieces that were ever yet Printed in the *Engliſh* Tongue, in Alphabetical Order: Continu'd down to *April* 1732.

*N. B. Thoſe Plays that have this Mark * are Acting Plays: Thoſe with* C. *ſtand for* Comedy, T. *for* Tragedy, T.C. *for* Tragi-Comedy, O. *for* Opera, *and* F. *for* Farce.

A.

ABDELAZAR, or the *Moor*'s Revenge, T.
Abdicated Prince, or Adventures of four Years, T. C.
Abraham's Sacrifice.
* *Abramule*, or Love and Empire, T.
Achilles, or *Iphigenia in Aulis*, T.
Acis and *Galatea*, O.
Acolaſtus, C.
* Act at *Oxford*, C.
Actæon and *Diana*, Interlude.
Admetus, O.
Adelphi from *Terence*, C.
Adelphi, C. from *Terence*.
Adraſta, or the Woman's Spleen and Love's Conqueſt, T. C.
Adventures at *Madrid*, C.
* Adventures of five Hours, T. C.
Adventures of half an Hour, F.

* *Æſop.* See *Eſop.*
Affected Ladies, C.
Agamemnon, T.
Aglaura, T. C.
Agnes de Caſtro, T.
Agrippa King of *Alba*, or the falſe *Tiberinus*, T. C.
Agrippina Empreſs of *Rome*, T.
Ajax, from the *Greek* of *Sophocles.*
Alaham, T.
Alarum for *London*, C.
Alarbas, O.
Alarum for *London*, or the Siege of *Antwerp*, T. C.
Albertus Wallenſtein, T.
Albion, Interlude.
Albion's Triumph, Maſque.
Albion and *Albanus*, O.
* *Albion* Queens, T.
Albouin King of the *Lombards*, T.
Albumazar, C.
Alcamenes and *Menalippa*, T.
Alexander, T. from the *French.*
* Alchimiſt, C.
Alcibiades, T.
Alexander and *Campaſpe*, T. C.
Alexandrian Tragedy, T.
All be Devill'd, F.
All Fools, C.
All for the Better, or the infallible Cure, C.
* All for Love, or the World well loſt, T.
All miſtaken, or the mad Couple, C.
All for Money, C.
All's loſt by Luſt.
All's well that ends well, C.
Almahide, O.
Almyna, or the *Arabian* Vow, T.
Alphonſus Emperor of *Germany*, T.
Alphonſus King of *Arragon*, C.
Alphonſo King of *Naples*, T.
Altemira.
Amalazonta, T.
Amazon Queen, or the Amours of *Thaleſtris* with *Alexander* the Great, T. C.
Amadis, *Italian* O.
Ambitious Slave, or generous Revenge, T.
Ambitious Stateſman, C.
Amelia, O,
Amadis, O.
* Ambitious Stepmother, T.
* *Amboyna*, T. C.
Amends for Ladies, C.
Amorous Bigot, with the ſecond Part of *Teague O Divelly*, C.
Amorous Gallant, or Love in Faſhion, C.
Amorous Phantaſm, T. C.
Amorous Miſer, or the Younger the Wiſer, C.
Amorous old Woman, or 'tis well if it take, C.
Amorous *Orentes.*
Amorous Prince, or curious Husband, T. C.
Amorous War, T. C.
* Amorous Widow, or the wanton Wife, C.
Amorous Quarrel, C.
Amphitrion, C. from *Moliere.*

Am-

Amphitrion from *Plautus*.
* *Amphitrion*, or the two *Sosia's*, C.
Amynta from *Taſſo*, Paſtoral.
Amyntas, Paſtoral.
* *Amyntas*, Paſtoral.
Amyntas, or the impoſſible Dowry, Paſtoral.
* Anatomiſt, or the Sham Doctor, C.
Andria from *Terence*, C.
Ditto, C.
Ditto, C.
Andromache, T.
Andromana, or the Merchant's Wife, T.
* *Andronicus*, T.
* *Andronicus Commenius*, T.
* *Anna Bullen*. See Virtue betray'd.
Anthony and *Cleopatra*, T.
* *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, T.
Antigone the *Theban* Princeſs, T.
Antiochus the Great, or the fatal Relapſe, T.
Antiochus, T.
Antiochus, O.
Antonius or the Tragedy of *Mark Anthony*, T.
Antonia and *Melida*, two Parts. T.
Antipodes, C.
Antiquary, C.
Any thing for a quiet Life, C.
Apocryphal Ladies, C.
Apparition, or Sham Wedding, C.
* Artifice, C.
* *Athenian* Coffee-houſe. C.
Appius and *Virginia*, T.
Appius and *Virginia*, T.
Apollo Shroving, C.
Apollo and *Daphne*, Maſque.
Arcadia, Paſtoral.
Arden of *Feverſham*, T.
Argalus and *Parthenia*, T. C.
Ariadne, or the Marriage of *Bacchus*, O.
Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher, T. C.
Ariſtomenes, or the Royal Shepherd, T.
Arminius, O.
Arraignment of *Paris*, ſuppoſed to be wrote by *Shakeſpear*.
Arſaces, O.
Artaxerxes, O.
* Artful Husband, C.
Artful Wife, C.
Arthur, T.
Arviragus and *Phillicia*, in two Parts, T. C.
Arſinoe Queen of *Cyprus*, O.
As you like it, C.
As you find it, C.
* Aſſignation, or Love in a Nunnery, C.
Aſtræa, or true Love's Mirror, Paſtoral.
Athaliah, T.
* Atheiſt, or the ſecond Part of the Soldier's Fortune, C.
Atheiſt's Tragedy, T.
Athelwold, T.
* *Aurengzebe*, or the Great Mogul, T.
Author's Farce.

B.

Bacchus and *Ariadne*, O.
Ball, C.
Band, Ruff and Cuff, Interlude.
Banditti, or a Lady's Diſtreſs, C.
Baniſh'd Duke, or the Hiſtory of *Unfortunatus*, C.
* *Bartholomew* Fair, C.
Baſhful Lover, C.
Baſhful Lovers, T. C.
* Baſſet Table, C.
Baſtard, T.
Bath, or the Weſtern Laſs, C.
Bath Unmask'd, C.
Battle of *Alcazar*, T.
Battle of *Sedgmoor*, T.
Bays's Opera.
* Beau Merchant, C.
Beauty's Triumph, C.
Beauty in Diſtreſs, T.
Beau defeated, or the lucky younger Brother, C.
Beau in the Suds, O.
* Beaux Duel, or a Soldier for the Ladies, C.
* Beaux Stratagem, C.
* Beggar's Buſh, C.
Beggar's Opera.
Beggar's Wedding, O.
Bell in Campo, T.
Bellamira, or the Miſtreſs, C.
Bellamira her Dreams, in 2 Parts, T.
Belliſarius, T.
Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil, C.
* Benefice, C.
Bickerſtaff's Byrying, or Work for the Upholders, F.
Bird in a Cage, C.
Birth of *Merlin*, C.
* Biter, C.
Black Prince.
Blazing World, C.
Blind Beggar of *Alexandria*, C.
Blind Beggar of *Bednal-Green*, C.
Blind Lady, C.
Bloody Banquet.
Bloody Brother, or *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*, T.
Bloody Duke, or the Adventures for a Crown, T. C.
Blurt, Mr. Conſtable, or the *Spaniſh* Night-Walk.
* *Boadicea* Queen of *Britain*, T.
* Boarding School. See Love for Money.
* Bold Stroke for a Wife, C.
* Bondman, C.
Bonduca, T.
Bragadocio, or the Bawd turn'd Puritan, C.
Brazen Age.
Brenoralt, or the diſcontented Colonel, T.
Bridals, C.
Bride, C.
Britannia Triumphans, Maſque.
Britannicus and *Alexander*.
* *Britiſh* Enchanters, or no Magick like Love, O.
Briton, T.
Broken Heart, T.
Broken Stock-Jobbers, C.
Brothers, C.

Brothers

Brothers from *Terence*, C.
Brutus of *Alba*, or *Auguſtus*'s Triumph, O.
Brutus of *Alba*, O.
Brutus, T.
* *Bury* Fair, C.
* Buſie Body, C.
Buſiris, T.
Buſſy d'Amboys's Tragedy, T.
Buſſy d'Amboys's Revenge, T.
Buſſy d'Amboys, or the Husband's Revenge, T.
Byron's Conſpiracy, T.
Byron's Tragedy.

C.

Capricious Lovers, C.
**Calum Britannicum*, O.
* *Caſar Borgia*, T.
Caſar and *Pompey*, T.
Caſar's Revenge, T.
Caſar in *Egypt*, T.
* *Caius Marius*, T.
Caliſto, or the chaſte Nymph, Maſque.
Caligula Emperor of *Rome*, T.
Callypſo and *Telemachus*, O.
* *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia*, T. C.
Cambyſes King of *Perſia*, T.
* *Camilla*, *Italian* O.
* Campaigners, or pleaſant Adventures at *Bruſſels*, C.
Canterbury Gueſts, or a Bargain broken, C.
Captain, C.
Captives, T.
Cardinal, T.
* Careleſs Husband, C.
Careleſs Lovers, C.
Careleſs Shepherdeſs.
Cares of Love, C.
Carnival, C.
Cartouch, F.
Caſe is alter'd, C.
Caſſandra, or Virgin Propheteſs, O.
* *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, T.
* *Cato*, T.
Cato of *Utica*, from the *French*
Chabbot, Admiral of *France*, T.
Challenge at Tilt, Maſque.
* Challenge for Beauty, T. C.
Chambermaid, O.
Chances, C.
* Chances alter'd by the Duke of *Buckingham*, C.
Changes, or Love in a Maze, C.
Changling, T.
Charles the Eighth of *France*, or the Invaſion of *Naples* by the *French*, T.
Chaſte Maid in *Cheapſide*, C.
Cheats, C.
* Cheats of *Scapin*, F.
Cheſhire Comics.
Chit Chat, C.
Chimæra, F.
Chriſt's Paſſion, T.
Chriſtian turn'd Turk, T.
Chriſtmas, Maſque.
Chriſtmas Ordinary.
Cicilia and *Cloriada*, or Love in Arms, in 2 Parts, T. C.
Cid, T. C.
Cid, or the Heroick Daughter, T.

Cinna's Conſpiracy, T.
Cynthia and *Endimion*, or Loves of the Deities, O.
Circe, O.
Citherea, or the enamouring Girdle, C.
City Bride, or the merry Cuckold, C.
* City Heireſs, or Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, C.
City Lady, or Folly reclaimed, C.
City Madam, C.
City Match, C.
City Night-Cap, T. C.
* City Politicks, C.
* City Ramble, or the Playhouſe Wedding, C.
City Wit, C.
Citizen turn'd Gentleman, C.
Claricella, T. C.
Cleartes, O.
* *Cleomenes* the *Spartan* Hero, T.
Cleopatra Daniel, T.
Cleopatra Queen of *Egypt*, T.
Cloridia, or Rites to *Cloris*, Maſque.
Clotilda, O.
Clouds, C.
Cl uds.
* Cobler of *Preſton*, F.
* Cobler of *Preſton*, F.
Cobler's Opera.
Cobler's Propheſy, C.
Cola's Fury, or *Lyrinda*'s Miſery, T.
Combat of Caps, Maſque.
Combat of Love and Friendſhip, C.
Comedy of Errors,
Comical Gallant, with the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, C.
Comical Haſh, C.
Comical Lovers, C.
Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, C.
* Committee, C.
Committee Man curried, in 2 Parts, C.
Commons Conditions, C.
Commonwealth of Women, T. C.
Compromiſe, C.
* Confederacy, C.
* Confederates,
Conflict of Conſcience, Paſtoral.
Conqueſt of *China* by the *Tartars*, T.
* Conqueſt of *Granada*, in 2 Parts, T.
Conqueſt of *Spain*, T.
Conſcientious Lovers, C.
Conſcious Lovers, C.
Conſpiracy, T.
Conſpiracy, or the Change of Government, T.
* Conſtant Couple, or the Trip to the Jubilee, C.
Conſtantine the Great, T.
Conſtant Maid, or Love will find out the Way, C.
Conſtant Nymph, or Rambling Shepherd, Paſtoral.
Contented Cuckold, or the Woman's Advocate, C.
Contention between *York* and *Lancaſter*, 2 Parts, T.
Contention for Honour and Riches, Maſque.

Con-

Contention of *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* for *Achilles*'s Armour, Maſque.
Contrivances, O.
*Contrivances, or, More Ways than One, F.
Convent of Pleaſure, C.
*The Coquet, or, The *Engliſh* Chevalier, C.
**Coriolanus*, T.
Coriolanus, O.
Corniſh Comedy.
Coronation, T.C.
Coronation of Queen *Elizabeth*, or, The Reſtoration of the Proteſtant Religion, and the Downfal of the Pope.
Coſtly Whore, C.
Covent-Garden, C.
Covent-Garden Weeded.
Counterfeit Bridegroom, or, The Defeated Widow, C.
*Counterfeits, C.
Counteſs of *Eſcarbagnes*, from *Moliere*.
Country Captain, C.
Country Girl, C.
*Country Houſe, F.
Country Innocence, or, The Chamber-maid turn'd Quaker, C.
*Country Laſſes, or, The Cuſtom of the Manor, C.
*Country Wake, C.
*Country Wife, C.
*Country Wit, C.
Courageous *Turk*, or *Amurath* the Firſt, T.
Court Beggar, C.
Court Secret, T.C.
Courtſhip A-la-mode, C.
Courtney Earl of *Devonſhire*.
Coxcomb, C.
Craftsman, F.
Criſpus, O.
Crœſus, F.
Crœſus, O.
Cromwell, (Lord *Thomas*) his Life and Death.
Cromwell's Conſpiracy, T.C.
Cruel Brother, T.
Cruel Debtor.
Cruel Gift, or the Royal Reſentment, T.
Cruelty of the *Spaniards* in *Peru*.
Cuckold's Haven, or, An Alderman no Conjurer, F.
Cunning Lovers, C.
Cunning Woman, C.
Cupid and Death, Maſque.
Cupid's Revenge, T.
Cupid's Whirligig, C.
Cure for a Cuckold, C.
Cure for Jealouſy, C.
Cuſtom of the Country, T.C.
Cutter of *Coleman-ſtreet*, C.
**Cymbeline*, T.
Cynthia's Revels, or, The Fountain of Self-Love, C.
Cynthia's Revenge, T.
Cyrus, O.
Cyrus King *Perſia*, T.
**Cyrus* the Great, T.
Czar of *Muſcovy*, T.

D.

Dame *Dobſon*, or the Cunning Woman, C.
Damoyſelle, C.
Damoyſelles a la mode, C.
Damon and *Pythias*.

Darius.
Damon and *Phillida*, O.
Darius, O.
Darius, Interlude.
Darius King of *Perſia.*
David and *Bathſheba*, their Love, with the Tragedy of *Abſalom.*
Death of *Achilles*, T.
Death of *Brutus.*
Death of *Dido*, a Maſque.
Debauchee, or the Credulous Cuckold.
Deceiver deceived, C.
Decius and *Paulina*, O.
Dead Man's Wedding, F.
Deorum Dona, Maſque.
Degenerate Brother, T.
Deſerving Favourite, T. C.
*Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem* by *Titus Veſpaſian*, in 2 Parts. T.
Deſtruction of *Troy*, T.
Devil's an Aſs, C.
Devil's Charter; T.
Devil's Law-Caſe, or, When the Women go to Law, the Devil is full of Buſineſs, T. C.
*Devil in the Wine-Cellar. See Walking Statue.
*Devil of a Wife, or, The comical Transformation, Farce.
Devil to Pay, O.
Dick Scorner.
Dido and *Æneas*, Maſque.
Dido Queen of *Carthage*, T.
Diona, a Paſtoral.
Different Widow, or Intrigue *a-la-mode*, C.
Diſappointment, or, Mother in Faſhion.
Diſobedient Child.
Diſcontented Colonel, T.
*Diſſembled Wanton, C.
Diſtracted State, T.
Diſtreſſes, T. C.
Diſtreſs'd Innocence, T.
*Diſtreſt Mother.
Divine Comedian, or, The right Uſe of Plays, T. C.
Divine Maſque.
Doating Lovers, C.
Doctor *Dodipole*, C.
Doctor *Fauſtus*, Entertainment.
Doctor *Fauſtus*, T.
*Doctor *Fauſtus*'s Life and Death, Farce.
*Don *Carlos*, Prince of *Spain*, T.
Don Garcia, T.
Don Garcia, C. from *Moliere.*
*Don *John*, Moliere.
*Don *Quixote*, his Comical Hiſtory, in 3 Parts.
*Don *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, T.
Dorinda, O.
*Double Dealer. C.
Double Diſtreſs, T.
Double Falſhood, T.
*Double Gallant, or, The Sick Lady's Cure, C.
Double Marriage, T. C.
Doubtful Heir, T. C.
*Drummer, or, The Enchanted Houſe, C.
*Duke and no Duke, Farce.
Duke of *Guiſe.*
Duke of *Lerma.* See Great Favourite.
Duke of *Milan*, T.

Duke's

Duke's Miſtreſs, T. C.
Dumb Knight, C.
Dumb Lady, or, The Farrier made Phyſician, C.
Dutch Courteſan, C.
Dutch Lover, C.
Dutcheſs of *Malfey*, T.
Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*.

E.

* Earl of *Eſſex*. See Unhappy Favourite.
Earl of *Mar*, F.
Earl of *Warwick*, T.
Eaſtward Hoe, C.
* *Edgar*, or, The *Engliſh* Monarch, T.
Edward the 1ſt.
Edward the 2d, T.
Edward the 3d.
* *Edward* the 3d, with the Fall of *Mortimer*.
Edward the 4th, two Parts.
Edwin, T.
Elder Brother, C.
Electra, T.
Electra, from the *Greek* of *Sophocles*.
Elfrid, or the Fair Inconſtant, T.
Eliza, O.
Elpidia, O.
Elvira, or, The Worſt not always true, T. C.
Emperor of the *Eaſt*, T. C.
* Emperor of the Moon, F.
Empreſs of *Morocco*, T.
Empreſs of *Morocco*, F.
Enchanted Lovers, Paſtoral.
Endimion, C.
Engliſh Friar, or, Town Sparks, C.
* *Engliſh* Lawyer, C.
Engliſh Monarch. See *Edgar*.
Engliſh Men for Mony, or, A Woman will have her Will, C.
Engliſh Monſieur, C.
Engliſh Moor, C.
* *Engliſh* Princeſs, or, The Death of *Richard* III, T.
Engliſh Rogue, C.
Engliſh Traveller, T. C.
Enough's as good as a Feaſt, C.
Entertainment at K. *James* the 1ſt's Coronation.
Entertainment of King *James* and Queen *Anne* at *Theobalds*.
Entertainment of the King of *England* and King of *Denmark* at *Theobalds*.
Entertainment of the King and Queen at *High-gate* on *May* Day.
Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at *Althorp*.
Entertainment on the Prince's Birth-day.
Entertainment at *Rutland* Houſe.
Epheſian Matron, O.
Epicidius, from *Plautus*.
Epiaicus, from *Plautus*.
* *Epſom* Wells, C.
* *Erminia*, O.
Erminia, or, The Chaſte Lady, T. C.
Erſelinda, *Italian* O.
* *Eſop*, C.

Eſther,

Eſther, or, Faith Triumphant.
Etearco, O.
Evening Adventure, or, A Night's Intrigue, from the *Spaniſh*, C.
*Evenings Love, or, The Mock Aſtrologer, C.
Every Body miſtaken, C.
Every Man in his Humour, C.
Every Man out of his Humour, C.
Every Woman in her Humour, C.
Eunuch from *Terence*, C.
Eunuch, T.
Eunuchus, from *Terence*, C.
Europe's Revels for Peace, and his Majeſty's happy Return, Interlude.
Eurydice, T.
Example, T. C.
Excommunicated Prince, or The Falſe Relick, T. C.
Extravagant Shepherd, Paſtoral.

F.

Factious Citizen, or, The Melancholy Viſioner, C.
Fair *Andrian*, from *Terence*. C
Fair *Captive*, T.
Fair *Em*, the Miller's Daughter of *Mancheſter*, with the Love of *William* the Conqueror, C.
*Fair Example, or, Modiſh Citizen, C.
Fair Favourite, C.
Fair of St. *Germans*, C.
Fair *Irene*, T.
Fair Maid of *Briſtol*, C.
Fair Maid of the Exchange, C.
Fair Maid of the Inn.
Fair Maid of the Weſt, or, A Girl worth Gold, 2 Parts T. C.
*Fair Penitent, T.
*Fair Quaker of *Deal*, or, The Humours of the Navy, C.
Fair Quarrel, C.
*Faire Queen, O.
Faithful Bride of Granada, C.
Faithful General.
Faithful General. See Loyal Subject.
Faithful Shepherd, Paſtoral.
Faithful Shepherdeſs, Paſtoral.
Fall of *Mortimer*.
*Fall of *Saguntum*, T.
Fall of *Tarquin*, T.
Falſe Count, or, New Way to play an Old Game, C.
Falſe Favourite Diſgrac'd, T. C.
*Falſe Friend.
Falſe one, T.
Family of Love, C.
Fancies chaſte and noble, C.
Fancies Feſtivals, Maſque.
Faſhionable Lady, O.
Faſhionable Lovers, or, Wit in Neceſſity, C.
Fatal Conſtancy, T.
Fatal Contract, T.
Fatal Diſcovery, or, Ruins of Love, T.
Fatal Dowry, T.
Fatal Extravagance, T.
Fatal Friendſhip, T.
Fatal Jealouſy, T.
Fatal Legacy, T.

Fatal Love, or the forced Inconſtancy, T.
*Fatal Marriage, or, Innocent Adultery, T.
* Fatal Miſtake, or the Plot ſpoiled, C.
* Fatal Viſion, or the Fall of *Siam*, T.
* Fate of *Capua*, T.
Fate of Villany, T.
Fall of the Earl of *Eſſex*.
The Fawn. See *Paraſitaſter*.
Feigned Aſtrologer, C.
* Feign'd Courtezan, or a Night's Intrigue, C.
Feign'd Friendſhip, or mad Reformer, C.
* Feign'd Innocence, or Sir *Martin Mar-all*, C.
Female Academy, C.
Female Advocates, or the Stock-Jobbers, C.
Female Beau, O.
Female Fop, C.
Female Fortune-teller, C.
Female Parſon.
Female Prelate, or the Hiſtory of the Life and Death of Pope *Joan*, T.
Female Virtuoſo's, C.
Female Wits, or the Triumvirate of Poets at the Rehearſal, C.
Ferrex and *Porrex*.
Fickle Shepherdeſs.
Fidele and *Fortunatus*.
Fine Companion, C.
* Fine Ladies Airs, or Equipage of Lovers, C.
Flavius, O.
Fleir, C.
Floating Iſland, C.
Flora, O.
Flora's Vagaries, C.
Floridante, O.
Folly of Prieſtcraft, C.
* Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters, C.
Fond Lady, C. This Play is the ſame as the Amorous old Woman, only different Titles.
Fool turned Critick, C.
Fool wou'd be a Favourite, or the diſcreet Lovers, C.
Fools Preferment, or the three Dukes of *Dunſtable*, C.
Footman's Opera.
* Fop's Fortune. See Love makes a Man.
Forced Marriage, or the jealous Bridegroom, T. C.
Forc'd Phyſician.
Force of Friendſhip, T.
Fortunatus, C
Fortunate Iſles, Maſque.
Fortune by Land and Sea, T. C.
* Fortune Hunters, or two Fools well met, C.
* Fortune in her Wits, from the *Latin* of Mr. *Cowley*, C.
Four *London* Prentices, with the Conqueſt of *Jeruſalem*.
Four Plays, or moral Repreſentations, in one Tragi-Comedy.
Four P.'s, Interlude.
* Fox. See *Volpone*.
Free-will, T.
French Conjurer, C.

Friendſhip improv'd, or the Female Warrior, T.
Friendſhip in Faſhion, C.
Friar *Bacon* and Friar *Bungy*, their Hiſtory, C.
Fulgius and *Lucrelle*.
* Funeral, or Grief a-la-mode, C.

G.

Galathea, C.
Game at Cheſs, C.
Gameſter, C.
* Gameſter, C.
Gammar *Gurton*'s Needle, C.
General caſhiered.
Generous Choice.
* Generous Conqueror, T.
Generous Enemies, or the ridiculous Lovers, C.
Generous Free-Maſon, O.
* Generous Husband, or Coffee-houſe Politician, C.
Gentle Craft, C.
Gentle Shepherd.
Gentleman Cit, C.
Gentleman Citizen, from *Moliere*.
Gentleman Clothier.
Gentleman Cully, C.
* Gentleman Dancing-Maſter, C.
Gentleman of *Venice*, T. C.
Gentleman Uſher, C.
Gentlemen of *Verona*, C.
* *George Barnwell*, T.
George Dandin.
Ghoſt, or the Woman wears the Breeches, C.
Gibraltar, C.
Glaſs of Government, T. C.
Gloriana, or the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, T.
Goblins, T. C.
Golden Age, or the Lives of *Jupiter* and *Saturn*.
Golden Age reſtor'd, Maſque.
Gorboduc; this Play is *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, with a new Title, T.
Gotham Election, Farce.
Governor of *Cyprus*, T.
Grateful Servant, T. C.
Great Duke of *Florence*, C.
Great Favourite, or Duke of *Lerma*.
Grecian Heroin, T.
Green's *Tu Quoque*, C.
* *Greenwich* Park, C.
* *Grief a-la-mode*. See Funeral.
Grim, the Collier of *Croyden*, or the Devil and his Dam, with the Devil of St. *Dunſtan*'s, C.
Griſelda, O.
Gripus and *Hegio*, Paſtoral.
Grove, or Love's Paradiſe, O.
Grubſtreet Opera.
Grumbler, F.
Guardian, C.
Guardian, C.
Guy of *Warwick*, T.
* *Guzman*, C.

H.

Half Pay Officers, F.
* *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*, T.

* *Hamp-*

* *Hampſtead* Heath; this Play is almoſt *verbatim* the ſame as the Act at *Oxford*, C.
Hannibal and *Scipio*, T.
Han's Beer-Pot his inviſible Comedy of ſee me and ſee me not.
Harlequin Hidiſpes, O.
Haſty Wedding, C.
Heautontimorumenos.
Heautontimorumenos from *Terence*, C.
Hector of *Germany*, or the Palſgrave Prince-Elector.
Hectors.
Hecuba, T.
Hecyra.
Hecyra and *Phormio* from *Terence*, C.
Heir, T. C.
Heir of *Morocco*, with the Death of *Gayland*, T.
Hell's higher Court of Juſtice, or the Trial of three Politick Ghoſts, *viz. Oliver Cromwell*, King of *Sweden*, and Cardinal *Mazarine*, T.
* *Henry* II. with the Death of *Roſamond*, T.
Henry III. of *France* ſtabb'd by a Friar, with the Fall of the *Guiſes*, T.
* *Henry* IV. in two Parts, the firſt containing the Life of *Henry Piercy*, ſirnamed *Hotſpur*, and the comical Hiſtory of Sir *J. Falſtaffe*; the ſecond containing the Death of this King, and Coronation of his Succeſſor.
* *Henry* IV. with the Humours of Sir *J. Falſtaffe*, reviv'd with Alterations.
Henry IV. of *France*, T.
* *Henry* V.
* *Henry* V. T.
* *Henry* V. with the Battel of *Agincourt.*
Henry V.
Henry VI. in three Parts; in the ſecond is the Death of D. *Humphrey*, and the third the Death of the Duke of *York.*
Henry VI. Part the firſt, with the Death of the Duke of *Glouceſter.* Part of this is borrowed from *Shakeſpear*, T.
Henry VI. the ſecond Part, or the Miſeries of Civil War. Part of this likewiſe is borrowed from *Shakeſpear*, T.
Henry VI. T.
* *Henry* VIII. his Life.
Heraclius Emperor of the *Eaſt*, T.
Hercules, O.
Hercules Furens, T.
Hercules Oetæus, T.
Hero and *Leander*, T.
Herod and *Antipater*, T.
Herod and *Antipater*, T.
* *Herod* and *Mariamne*, T.
Herod the Great, T.
Heroick Friendſhip, T.
* Heroick Love, or the Infanta of *Spain*, T.
* Heroick Love, T.
Hey for Honeſty, down with Knavery, C.

Hibernia Free'd, T.
Hic & Ubique, or the Humours of *Dublin*, C.
Hide Park, C.
Hipolitus.
Hiſtriomaſtrix, or the Player whipt, C.
Hob's Wedding, F.
* *Hob*, or the Country Wake, F.
Hoffman's Tragedy, or a Revenge for a Father, T.
Hog has loſt his Pearl, C.
Hollander, C.
Holland's Leaguer, C.
Honeſt Lawyer, C.
Honeſt Man's Fortune, T. C.
Honeſt Whore, the firſt Part, with the Humours of the patient Man and the longing Wife, C.
Honeſt Whore, the ſecond Part, with the Humours of the patient Man and the impatient Wife, C.
Honoria and *Mammon*, C.
Honour of *Wales*, Maſque.
Horace, done from *Corneille*.
Horace from ditto.
Horatius from *Corneille*.
How to chuſe a good Wife from a bad one, C.
Humour of the Age, C.
* Humours of the Army, C.
* Humours of the Compter, F.
* Humours of the Navy. See the Fair Quaker of *Deal*.
Humours of Purgatory, F.
* Humours of *Oxford*, C.
Humours of *Exchange Alley*, F.
Humour out of Breath, C.
Humorous Courtier, C.
Humorous Day's Mirth, C.
* Humorous Lieutenant, T. C.
Humorous Lovers, C.
* Humoriſts, C.
Humours of *York*, C.
Humphrey Duke of *Gloceſter*, C.
Huntington's Divertiſement, Interlude.
Hurlo Thrumbo.
Husband his own Cuckold, C.
Hydaſpes, Italian O.
Hymenæi, or the Solemnities of a Maſque, and Barrier's at a Marriage.
Hymen's Triumph, Paſtoral T. C.
Hypermneſtra, or Love in Fears, T.
Hypocondriac, F.
Hypocondriac, C. from *Molliere*.
Hyppolitus.
Hyppolitus.

I.

Jack Drum's Entertainment, or the Comedy of *Paſquil* and *Catharine*, C.
Jack Jugler, C.
Jack Straw's Life and Death.
Jacob and *Eſau*, Interlude.
James IV.
* *Jane Grey*, T.
* *Jane Shore*, T.

Ibrahim

Ibrahim the 13th Emperor of the *Turks*, T.

Ibrahim the illuſtrious Baſſa, T.

Jealous Husband. See Loſt Lovers.

Jealous Lovers, C.

Jeronymo, or the *Spaniſh* Tragedy, firſt Part, T.

Jeronymo is mad again, or the *Spaniſh* Tragedy, ſecond Part, T.

Jew of *Malta*, T. C.

* Jew of *Venice*, alter'd from *Shakeſpear*, with the Mask of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, C.

Jews Tragedy, T.

If this ben't a good Play the Devil's in't, C.

If you know not me, you know no Body, or the Troubles of Q. *Elizabeth* in 2 Parts.

Ignoramus, tranſlated from the *Latin*, C.

Imaginary Cuckold, C.

Impatient Poverty, C.

Imperial Captives, T.

Imperial Tragedy, T.

Imperiale, T.

Impertinent Lovers, C.

Impertinents, C.

Impoſture, T. C.

Impoſture defeated, or a Trick to cheat the Devil, C.

Impromptu of *Verſailles*, C.

Inchanted Lovers, Paſtoral.

* Inconſtant, or the way to win him, C.

* *Indian* Emperor, or the Conqueſt of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*, T. C.

* *Indian* Queen, T.

Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of *Caius Martius Coriolanus*, T. C.

Invader of his Country, T.

Injur'd Innocence, T.

* Injur'd Lovers, or the ambitious Father, T.

Injur'd Love, or the cruel Husband, T.

* Injur'd Love, or the Ladies Satisfaction, C.

Injur'd Princeſs, or the fatal Wager, T. C.

Injur'd Vertue, T.

Inner-Temple Maſque, or Maſque of Heroes.

Innocent Miſtreſs, C.

Innocent Uſurper, or the Death of the Lady *Jane Gray*, T.

Inſatiate Counteſs, T.

Interlude of Youth.

Intrigues of *Verſailles*, or a Jilt in all Humours, C.

Intriguing Widow, or Honeſt Wife.

Jocaſta, T.

John the Evangeliſt.

John King of *England*.

John King of *England*, his troubleſome Reign, two Parts.

John and *Matilda*, T.

Joſeph his Hiſtory, T.

Joſeph's Afflictions.

Jovial Crew, O.

* Jovial Crew, or the merry Beggars, C.

Jovial Crew, or the Devil turn'd Ranter, Interlude.

Iphigenia, T.
Irene, or the Fair *Greek*, T.
Iriſh Hoſpitality, C.
Iriſh Maſque.
Iron Age, in 2 Parts.
*Iſland Princeſs, T. C.
* Iſland Princeſs, reviv'd with Alterations.
* Iſland Princeſs, or Generous *Portugueſe*, made into an Opera.
* Iſland Queen, or the Death of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*, T.
Iſle of *Gulls*, C.
Italian Husband, T.
It ſhould have come ſooner, F.
Judgment of *Paris*, Maſque
Juliana, or the Princeſs of *Poland*, T. C.
Julius Cæſar, T.
* *Julius Cæſar*, T.
Julius Cæſar, O.
Julius Cæſar, T.
* Juror, F.
Juſt General, T.
Juſt *Italian*, T. C.
Ixion, a Maſque.

K.

Keepers Diſtracted, F.
Kenſington Gardens, C.
Kind Keeper, or Mr. *Limberham*, C.
King and no King, T. C.
King *Arthur*, or the *Britiſh* Worthy, T.
*King *Edgar* and *Alfreda*.
King *Edgar* and *Alfreda*, T.
* King *Lear*. See *Lear* King of *England*.
King *Richard* II. T.
King and Queen's Entertainment at *Richmond*.
King *Saul*.
King's Entertainment at *Welbeck*.
Knack to know an honeſt Man, C.
Knack to know a Knave, C.
Knave in Grain, C.
Knavery in all Trades, or the Coffee-houſe, C.
Knight of the burning Peſtle, C.
Knight of the Golden Shield. See St. *Clyomon*.
Knight of *Malta*, T. C.

L.

Lady Alimony, or the Alimony Lady, C.
Lady Errant, T. C.
Lady of Pleaſure, C.
Lady's Contemplation.
*Lady's laſt Stake, or the Wife's Reſentment, C.
Lady's Privilege, C.
Lady's Trial, T. C.
Lady's Triumph, O.
* Lady's Viſiting-Day, C.
* *Lancaſhire* Witches, C.
* *Lancaſhire* Witches, and *Teague* O *Divelly* the *Iriſh* Prieſt, C.
Landgartha, T. C.
Late Revolution, or the Happy Change, T. C.
Law againſt Lovers, T. C.

Law

Law Tricks, or who would have thought it, C.
Laws of *Candy*, T.C.
Laws of Nature, C.
* Lawyer's Fortune, or Love in a Hollow Tree, C.
* *Lear* King of *England*, T.
* *Lear* King of *England*, and his three Daughters, T.
Learned Ladies, C.
Letter-Writers, F.
Levellers levell'd, or the Independents Conſpiracy to root out Monarchy, Interlude.
Liberality and Prodigality, C.
* Libertine, C.
Libertine, from *Moliere*.
Liberty aſſerted, T.
Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, Interlude.
Limberham. See Kind Keeper.
Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senſes for Superiority.
Litigants.
Little *French* Lawyer, C.
Locrine, eldeſt Son to King *Brutus*, T.
London Chanticleers, C.
* *London* Cuckolds, C.
London Prodigal. C.
Longer thou liv'ſt the more Fool thou art, C.
Look about you, C.
Looking-glaſs for *London* and *England*, T.
Lo Spirito Folletto, O.
Loſt Lady, T.C.
Loſt Lover, or the Jealous Husband, C.
* Lottery, F.
Love *a-la-mode*, C.
* Love and a Bottle, C.
Love and Duty, T.
Love and Honour.
Love and Liberty, T.
Love and Revenge, T.
Love and War, T.
Love at firſt Sight, C.
Love at Loſs, or moſt Votes carries it, T.
*Love at a Venture, C.
* Love betray'd, or the agreeable Diſappointment, C.
* Love for Love, C.
* Love for Money, or the Boarding-ſchool, C.
Love crowns the End, T.C.
Love freed from Ignorance and Folly, Maſque.
* Love in a Cheſt, F.
* Love in a Sack, F.
* Love in a Tub. See Comical Revenge.
* Love in a Wood, or St. *James*'s Park, C.
* Love in a Wood, or the Country Squire, F.
Love in a Foreſt, C.
Love in the dark, or the Man in Buſineſs, C.
Love in its Ecſtaſy, Paſtoral.
*Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, C.
Love in a Riddle, O.
Love in ſeveral Maſques, C.
Love only for Love's ſake.
Love reſtor'd.

* Love in a Veil, C.
Love Triumphant, or Nature will prevail, T. C.
Love without Intereſt.
Love the beſt Phyſician, C.
Love loſt in the Dark.
Love will find out the Way.
Love's Adventures, in two Parts.
Love's Medicine, or *le Medicin Malgre lui*, C.
Love's Cruelty, T.
Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid, C.
Love's Dominion, Paſtoral.
Love's a Jeſt, C.
Love loſt in the Dark.
Love will find out the Way.
Love's Kingdom, T. C.
Love's Labour loſt, C.
Love's Labyrinth, or the Royal Shepherdeſs, T. C.
Love's a Lottery, C.
*Love's laſt Shift, or the Fool in Faſhion, C.
Love's Loadſtone, C.
Loves of *Ergaſto*, Paſtoral.
Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*.
Love's Metamorphoſis, Paſtoral.
Love's Miſtreſs, or the Queen's Maſque.
Love's Pilgrimage, C.
Love's Riddle, Paſtoral.
Love's Sacrifice, T.
Love's Triumph thro' *Calliopolis*.
Love's Triumph, or the Royal Union, T. C.
Love's Victim, or the Queen of *Wales*, T.
Love's Victory, T. C.
Love's Welcome.
Love-ſick Court, or the ambitious Politick, C.
Love-ſick King, T. C.
Love Tricks, or School Compliments, C.
Lover, C.
Lover's Luck, C.
Lover's Melancholy, T. C.
Lover's Progreſs, T. C.
Lovers Opera, O.
Loving Enemies, C.
Loyal Brother, or the *Perſian* Prince, T.
Loyal Brother, or the Revenger's Tragedy, T.
Loyal General, T.
Loyal Lovers, T. C.
Loyal Subject, T. C.
Lucius Junius Brutus, Father of his Country, T.
**Lucius* firſt Chriſtian King of *Britain*. T.
Lucius Verus, O.
Lucky Chance, or the Alderman's Bargain, C.
Luminalia, or the Feſtival of Light, Maſque.
Lunatick, C.
Luſt's Dominion, or the Laſcivious Queen, T.
Luſty *Juventus*, Interlude.
Lyer. See Miſtaken Beauty.
* Lying Lovers, or the Lady's Friendſhip, C.

M.

* *Macbeth*, T.
The Mad Lover, C.

Mad

Mad Couple well match'd reviv'd under the Title of The Debauchee, *&c.* C.
Mad World my Maſters, C.
Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty Falſe One, C.
Magnetick Lady, or Humours reconciled, C.
Magnificent Lovers, from *Moliere*, C.
Maid of Honour, T. C.
Maid in the Mill, C.
Maids of *Moorclack*.
Maid's laſt Prayer, or Any rather than fail, C.
Maid's Metamorphoſis, C.
Maid's Revenge, T.
Maid's the Miſtreſs, C.
Maid's Tragedy, T.
Maid's Tragedy, reviv'd with Alterations, T.
Maidenhead well loſt, C.
Maiden Queen. See Secret Love.
Malecontent, T. C.
The Mall, or Modiſh Lovers, C.
Mamamouchi. See Cit turned Gentleman.
* Man of Mode, or Sir *Fopling Flutter*, C.
Man of *Newmarket*, C.
Mangora King of the *Tribuſines*, T.
Manhater, from *Moliere*, O.
Manhood and Wiſdom.
* Man's bewitch'd, or the Devil to do about her, C.
Man's the Maſter, C.
Manlius, O.
Manlius Capitolinus.
Marcelia, or the treacherous Friend, T. C.
Marcus Tullius Cicero, C.
Mariam fair Queen of *Jury*, T.
Mariamne, T.
Marius and *Sylla*. See Wounds of Civil War.
* Marplot, or the ſecond Part of the Buſy Body, C.
* Marriage *a-la-Mode*, C.
Marriage Broker, or the Pandar, C.
Marriage Hater match'd, C.
Marriage Night, C.
Marriage of *Oceanus* with *Britannia*, Maſque.
Marriage of the Arts, C.
Marriage of Wit and Science, Interlude.
* Marriage Beau, or the Curious Impertinent, C.
Marry, or do worſe, C.
Marry'd Philoſopher, C.
Mars and *Venus*, Maſque.
Martyr, or *Polyeucte*, T.
Martyr'd Soldier, T.
Mary Magdalen's Repentance, Interlude.
* *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*. See Iſland Queen.
Maſque at *Berthie* in *Derbyſhire*.
Maſque at Lord *Haddington*'s Marriage.
Maſque at Lord *Hay*'s Houſe.
Maſque at *Ludlow* Caſtle.
Maſque of Augurs.
Maſque of Flowers.
Maſque of *Gray's Inn* and the *Inner-Temple* Gentlemen.
Maſque of Owls at *Kenelworth*.
Maſque of Queens.

Maſque of the *Middle-Temple* and *Lincoln's-Inn.*
Maſquerade, C.
Maſquerade, F.
Maſquerade du Ciel, Maſque.
Maſſacre at *Paris*, with the Death of the Duke of *Guiſe*, T.
Maſſacre at *Paris*, T.
Maſſinello his Tragedy, or the Rebellion of *Naples*, T.
Maſſaniello, or a Fiſherman a Prince, in two Parts, C.
Maſter *Anthony.*
Maſter *Turbulent*, or the Melancholicks, C.
Match me in *London*, C.
Match at Midnight, C.
* Match in *Newgate.* See Revenge.
Matrimonial Troubles in two Parts, the 1ſt C. and the 2d T.
May Day, C.
Mayer of *Queenborough*, C.
* Meaſure for Meaſure, C.
* Meaſure for Meaſure, alter'd from *Shakeſpear*, C.
Medea, T.
Medea, T. C.
Medea, from *Seneca*, T.
Melicerte, T.
Menechmus, C.
Merchant of *Venice*, T. C.
Mercurius Britannicus, or the *Engliſh* Intelligencer, T. C.
Mercury vindicated from the Alchymiſt at Court, Maſque
Merope, T.
Merry Devil of *Edmonton.*
Merry Milk-Maids.
* Merry Wives of *Windſor*, C.
Meſſalina the *Roman* Empreſs, T.
Metamorphoſis, or the old Lover out-witted, F. from *Moliere.*
Metamorphoſed Gypſies, Maſque.
Michaelmas Term, C.
Microcoſmus, Maſque.
Midas, C.
Midſummer's Night's Dream, C.
Mirza, T.
Miſanthrope, C. from *Moliere.*
Miſer, C.
Miſer, C. from *Moliere.*
Miſeries of Civil War. See *Henry* VI. Part 2.
Miſeries of enforced Marriage T. C.
* Miſtake, C.
Miſtaken Beauty, or the Liar, C.
Miſtaken Husband, C.
Miſtakes, or the Falſe Report, C.
* *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, T.
Mock Aſtrologers. See Evening Love.
Mock Duelliſt, or the *French* Vallet, C.
* Mock Marriage, C.
Mock Opera.
Mock Tempeſt, or the Enchanted Caſtle, F.
Mock *Thyeſtes*, F.
* Modern Husband.
* Modern Prophets, or new Wit for a Husband, C.
* Modiſh Couple, C.

* Modish Husband, C.
Mohocks, F.
* *Momus* turn'd Fabulist, O.
Monsieur *d'Olive*, C.
Monsieur *de Poarceaugnac*, or Squire *Trelooby*, from *Moliere*, C.
Monsieur *Thomas*, C.
Mony's an Ass, C.
Mony's the Mistress, C.
More Dissemblers beside Women, C.
Morning Ramble, or the Town Humours, C.
Mortimer's Fall, T.
Mother *Bombie*, C.
Mother-in-Law, from *Terence*, C.
Mother *Shipton*'s Life and Death.
* Mourning Bride, T.
Mucedorus the King's Son of *Valencia*, and *Amadon* the King's Daughter of *Arragon*, *&c.* C.
Much ado about Nothing, C.
Mulberry-Garden, C.
Muleasses the *Turk*, T.
Muse of *Newmarket*, C.
Muses Looking-Glass, C.
* *Mustapha*, T.
Mustapha, T.
Mutius Scævola, O.
Myrtillo, Pastoral.

N.

Narcissus, O.
Nature's Three Daughters, Beauty, Love and Wit, C.
Neglected Virtue, or the Unhappy Conqueror.
Neptune's Triumph for the Return of *Albion*, Masque.
Nero's Tragedy.
Nero Emperor of *Rome*, his Tragedy.
New Academy, C.
New Custom, Interlude.
New Exchange, C.
New Inn, or the light Heart, C.
Newmarket Fair, or Mrs. *Parliament*'s New Vagaries, T. C.
New Trick to cheat the Devil, C.
New Way to pay old Debts, C.
New Wonder, a Woman never vext, C.
News from *Plymouth*, C.
News from the World discovered in the Moon, Masque.
Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman, C.
Nice Wanton, C.
Nicomede, T.
Nights Intreague.
Night Walker, or the little Thief. C.
Noah's Flood, or the Destruction of the World; a second Title to this Play is The Cataplasm, or General Deluge of the World; and in a third it is called The Deluge, or the Destruction of the World. O.
Noble Gentleman, C.

Noble

Noble Ingratitude, Paſtoral.
Noble *Spaniſh* Soldier, or a Contract broken juſtly revenged, T.
Noble Stranger, C.
No-Body and Some-Body, with the Hiſtory of *Elydure*.
No Fools like Wits, C.
* Nonjuror, C.
* Northern Heireſs, or Humours of *York*.
* Northern Laſs, C.
Northward Hoe, C.
Novella, C.
Novelty, or every Act a Play, being Paſtoral, Comedy, Maſque, Tragedy, and Farce.
No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's, C.
Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, C.
Numitor, O.

O.

Oberon the Fairy Prince, Maſque.
Obſtinate Lady, C.
Octavia, T.
Oedipus, T.
* *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*.
Oedipus, from *Voltaire*.
* Old Batchellor, C.
Oldcaſtle, Lord *Cobham*'s Life and Death, T.
Old Couple, C.
Old Law, or a new Way to pleaſe you.
Old Mans Leſſon, and young Man's Love, Interlude.
Old Mode and the New, or a Country Miſs with her Furbelow, C.
Old Troop, or Monſieur *Ragou*, C.
Old Wives Tale.
Opportunity, C.
Ordinary, C.
Oreſtes his Tragedy, T.
Oreſtes, T.
Orgula, or the fatal Errors, T.
Orlando Furioſo, one of the 12 Peers of *France*, tranſlated from *Orioſto*.
Ormaſdes, T.C.
* *Oroonoko*, T.
Orpheus and *Eurydice*, Maſque.
* Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage, T.
Oſmond the great *Turk*, or noble Servant, T.
* *Othello* Moor of *Venice*, T.
Otho, O.
Ovid's Tragedy, T.

P.

Pallantus and *Endora*, T.
Pandora, or the Converts, T.C.
Pan and *Syrinx*, O.
Pan's Anniverſary, or the Shepherd's Holyday, Maſq.
Paraſitaſter, or the Fawn, C.
Parliament of Bees, Maſque.
Parſon's Wedding, C.
Paraſite, T.
Paſſionate Lover, in 2 Parts, T. C.
Paſtor Fido, or the faithful Shepherd, Paſtoral.

Paſtor

Paſtor Fido, or the Faithful Shepherd, Paſtoral.
Pathomachio, or the Battle of Affection, ſhadowed by a feigned Siege of the City *Pathopolis*. This is the ſame as *Love's Loadſtone*, only different in Title, C.
Patient *Griſſel*, C.
Patie and *Peggy*, O.
St. *Patrick* for *Ireland*.
Patriot, or *Italian* Conſpiracy, T.
Patron, O.
Pauſanias, Betrayer of his Country, T.
Pedlar's Prophecy, C.
Peleus and *Thetis*. See Jew of *Venice*.
Penelope, O.
Perfidious Brother. T
Perfidiuse Brother, T.
Periander, T.
Pericles Prince of *Tyre*.
Perjur'd Husband, or the Adventure of *Venice*, T.
Perjur'd Nun.
* Perjuror, F.
Perkin Warbeck.
The *Perſian* Prince, or the Loyal Brother, C.
* Perplex'd Couple, or Miſtake upon Miſtake, C.
* Perplex'd Lovers, C.
Perolla and *Izadora*, T.
Perſian Princeſs, or the Royal Villain, T.
* Petticoat Plotter, C.
Phaeton, or the Fatal Divorce, C.
* *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*. T.
Phædra and *Hippolitus*.
Philaſter, or Love lies a bleeding, T.
Philip of *Macedon*, T.
Phillis of *Scyros*, P.
Philotas, T.
Philotas, T.
Philotus, C.
Phœnix, T. C.
Phœnix in her Flames, T.
Phormio.
Phormio, C.
Phyſician whether he will or no, from *Moliere*.
Picture, T. C.
Pilgrim, C.
Pilgrim, T.
* Prilgrim, alter'd from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, with a Maſque, the Maſque by Mr. *Dryden*, C.
Pilgrims, or Happy Converts, T.
Pindar of *Wakefield*, C.
Piſo's Conſpiracy. This Play differs from *Nero* only in the Title, T.
Pity ſhe's a Whore, T.
* Plain Dealer, C.
Platonick Lady, C.
Platonick Lovers, T.
Play between *John* the Huſband and *Tib* his Wife.
Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour *Prat*.
Play of Genteelneſs and Nobility, 2 Parts.
Play of Love.
Play of the Weather, ſtil'd, A New and very [Merry Interlude

terlude of all Manner of Weathers.
* Play-houſe to be Let.
* Play is the Plot, C.
Pleaſure at *Kenelworth* Caſtle, Maſque.
Pleaſure reconcil'd t Virtue, Maſque.
*Plot and no Plot, C.
Plotting Lovers, F.
*Plotting Siſters. See Fond Husband.
Pluto and *Proſerpine.*
Plutus. See World's Idol.
Poetaſter, or his Arraignment, C.
Polidus, T.
Politician, T.
Politician cheated, C.
Politick Whore.
Polly, O.
Polyeuctes, or the Martyr.
Pompey, T.
Pompey the Great.
Pompey the Great, his fair *Cornelia*, T.
Poor Man's Comfort, T. C.
Poor Scholar, C.
Pope *Joan.* See Female Prelate.
**Portſmouth* Heireſs, or Generous Refuſal, C.
Pragmatical Jeſuit new leaven'd.
Presbyterian Laſh, or *Noctroff*'s Maid Whipt, T. C.
Preſence, C.
Pretender's Flight, F.
Pretenders, or the Town unmask'd, C.
Prince of *Prigg*'s Revels, or the Practices of the Grand Thief, Captain *James Hind*, C.
Princeſs, or Love at firſt Sight. T. C.
Princeſs of *Cleve*, T. C.
Princeſs of *Elis*, O.
Princeſs of *Parma*, T.
Priſoners, T. C.
Projectors, C.
Promiſes of God manifeſted.
Promus and *Caſſandra*, in 2 Parts.
Propheteſs, T. C.
* Propheteſs, or the Hiſtory of *Diocleſian*, reviv'd from the Foregoing, O.
*Provok'd Husband, C.
*Provok'd Wife, C.
Prunella, Interlude.
Pſyche, O.
Pſyche, O. from *Moliere.*
Pſyche debauch'd, C.
Publick Wooing, C.
Puritan, or the Widow of *Watling-ſtreet*, C.
Pyramus and *Thisbe*, O.
Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, T.
Pyrrhus and *Demetrius*, O.

Q.

Quacks, C.
Quaker's Opera.
*Quaker's Wedding.
Queen, or Excellency of her Sex, T. C.
Queen *Catharine*, or the Ruins of Love, T.
Queen and Concubine, C.
Queen of *Arragon*, T. C.

Queen

Queen of *Corinth*, T.C.
Queen's *Arcadia*, Paſtoral, T. C.
Queen's Exchange, C.
Queen's Maſque of Blackneſs.
Queen's Maſque of Beauty.
Queens of *Brentford*, O.
Querer per ſolo querer. See Love only for Love's ſake.

R.

Radamiſtus, O.
Raging *Turk*, or *Bajazet* the 2d, T.
Ram Alley, or merry Tricks, C.
Rambling Juſtice, or jealous Husband, C,
Rampant Alderman, or News from the Exchange, F.
Rape, or Innocent Impoſtures, T.
Rape of *Lucrece*, T.
Rape upon Rape, C.
Rebellion, T.
Rebellion of *Naples*.
*Recruiting Officer, C.
Reformation, C.
Reform'd Wife, C.
* Refuſal, C.
* Rehearſal, C.
* Relapſe, or Virtue in Danger, C.
Religious, T. C.
Religious Rebel, T.C.
Renegado, C.
Return from *Parnaſſus*, or the Scourge of Simony, C.
Regulus.
Revenge, T.
* Revenge, or a Match in *Newgate*, C.
Revenge for Honour, T.
Revengeful Queen, T.
Revenger's Tragedy. See Loyal Brother.
Revolter, T. C.
Revolution of *Sweden*, T.
Reward of Virtue, C.
Rhodon and *Iris*, Paſtoral.
Richard II. T.
Richard II. or the *Sicilian* Uſurper.
* *Richard* III.
* *Richard* III. with the Landing of the Earl of *Richmond*, and Battle of *Boſworth* Field.
* *Richmond* Heireſs, or a Woman once in the Right, C.
Richmond Wells, F.
Rinaldo, C.
Rinaldo and *Armida*, T.
Rival Brothers, T.
Rival Friends, C.
Rival Fools, C.
Rival Kings, or the Loves of *Oroondates* and *Statira*, T.
Rival Ladies, T. C.
Rival Modes, C.
Rival Nymphs, C.
* Rival Queens, or the Death of *Alexander* the Great, T.
Rival Siſters, or the Violence of Love, T.
Rivals, T. C.
Roaring Girl, or *Moll* Cut-Purſe, C.
Robert Earl of *Huntington*' Downfall.
Robert Earl of *Huntington*, Death, T.
Robin Conſcience,
Robin Hood, O.

Robin Hood's Paſtoral May-Games.
Robing Hood and his Crew of Soldiers.
Rodalinda, O.
Rollo Duke of *Normandy*. See Bloody Brother.
Roman Actor, T.
Roman Bride's Revenge, T.
Roman Empreſs, T.
Roman Generals, or the Diſtreſſed Ladies.
Roman Maid, T.
Rome's Follies, or the Amorous Friars, C.
* *Romeo* and *Juliet*, T.
Romulus and *Herſilia*, or the *Sabine* War, T.
Roſamond, O.
Rotheric O Connor, T.
*Rover, or the Baniſh'd Cavaliers, in two Parts, C.
Rover Reclaim'd, C.
Roving Husband Reclaim'd, C.
Round-heads, or the good old Cauſe, C.
Royal Captives, T.
* Royal Convert, T.
Royal Cuckold, or the Great Baſtard, tranſlated from the *German* Language, T. C.
Royal King, and Loyal Subject, T. C.
Royal Martyr, T.
Royal Martyr. See Tyrannick Love.
Royal Martyr, King *Charles* the Firſt, T.
Royal Maſque at *Hampton-Court*.
Royal Maſter, T. C.
*Royal Merchant, or the Begger's Buſh, C.
Royal Miſchief, T.
Royaliſt, C.
Royal Shepherdeſs. This Play is taken from the Rewards of Virtue. T. C.
Royal Slave, T. C.
Royal Voyage, or the *Iriſh* Expedition, T. C.
Rudens, C. from Plautus.
* Rule a Wife and have a Wife, C.
Rump, or the Mirror of the late Times. This has been reviv'd under the Title of the Round-heads, C.

S.

Sacrifice, T.
Sad one, T.
Sad Shepherd, or a Tale of *Robin Hood*, Paſtoral.
St. *Cicely*, or the Converted Twins, T.
Salmacida Spolia, Maſque.
Sampſon Agoniſtes, T.
Sappho and *Phaon*, C.
Satyromaſtix, or the Untruſſing the Humorous Poet, C.
**Sawney* the *Scot*, or the Taming of the Shrew, C.
Scaramouch a Philoſopher, Harlequin a School-Boy, Bravo a Merchant and Magician, C.
School for Husbands, C.
School for Wives.
School for Women, C. from *Moliere*.

School

School for Women criticiz'd, from *Moliere*.
*School-Boy, F.
School of Compliments. See Love Tricks.
Scipio, O.
Scipio Africanus, T.
*Scorntul Lady, C.
Scot's Vagaries, or a Knot of Knaves, T.
Scotiſh Politick Presbyter ſlain by an *Engliſh* Independant, or the Independant's Victory over the Presbyterian Party, T.C.
Scowrers, C.
Sea Voyage, C.
*Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen, T.C.
Self Rival.
Self-Tormenter, from *Terence*, C.
See me, and ſee me not.
Sejanus's Fall, T.
Selimus Emperor of the *Turks*,
Selindra, T. C.
Semele, O.
Sertorius, T.
Several Wits.
Seven Champions of Chriſtendom.
Sforza (*Lodovick*) Duke of Milan, T.
*Sham Doctor. See Anatomiſt.
*Sham Lawyer, or the lucky Extravagant, C.
Sham Prince.
Sham Prince, or News from *Paſſau*, F.
She Gallants, C.
She ventures, and he wins, C.
*She wou'd if ſhe cou'd, C.
*She wou'd and ſhe wou'd not, C.
Shepherd's Holiday, Paſtoral, T.C.
Shepherd's Paradiſe, Paſtoral.
Shoemaker's a Gentleman, C.
Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft.
Sicelides, Paſtoral.
Sicilian, or Love makes a Painter, C. from *Moliere*.
Sicilian Uſurper, T.
Sicily and *Naples*, or the Fatal Union, T.
Siege, T.C.
Siege, or Love's Convert, T. C.
Siege of *Babylon*, T.C.
Siege of *Conſtantinople*, T.
Siege of *Damaſcus*, T.
Siege of *Memphis*, or the Ambitious Queen, T.
Siege of *Mons*.
Siege of *Rhodes*, in two Parts.
Siege of *Troy*.
Siege of *Urbin*, T.C.
* Sick Lady's Cure. See Double Gallant.
* Silent Woman, C.
Silver Age.
Sir *Anthony Love*, or the rambling Lady, C.
Sir *Barnaby Wig*, or no Wit like a Woman's, C.
Sir *Clyomon*, Knight of the Golden Shield, Son to the King of *Denmark*, and *Clamydes* the White Knight, *&c.* their Hiſtory.

*Sir *Courtly Nice*, or it cannot be, C.
*Sir *Fopling Flutter*. See Man of Mode.
Sir *Giddy Whim*. See Beaux Stratagem.
Sir *Giles Gooſe-Cap*, Kt. C.
*Sir *Harry Wildair*, being the Sequel to the Trip to the Jubilee, C.
Sir *Hercules Buffoon*, or the Poetical Squire, C.
Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, or Love and Zeal, T.
*Sir *Martin Mar-all*. See Feign'd Innocence.
Sir *Martin Mar-all*, from *Moliere*.
Sir *Patient Fancy*, C.
Sir *Solomon*, or the cautious Coxcomb, C.
Sir *Thomas Overbury*, T.
Sir *Walter Raleigh*, T.
Siſters, C.
Six Days Adventure. C.
Slighted Maid, C.
Slip, F.
Smuglers, O.
Sociable Companions, or the Female Wits, C.
Socrates Triumphans.
Sodom.
* Soldier's Fortune, C.
Solimon and *Perſeda*, T.
Solon, or Philoſophy no Defence againſt Love, T. C.
Sophiſter, C.
Sophompaneos, or the Hiſtory of *Joſeph*, T.
Sophonisba.
**Sophonisba*, or the Wonder of Women, T.
**Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's* Overthrow, T.
Sophy, T.
Soſarmes, O.
South-Sea, or the Biters Bit, F.
Southwark Fair, O.
Spaniſh Bawd, or *Caliſto* and *Malibea*, T. C.
Spaniſh Curate, C.
**Spaniſh* Friar, or Double Diſcovery, T. C.
Spaniſh Gipſies, C.
Spaniſh Rogue, C.
**Spaniſh* Wives, Farce.
Spaniſh Tragedy.
Sparagus Garden, C.
Spartan Dame, T.
Speeches at Prince *Henry's* Barriers, Maſque.
Spendthrift, C.
Spightful Siſter.
Sport upon Sport.
Spring's Glory, vindicating Love by Temperance, M.
* Squire of *Alſatia*, C.
Squire *Old Sap*, C.
Squire *Trelooby*. See Monſieur *de Poarceaugnac*.
Squire *Trelooby*, from *Moliere*.
*Stage-Coach, F.
Stage Beau toſſed in a Blanket, C.
Staple of News, C.
*State of Innocence, or the Fall of Men, O.
Step-mother, T. C.
Stock-Jobbers, F.
Stolen Heireſs, or the *Salamancha* Doctor outwitted, C.
Strange Diſcovery, T. C.

* Strolers, F.
Subjects Joy, or the King's Reſtoration, Maſque.
Succeſsful Pirate, C.
Succeſsful Strangers, T.C.
Sullen Lovers, or the Impertinents, C.
Sultaneſs, T.C.
Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament, C.
Sun's Darling, Maſque,
Suppoſes, G.
Surpriſal, T.C.
Surrender of *Mons*, T.C.
Suſannah's Tears.
Swaggering Damſel, C.
Swetnam the Women-hater arraign'd by Women, C.
Sylvia, O.

T.

Tale of a Tub, C.
**Tamberlane* the Great, or the *Scythian* Shepherd, in two Parts, T.
* *Tamberlane* the Great, T.
**Tamerlane*, T.
Tamerlane, O.
Taming of the Shrew, C.
Tancred and *Guiſmond*, T.
Tartuffe, or the *French* Puritan, C.
Trtuffe, from *Moliere*.
Tarugo's Wiles, or the Coffee-houſe, C.
Tempe reſtor'd, Maſque.
Tempeſt, C.
Tempeſt, or the Enchanted Iſland, alter'd from *Shakeſpear*. C.
Temple, Maſque.
Temple Beau, C.
Temple of Love, Maſque.
Temple of Love, Paſtoral.
* Tender Husband, or the accompliſh'd Fools, C.
Terence's ſix Comedies, C.
Thebais, T.
Themiſtocles, T.
* *Theodoſius*, or the Force of Love, T.
Therſites.
Theſeus, *Italian* O.
Thomaſo, or the Wanderer, in two Parts, C.
Thomyris Queen of *Scythia*, O.
Thornby Abby, or the *London* Maid, T.
Thracian Wonder, C.
* Three Hours after Marriage, C.
Three Ladies of *London*.
Thyery and *Theodoret*, T.
Thyeſtes, T.
Thyeſtes, T.
Thyeſtes, T.
Tiberius Claudius Nero, T.
Tide tarrieth for no Man, C.
Time vindicated to himſelf and His Honours, Maſque.
Timoleon, or the Revolution, T. C.
Timoleon, T.
Timon of *Athens*, T.
* *Timon* of *Athens*, or the Man-Hater, T.
'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore, T.
'Tis well if it takes, C.
* *Titus Andronicus*, T.
* *Titus Andronicus* alter'd from *Shakeſpear*, T.
Titus and *Berenice*, T.

Tom

Tom Eſſence, or the Modiſh Wife, ſaid to be writ by *Rawlins*, C.

* *Tom Thumb* the Great.

Tom Tyler and his Wife, Interlude.

Tottenham-Court, C.

Town Fop, or Sir *Timothy Tawdry*, C.

Town Shifts, or the Suburbs Juſtice, C.

Trappolin, ſuppoſed a Prince, T. C.

Travels of three *Engliſh* Brothers.

Traytor.

Traytor, T.

Traytor to himſelf, or Man's Heart his greateſt Enemy, Interlude.

Treacherous Brother, T.

Trick for Trick, or the debauch'd Hypocrite. This is *Fletcher*'s Monſieur *Thomas* reviv'd, C.

Trick of *Phormio* from *Terence*, C.

Trick to catch the Old one, C.

* Trip to the Jubilee. See Conſtant Couple.

Triumph of Beauty, Maſque.

Triumph of Vertue, T. C.

Triumphant Widow, or Medley of Humours, C.

Triumphs of Love and Antiquity, Maſque.

Triumphs of Love and Honour.

Triumphs of the Prince *d'Amour*, Maſque.

Triumphs of Peace, Maſque.

Troades, T.

Troades, or the Royal Captives, T.

Troas, T.

Troas, T.

Troilus and *Creſſida*, T.

Troilus and *Creſſida*, T.

True *Trojans*, or *Fuimus Troes*.

True Widow, C.

Tryal of Chivalry.

Tryal of Treaſure.

Tryphon.

Tunbridge-Wells, or a Day's-Courtſhip, C.

* *Tunbridge*-Walks, or Yeoman of *Kent*, C.

Twelfth Night, or what you will, C.

* Twin Rivals, C.

Twins, T. C.

Two angry Women of *Abingdon*, with the humorous Mirth of *Dick Comes*, and *Nicholas Proverbs*, two Serving-Men, C.

Two Gentlemen of *Verona*, C.

Two Harlequins, T.

Two merry Milk-Maids, or the beſt Words near the Garland, C.

Two Noble Kinſmen, T. C.

Two Queens of *Brentford*.

Two Tragedies in one, T.

Two wiſe Men, and all the reſt Fools.

Tyrannical Government.

* Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr, T.

Tyrant King of *Crete*, T.

Valen-

V.

Valentinian, T.
Valentinian altered from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, T.
Valiant *Scot*.
Valiant *Welchman*, or the true Chronicle of the Life and valiant Deeds of *Charadoc* the Great King of *Cambria*, now called *Wales*, T.C.
Vanquiſhed Love, or Jealous Queen.
Variety, C.
* *Venice* Preſerv'd, or a Plot diſcover'd, T.
Venus and *Adonis*, Maſque.
Very good Wife, C.
Very Woman, or the Prince of *Tarent*, T.
Veſpaſian, O.
Veſtal Virgin, or the *Roman* Ladies, T.
Vice reclaim'd, or the Paſſionate Miſtreſs, C.
Victim, T. C.
Victorious Love, T.
Village Opera.
Villain, C.
Vintner Trick'd, O.
Virgin Martyr, T.
Virgin Propheteſs, or the Fate of *Troy*, O.
Virgin Queen, T.
Virgin Widow, C.
* Virtue betray'd, or *Anna Bullen*, T.
Virtuoſo, C.
Virtuous *Octavia*, T. C.
Virtuous Wife, or good Luck at laſt, C.
Viſion of Delight, Maſque.
Viſion of the twelve Goddeſſes, Maſque.
* *Ulyſſes*.
Unfortunate Dutcheſs of *Malfey*. See Dutcheſs of *Malfey*.
Unfortunate Lovers, T.
Unfortunate Mother, T.
Unfortunate Shepherd, Paſtoral.
Unfortunate Uſurper, T.
Ungrateful Favourite, T.
Unhappy Fair *Irene*, T.
* Unhappy Favourite, or the Earl of *Eſſex*, T.
Unhappy Kindneſs, or fruitleſs Revenge, T.
Unhappy Penitent, T.
Union of the Clans, or *Scotch* Opera.
Unjuſt Judge, or *Appius* and *Virginia*.
Unnatural Brother, T.
Unnatural Combat, T.
Unnatural Mother, T.
Unnatural Tragedy, T.
Untruſſing the humorous Poet. See *Satyromaſtix*.
* Volpone, or the Fox, C.
Volunteers, or the Stock-Jobbers, C.
Vow-Breaker, or the Fair Maid of *Cliſton* in *Nottinghamſhire*, T.
Uſurper, T. C.
Uſurper Detected, or Right will prevail.

W.

Walks of *Iſlington* and *Hogſdon*, with the Humours of *Woodſtreet-Compter*, C.
* Walking Statue, or the Devil in the Wine-Cellar, Farce.
Wandring Lover, T. C.
Warning for Fair Women, T.
Wary Widow, or Sir *Noiſy Parrot*, C.
* Way of the World, C.
Weakeſt goes to the Wall, C.
Wealth and Health.
Wedding, C.
Welch Opera.
Wenceſlaus, O.
Weſtward Hoe, C.
Wexford Wells, C.
* What d'ye call it, F.
What you will, C.
When you ſee me, you know me.
Whig and Tory, C.
White Devil, or the Tragedy of *P. Giordano Urſini*, Duke of *Brachiana*; with the Life and Death of *Vittoria Corombona*, or the famous *Venetian* Curtezan.
Whore of *Babylon*.
Wiat's Hiſtory.
Widow, C.
Widow Bewitch'd, C.
Widow Ranter, or the Hiſtory of *Bacon* in *Virginia*, Farce.
Widows Tears, C.
Wife and no Wife, F.
Wife for a Month, T. C.
Wife to be Let, C.
* Wife of *Bath*, C.
Wife well manag'd, C.
Wife's Relief, or the Husband's Cure, C.
Wild Gallant, C.
Wild-Gooſe Chaſe, C.
Wily beguiled, C.
Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending for Superiority, Interlude.
Win her and take her, or old Fools muſt be meddling, C.
Winter's Tale, T. C.
Wiſe Woman of *Hogſden*, C.
Witch of *Edmonton*, T.
Wit at a Pinch, C.
Wit at ſeveral Weapons.
Wit of a Woman, C.
* Wit without Money, C.
Wit without Money: Alter'd by ſome Perſons of Quality, C.
Wit in a Conſtable, C.
Wits, C.
Wit's Cabal, in 2 Parts, C.
Wits led by the Noſe, or a Poet's Revenge, T.
Witty Combat, or the Female Victor, T. C.
Witty Fair one, C.
Wit, or Sport upon Sport.
* Wives Excuſe, or Cuckolds make themſelves, C.
Woman Captain, C.
Woman Hater, T. C.
Woman Hater arraign'd. See *Swetnam*.
Woman made a Juſtice, C.
Woman in the Moon, C.

Woman

Woman kill'd with Kindneſs, C.
Woman will have her Will. See *Engliſh* Men for Money.
Woman turn'd Bully, C.
Woman's Conqueſt, T. C.
Woman's Prize, or the Tamer tam'd, C.
Woman's Weathercock, C.
Woman's Wit, or the Lady in Faſhion, C.
*Woman's a Riddle, C.
*Woman's Revenge, or a Match in *Newgate*, C.
Women, beware Women, T.
Woman pleas'd.
*Wonder! a Woman never vex'd. See New Wonder, *&c.*
*Wonder! A Woman keeps a Secret, C.
Wonder of a Kingdom, C.
Wonders in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds, Comick Opera.
World toſs'd at Tennis, M.
World in the Moon, O.
World's Idol, or *Plutus*, C.
Wrangling Lovers, or the inviſible Miſtreſs, C.

X.

Xerxes, T.
Ximena, or Heroick Daughter.

Y.

Yeoman of *Kent*. See *Tunbridge* Walks.
Yorkſhire Tragedy.
Young Admiral, T. C.
Young King, or the Miſtake, T. C.
Younger Brother, or the Amorous Jilt, C.
Younger Brother, or Sham Marquiſs, C.
Your Five Gallants, C.
Youth's Glory, and Death's Banquet, in 2 Parts, T.

Z.

Zelmane, or the *Corinthian* Queen, T.

FINIS.

The ENGLISH THEATRE.

In Three Parts. Being the Select Plays of the most celebrated Authors. Part I. in 8 Volumes. Part II. in 6 Volumes. Part III. in 6 Volumes.

Part I. in 8 Vols.
Vol. I. containing
Hamlet
Othello
Macbeth
King Lear.

Vol. II.
All for Love
OEdipus
Orphan
Oroonoko.

Vol. III.
Fair Penitent
Jane Shore
Jane Grey
Mariamne.

Vol. IV.
Diſtreſt Mother
Abramule
Anna Bullen
Buſiris.

Vol. V.
Love's Laſt Shift
Double Gallant
Fop's Fortune
Tunbridge Walks.

Vol. VI.
Stratagem
Recruiting Officer
Conſcious Lovers
Inconſtant.

Vol. VII.
Spaniſh Fryar
Committee
Amorous Widow
Buſy Body.

Vol. VIII.
Relapſe
Fair Quaker
Plain Dealer
Country Wife.

Part II. in 6 Vols.
Vol. I. containing
King Lear
Siege of Damaſcus
Cato
Earl of Eſſex.

Vol. II.
Tamerlane
Venice Preſerv'd
Rival Queens
Fall of Saguntum.

Vol. III.
Phædra and Hippolit.
Theodoſius
Mithridates
Albion Queens.

Vol. IV.
Careleſs Husband
Tender Husband
Twin Rivals
London Cuckolds.

Vol. V.
Funeral
Lying Lovers
Anatomiſt
Iſland Princeſs.

Vol. VI.
Provok'd Wife
Æſop
Bold Stroke for a Wife
Woman's a Riddle.

Part. III. in 6 Vols.
Vol. I. containing
Henry VIII.
Henry IV.
Royal Convert
Ulyſſes.

Vol. II.
Indian Emperor
Aureng-Zebe
Humph. D. of Gloceſt.
The Briton.

Vol. III.
Fatal Marriage
Don Sebaſtian
Heroick Love
Sir Walter Raleigh.

Vol. IV.
The Fox
Country Laſſes
Sauny the Scot
Britiſh Enchanters.

Vol. V.
Silent Woman
Jew of Venice
Rehearſal
Chances.

Vol. VI.
Alchymiſt
Amphytrion
Sir Courtly Nice
She Gallants.

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe*'s Head, over-againſt *Clement's-Inn* Gate. Price of the firſt Part bound 1 *l.* 7 *s.* 6 *d.* The ſecond Part bound 1 *l.* The third Part bound 1 *l.*

Where may be had all the Plays ſingle, and Variety of others.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

R E.
of the
umes.
nes.
vols.
ning.

locest.

gh.

s.

ainst
1 l.
hird

iety